

Sweet Love 4381

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Coughing repeatedly, he pinned the young man to the ground. Before he could throw a punch, the young man pushed him away, stood up, and kicked him.

“I’ll kill you, I’ll kill you!” The young man kicked him violently!

Although they were not in the real world, the feeling of pain was real. Out of the instinct to protect himself, Gong Fan arched his body and dodged. However, the young man’s eyes were red with anger. He grabbed Gong Fan’s collar again and picked him up.

At this point, Gong Fan’s feet were already in the air. He kicked feebly. Because he was suspended in the air, he had no launching platform at all.

!!

The young man held him up. What power was that! There was no doubt that the opponent standing before him was a powerful one!

Gong Fan clasped his hands around the young man’s throat. For some reason, Alice’s words echoed in his mind. “If you encounter any mishaps in that world, in the real world, it will also mean the death of your personality.”

He could no longer sit back and do nothing! Gong Fan stretched out his leg fiercely and used the last of his strength to kick at the young man’s vital points. The latter grunted in pain and finally let go of him with both hands. He staggered back and bent over, his eyes even more sinister!

Released from his grip, Gong Fan leaned against the wall and greedily took in deep breaths!

“Hoo, hoo, hoo...”

He picked himself up from the ground, determined to fight to the death with the young man before him!

The young man was about to step forward when out of the corner of his eye, he saw the ornament on the table. He ran towards the table and grabbed the ornament. Holding the object tightly in his hand, he turned around and rushed towards Gong Fan, at the same time raising the bronze ornament in his hand held high.

The sharpest part of the ornament came plunging down towards his head.

Gong Fan dodged and retreated. The young man missed and crashed into the window behind him. The window immediately shattered.

At the same time, Youyou, who was loitering on the third floor, was startled to hear the din from downstairs!

“What’s going on?” He turned to Shanshan, who said nervously, “I heard something. It sounded like a window breaking.”

Just now, she had heard the sound of hurried footsteps downstairs, but she thought that it was Gong Fan walking around, so it didn't bother her.

"Has something happened?"

Shanshan shook her head.

Youyou immediately told her, "Stay here. Don't go anywhere. I'm going downstairs to check."

"No way. I'm coming with you."

"It's too dangerous!" Youyou said, "Stay here and don't move around, okay?"

"Alright, then... please be careful!"

"Well, remember to lock the door after I leave!"

"Alright, I understand."

The boy turned and left the room. Shanshan watched him go downstairs before carefully locking the door behind him.

Youyou rushed down the stairs. Meanwhile, in the room, Gong Fan and the young man were still in a tense standoff. The young man picked up the ornament in his hand and threw it at Gong Fan. Gong Fan wanted to dodge, but he tripped on the carpet under his feet and fell forward, hitting his forehead against the corner of the cupboard. His vision spun.

Immediately afterward, he clearly felt a numbing pain in the corner of his forehead, as if some sticky liquid was flowing out. He covered his forehead with his hand, and his vision overlapped...

Gong Fan half-knelt on the ground, his breathing becoming more and more rapid.

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Youyou heard the noise and ran to the door. When he saw the young man approaching Gong Fan, he immediately shouted, "Who are you?!"

The young man heard the boy's voice and turned around sharply. When he saw Youyou, he looked back, as if trying to determine whom it was that he was after.

Youyou snapped, "What exactly do you want!?"

The young man was startled, and then his expression grew obviously gloomy.

Youyou looked at Gong Fan and noticed that he was injured. He was about to walk towards him when Gong Fan shouted, "Run!"

Just as Gong Fan finished speaking, the youth lunged towards Youyou as if about to pounce on him.

When Gong Fan saw this, he ignored his dizziness and threw his arms around the young man's leg tightly. The young man didn't expect him to be so bold and tripped.

He turned and glared fiercely at Youyou. "You have a death wish!" As he spoke, his fists rained down on Gong Fan.

Youyou became anxious when he saw this, but he knew he was no match for the boy. So he hollered at the young man, "Bastard, come at me if you dare!"

Distracted by this, the young man turned his head. By then, Gong Fan was exhausted. His head was spinning, and he collapsed to the ground.

Youyou turned and ran, drawing the young man's full attention. The young man stood up, kicked Gong Fan aside, and gave chase. Youyou raced up the stairs to the fourth floor, the young man hot at his heels. He ran so fast that it didn't take him long to catch up with Youyou.

Youyou ducked into a room, locked the door behind him, and leaned his back against it, trying to suppress his breathing as he strained to hear any sounds outside.

Outside the door, the boy's footsteps slowly moved past. He paused for a few seconds as he passed the room where Youyou was hiding. The boy held his breath when he heard this, worried that the young man would break in if he discovered him.

He knew in his heart that he was no match for this young man.

The young man paused at the door for a moment, then walked slowly away.

Hearing the sound of departing footsteps, the boy still did not dare to act rashly. However, he was still concerned about Gong Fan downstairs and did not know how he was doing.

Was he okay? When he saw him just then, Gong Fan's head was covered in blood. He wondered if he was alright.

Youyou pressed his back against the door and put all his weight against it until the noise outside seemed to recede into the distance. He made a decision. Immediately, after opening the door, he would rush towards the room where Gong Fan had fallen as quickly as possible and locked the door behind him.

Youyou pressed himself against the door until he could no longer hear the young man's footsteps. He took a deep breath and opened the door. At this point, he should have rushed downstairs. However, for some reason, he glanced in the direction where the young man had gone.

Initially, the young man had his back to him. Youyou had opened the door quietly, barely making a sound. But when he looked in the direction of the young man, the latter seemed to be able to sense his gaze and suddenly turned around!

What kind of look was that?! It was like a ferocious beast hunting for prey!

The boy choked and turned to run, no longer caring. Behind him, the sound of footsteps neared.

Youyou threw himself onto the banister at the top of the stairs and slid dashing down it.

The young man was startled. Before he knew it, the boy had descended two flights of stairs.

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The young man clenched his fists tightly, and his vicious eyes slowly narrowed.

Relying on his memory, Youyou got to the room where Gong Fan had fallen. He walked to the door and saw that Gong Fan was indeed on the ground. He was shocked. He first shut and locked the door before rushing over to pick Gong Fan up in his arms.

“Gong Fan, Gong Fan! Are you alright?!”

He suddenly noticed a sticky mark on his palm. His heart pounding, the boy looked at his palm. It was stained scarlet. Gong Fan was bleeding...

Heartbroken, the boy gently patted Gong Fan’s cheek. “Gong Fan, are you alright? Gong Fan...”

Gong Fan’s eyelids fluttered, and he finally opened them gently. When he saw Youyou’s face through his blurry vision, he thought for a moment that it was the young man. He became nervous and subconsciously wanted to defend himself.

“It’s me!” Youyou identified himself to him.

Gong Fan was relieved. “It’s good that you’re fine.”

“Don’t worry. Why would anything happen to me? What about you? Do you feel better?” The boy was extremely worried, especially when he saw the blood that had stained his palm. His heart was racing.

Nothing must happen to him!

“What’s going on? Who is that person?”

Gong Fan licked his dry lips and said weakly, “I don’t know... When I returned to my room... he suddenly appeared...”

Youyou frowned.

“Maybe... after I left, he snuck into this estate. He... I suspect he’s the personality who stabbed Mommy. You have to be careful...”

Youyou nodded and held him tight. “Gong Fan, nothing must happen to you! I won’t allow anything to happen to you.”

Gong Fan chuckled. “Idiot, I... I’m just a little dizzy from the collision. I won’t die.”

“Really?!” Youyou was skeptical.

Gong Fan looked at his worried expression and smiled despite the pain. He looked calm. “It’s just a minor injury. Don’t worry too much. Perhaps I’ll be much better after lying down for a while. Do you think the wound on my forehead is still bleeding?”

“No.”

“Then it’s alright, don’t you worry.”

“Uh huh...”

“I’d be lying if I said I wasn’t worried.” The boy was holding Gong Fan and pondering where this young man could have come from when he heard Shanshan’s hysterical scream through the window.

“Arggggh...”

Then there was the sound of heavy impact.

The boy was shocked when he heard this. Gong Fan grabbed his collar nervously and asked, “Where’s Shanshan? Where’s Shanshan...”

“Oh no...” Gong Fan immediately became vigilant. “Don’t tell me you left Shanshan downstairs alone?”

“I’ll go look for her right away! What about you, what will you do?”

Gong Fan struggled to stand up. When the boy saw this, he helped him onto the bed and instructed, “Take a break first. I’ll go downstairs and take a look at the situation.”

“No. It’s too dangerous!”

“It’ll be fine!” Youyou said, “Alice said that even if anything happens to me in this world, I’m the primary personality, I can never be destroyed!”

“... Okay.”

“Don’t worry. After you’ve gotten some rest, come downstairs and meet me.”

Gong Fan nodded. “I understand. Be careful!”

Youyou stood up, opened the door, and went out. He looked around, and when he saw no one, he boldly rushed downstairs.

Downstairs, he realized that the door to the room where Shanshan had been was wide open. His head buzzed as a thought struck him...

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“Shanshan!” He cried out in alarm and rushed to the door. At once, he saw Shanshan lying flat on the floor directly opposite the doorway, her chest rising and falling rapidly. There was a candlestick sticking out of her chest. The candle in the holder had been thrown aside, the sharp end of the holder had been thrust into her chest.

Shanshan gripped the candlestick with both hands. Her eyes were opened wide and she kept taking deep breaths, but blood kept gurgling out of the corner of her mouth.

The boy felt as if his heart had been stabbed! Especially when he saw Shanshan’s miserable appearance. He was both vexed and heartbroken. He walked to her side, but he was at a loss, unsure if he should touch her.

“Shanshan, what happened?”

The girl stared at him with widened eyes. She kept spitting out mouthfuls of blood. Bean-sized tears streamed from the corners of her eyes. Cold sweat broke out across her forehead. Her blood-stained hands trembled as she grabbed the boy’s sleeve.

“Youyou...”

“Shanshan...”

“Sob, sob, sob... it hurts, it hurts...”

Shanshan was in so much pain that she began to cry. She cried and cried, choking on blood from time to time.

Youyou’s eyes moved slowly to the spot where she had been injured, until he saw where the candlestick had pierced. Then he realized that the candlestick had struck a vital spot...

No longer caring, he sadly picked up Shanshan and pulled her into his arms. “Don’t cry, don’t cry. I’m here. I’m with you...”

Shanshan was just a 15 or 16-year-old girl after all. Bearing such pain, she trembled and cried. “It hurts, it hurts... sob, sob, sob, sob... it hurts...”

The boy felt as if his heart had been stabbed by a knife just listening to her. He held her close sadly, but he was also aware that her body was growing colder from the loss of blood.

“Am... am I dying...” Shanshan clung to the boy’s arm wistfully, tears blurring her eyes.

The boy forced a smile. “How could that be? Don’t worry, you’re not going to die! I promise I won’t let you!”

“But... but, it really hurts. What do I do ...”

Even if a person has been stabbed in a vital spot, he would not die instantly. In the case of excessive blood loss, one could face a long period of pain.

Shanshan widened her eyes and kept gasping. It seemed that this was the only way to calm the pain.

The boy was choking with grief, his head ringing.

How could this have happened? He couldn’t quite tell if he was in a dream or reality or somewhere else. He didn’t understand why he was going through this. That young man must have done this. Why would he do such a thing, such a cruel thing?! He didn’t understand! He didn’t know whether he was controlling the plot or the brain was controlling them.

The only difference between him and these personalities was that he was the dominant personality. This was his birthright that no one could change.

Otherwise, what was the difference between him and these personalities?

“Youyou...” In his arms, the girl’s breathing calmed down. It became strangely smooth. It was as though she knew her end was near, and there was an acceptance of the inevitability.

Youyou lowered his gaze. Shanshan was gazing at him intently. “My name is... Liang Yishan...”

“Liang Yishan ...”

“Please don’t forget me... I wish to live on in your heart even if I can’t...”

Shanshan murmured, “Youyou, please give me a hug, will you...”

Youyou was heartbroken as he tightened his arms around her.

With the last of her strength, Shanshan said to the boy, "Youyou must become braver... when I'm not around... oh!"

The boy gripped her hand tightly, his vision blurring. Gradually, Shanshan's hand slipped weakly from his palm...

There was a booming sound, as if something had exploded inside his head! He finally understood...

Then, he heard muffled footsteps coming from behind him.

The boy released Shanshan and placed her carefully onto the ground. He stood up and turned around just as the young man came up to him. The young man was a full head taller than him and had a similar face though not exactly the same, for his features were filled with malice.

The boy looked straight back at him without fear or timidity. The young man was slightly surprised to see him like this. He pressed on and came closer. "Oh? You're not running anymore?"

"Can one hide forever?" Instead of retreating, Youyou stepped closer to the boy.

"I understand now. Shanshan was one of the personalities in my body. She was timid and afraid. No matter what, she was always careful, hesitant, and worried about what she'd stand to lose. She represented the timid personality in me! Now, she... she's dead. It also means that I won't be as timid as before."

The young man winced for a moment, his eyes narrowing fiercely.

"You got rid of my cowardice."

Youyou slowly put his hands behind his back. Up against his back was a pair of scissors that he had secretly hidden in his belt pouch. Earlier on, when he was exploring the room, he saw the pair of scissors. Out of self-preservation, he kept them on hand.

The young man looked down at him and sneered. "Do you think you're my match? Hmph! You overestimate yourself!" Then he strode forward, reached out, and took the boy by the throat, lifting him easily.

The young man was so arrogant that he did not take Youyou seriously even though he knew that the boy had a weapon!

Could this personality represent the violence in his body?! It was this personality that had hurt Mommy! Confirming this, Youyou began to struggle violently.

However, the young man was too strong.

Slowly, his feet left the ground. Struggling, Youyou tightened his grip on the scissors and thrust them recklessly at his arm!

When the young man saw this out of the corner of his eye, he raised his other hand. Almost effortlessly, he clamped down on the attacking hand and gripped the wrist so hard that the boy winced. The grip loosened and the scissors clattered to the floor.

"I told you, no matter how many of you there are, you're no match for me!" Perhaps it was the fury of the boy's attack, but the violent tendency of the young man erupted fully and he viciously threw the boy off.

The boy suddenly felt as light as a kite. Eventually, he landed heavily on the table. He tumbled to the ground and curled up in pain. The young man walked up to him and looked down at him. Then he raised his foot and kicked him aside disdainfully.

Youyou had no chance of fighting back.

"You must be Yun Tianyou?"

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"You must be Yun Tianyou?" The young man sneered sinisterly as he walked towards him. "How long are you going to forcibly occupy this body?"

"Forcibly occupy?" Youyou laughed in spite of his anger. "What do you mean by forcibly occupy? This is my body in the first place. You should never have existed!"

"Oh? Why shouldn't I exist?" There was a cruel glint in the young man's eyes as he roared hysterically, "Why should you exist when I shouldn't?! Then, according to your logic, this idiot shouldn't exist either!"

Youyou knew that the "idiot" the boy was referring to was Liang Yishan, who was now dead, and his fury grew!

"You're... really unreasonable!"

The young man closed in on him. "I don't care what you say. All I know is that once I kill you and everyone else, this body will belong to me!"

"What makes you think so?" Youyou said coldly, "I won't let you have your way!"

"You won't let me have my way?!" The young man's expression was cold. "These words are just words! If you're inferior to me, what can you use to fight me?!" As the young man spoke, he bent down and yanked the candlestick out of Liang Yishan's body, then started to close in on Youyou!

"Go to hell!" The young man roared and plunged the candlestick towards him!

Youyou could not retreat in time. He watched helplessly as the candlestick was about to pierce his brow...

When the candlestick was no more than an inch from his brow, the young man's body stiffened violently, and his bloodshot, hideous eyes went still.

Youyou widened his eyes in surprise. Then, tossing all caution to the wind, he snatched the candlestick from the young man's hand.

The young man staggered. He tried to turn around to see what was going on, but in the next second, his body collapsed.

Behind him, Gong Fan, face covered in blood and panting heavily as he looked at the young man's fallen figure, dropped to his knees weakly. At the same time, the vase in his hand fell to the ground and shattered.

"Gong Fan!" Youyou dropped the candlestick and lunged at him, catching his arm.

"How are you feeling? Are you alright?"

"Are... are you okay...?" Even now, Gong Fan was still concerned about Youyou's safety.

"I—I'm fine. How about you? How are you feeling?"

"Bleeding a little. I'm fine." Gong Fan was very stubborn, but Youyou's heart ached. At this moment, his face was covered in blood, so much so that it dyed his eyes red.

"Where's Shanshan?"

When they got back to Shanshan's side, Youyou realized that she had lost her breath. Her eyes were wide and wistful. Gong Fan was in disbelief. He didn't know what had happened. He'd only heard a cry of surprise, but he didn't expect Shanshan to have been attacked.

He held his hand to her nose and listened for a pulse. It was still.

"Shanshan..." For some reason, even though he hadn't spent much time with Shanshan, he still felt a trace of heartache. Youyou took a deep breath. Instead of crying, he calmly closed her eyes with his hands and held her to himself.

"Shanshan... I'm sorry... I promise you, I'll be braver in the future."

Shanshan's eyes fell shut. Her expression was still. Gradually, her body became transparent. Then, slowly, she turned into specks of starlight and disappeared from his arms.

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Before Youyou knew it, his arms were empty. He maintained his posture, however, unwilling to come back to his senses.

When Gong Fan saw this, he gently held his shoulder and said with difficulty, "Let's... let's leave this place first..."

"Why..."

"Eh?"

"Why does it have to be so cruel?!" The boy still felt heartbroken.

Gong Fan couldn't bear it and hugged him tightly. "It's over. Everything will pass."

Youyou bit down hard on his lip and held him just as tightly. "I will never let you disappear like Shanshan!"

“Uh huh.” Gong Fan replied, “I won’t leave your side.”

Supporting each other, they left the manor.

...

The evening breeze blew.

Alice and Gong Jie sat at the bar by the sea, looking through the French windows at the lonely figure sitting on the beach. Alice sighed.

“I think he’s been sitting on the beach all day. I don’t know what’s on his mind. Since he woke up, he hasn’t said a word. His eyes are bloodshot, but he doesn’t seem to be crying. He’s not answering any questions. He’s just staring into space by himself. I have no idea what’s going on.”

Gong Jie raised an eyebrow at that, but said nothing. “Maybe he’s too tired from the dream. He needs to be alone, to get himself together.”

“What kind of dream do you think it is?” Alice felt rather anxious.

Logically, no matter what happened in the dream, the boy would have told her all the details. This time, however, the boy had chosen to remain silent. But Alice could see that he was exhausted from the dream.

“Something must have happened.”

Alice gave Gong Jie’s shoulder a knock. “Why don’t you ask him?”

“How? And what should I ask?”

“Just ask why he’s so down? If he doesn’t cooperate, we won’t know how to proceed with the treatment plan.”

Gong Jie looked disgusted. “You’re his doctor. I’m not.”

“But you’re his uncle.”

The man was suddenly speechless.

Alice hinted again. “You promised Shishi that you’d take good care of him. What’s wrong with showing some concern for your nephew?”

The man looked bewildered and was stumped. Exasperated, he drained his glass and immediately stood up. After giving her a cold sideways glance, he left.

It was night and the sea breeze was strong.

The reflections on the water surface rose and fell with the waves. One wave hit, and then another. The air was filled with water droplets.

Youyou sat on the beach, hugging his knees. His gaze was far away, but it was unfocused. He seemed so lost in thought that he didn’t notice even when Gong Jie sat down beside him.

The man handed him a beer. “Want some?”

The boy finally realized his presence, but his expression didn't change. "Does Mommy know you're pouring wine down your nephew's throat?" he asked calmly.

Gong Jie withdrew his hand resentfully at that. "You're using your mother to pressure me again."

"Because you fall for it. Every single time."

The man laughed and ruffled his hair. "Brat!"

"..."

"Tell me, what happened?" Gong Jie glanced at him. "You've been sitting here for a long time. What's on your mind?"

"Hmm? Nothing's on my mind."

Despite his breezy manner, the boy buried his face in the crook of his arm.

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Aware of his downcast mood, Gong Jie was not convinced. "If there's really nothing going on, why do you look so glum?"

The boy muttered quietly, "In what way do I look glum?"

"You wear this scowl on your face and you ask me in what way you look glum?"

"..." The boy fell silent.

Gong Jie put his hands behind him and shut his eyes, taking in the slightly damp sea air. Youyou was reluctant to answer, and he, on the other hand, was in no hurry to pursue the matter.

In the dead silence, the boy spoke hoarsely. "I... killed me..."

Gong Jie was stunned, clearly not understanding what he meant by that. "What do you mean?" Amused, the man asked, "You killed you? How did you kill you? Besides, aren't you perfectly fine now? I don't understand what you're saying."

Clearly exhausted, the boy buried his face in the crook of his arm. Before he knew it, he was crying. Gong Jie did not notice that he was crying, however. Youyou's face was hidden and he was weeping silently.

When Gong Jie saw that he was no longer willing to speak, he fell silent as well, and simply accompanied him.

"That's my nephew for you. As a kid, when I was in a bad mood, I used to like sitting on the beach to enjoy the sea breeze. Then I'd figure everything out."

The boy looked up but said nothing.

The night wore on.

When Youyou finally stood up and turned around, he saw that Gong Jie had fallen asleep.

“...”

Was this his real uncle?!

Alice had probably sent the man here to console him. But instead of having done that, he had actually fallen asleep.

Youyou lowered his gaze as he stomped on the man's stomach.

“Ooooh...”

Gong Jie sat up with a start and howled in pain. “What are you trying to do?”

“What exactly are you here for?”

The man looked dazed and confused for a moment before answering honestly. “Alice sent me to see how you were doing.”

“And?”

“... You fell asleep!”

Gong Jie shrugged off the boy's snort. “You'll have to give me a chance to care about you, won't you? How am I supposed to console you when you're just squatting here, not moving, not making a sound?”

The boy was stunned for a long time. Seeing the aggrieved expression on his uncle's face, he suddenly felt that his uncle was extremely cute. He burst out laughing.

“Hahahaha!”

The boy couldn't contain his laughter, and Gong Jie froze, dumbfounded.

“Dumbstruck?”

“Ahahahaha!”

“What are you laughing at!” The man rose in a huff and grabbed Youyou by the collar. “Are you laughing at me?”

“Hahaha! Uncle, you're so cute!” The boy laughed until tears came to his eyes.

Gong Jie stared at him, suddenly no longer angry. He was silent for a moment, his heart aching. “If you feel bad, just cry.”

The boy laughed and slowly stopped. He seemed amused as he said, “How am I upset? I'm not upset. I just find your aggrieved expression really funny.”

“Just cry if you have to. Why do you have to shed tears by pretending to laugh?”

At his uncle's words, the boy's expression froze. His eyes widened as tears welled up in the corners but simply wouldn't fall, neither would they recede.

“Even though I don’t know what’s happened to you, and you’re saying things that I don’t understand,” Gong Jie paused, then knelt again and gently held the boy’s tiny face in his hands, rubbing them, “but Uncle will always be here for you, like Mummy, no matter what happens to you. You’ll always be my nephew, eh?”

The boy clenched his jaw. The man’s words were too much for him, and he forced back a sob.

Gong Jie knew he’d probably been holding back his tears for a long time. That the boy was now crying, probably meant that he was baring his heart to him.

His heart ached as he drew Youyou into his arms. “Just cry if that’s what you want,” he said helplessly. “Why are you holding back? You’ll fall sick if you keep all your feelings pent up inside.”

As soon as he finished speaking, the boy finally lost control and burst into tears!

“Sob sob sob...”

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“He’s finally talking?” Alice looked at Gong Jie as he entered the lab and raised her voice in question.

Gong Jie had just escorted Youyou back to his room. The boy said he was sleepy and wanted to lie down in bed for a while. All that crying had obviously made the boy’s eyes painful and tired. Gong Jie had shut the door and promptly left him alone.

“He told me a little. It’s all quite incredible, hearing from him.”

“Oh?” Alice was curious. “Tell me.”

The man told Alice everything that had happened in the boy’s dream. Alice listened and was silent for a long time. She, too, found it incredible.

“I finally understand what the boy meant when he said he killed himself.”

“Eh?”

“Actually, Youyou feels guilty. Among the personalities, the mysterious young man was probably the most violent personality that he had developed, and it hadn’t materialized till now. The girl named Liang Yishan was the weakest personality. The most violent personality destroyed the weakest one. Although that meant killing his vulnerable side, Youyou obviously felt too much guilt about the girl. He must have felt that he had driven her to her death.”

“Witnessing a personality’s death is a shocking thing.” Alice narrated calmly, “But the fact that personalities destroy each other is no accident. There have been examples before. Someone with multiple personalities hypnotized to enter that world, having personalities destroy each other, and all the good personalities joining forces to obliterate the most evil one.”

Gong Jie listened, then asked, “And finally?”

“In the end, it was discovered that the evil personality was the true primary personality.” Alice smirked, then said, “In the end, the prisoner got a life sentence.”

“So, what do you think of Youyou’s current situation? Is it a good prognosis?”

Alice shook her head, her expression serious. “Not that great, in my opinion.”

The man tensed. “Oh? How so?”

“First of all, traveling back and forth between that world and the real world so frequently has already sapped much of his mental strength. Moreover, having to constantly experience things that are so unbearable in that world also puts a considerable amount of mental pressure on him. Therefore, for the time being, I suggest taking it slow and following a conservative treatment to avoid a nervous breakdown.”

“So...” Gong Jie started again. “What did Romanka say?”

“He doesn’t know these things about Youyou yet. I didn’t ask.”

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Gong Jie fell silent at that.

Alice said, “There’s an old saying in Z Nation that says, ‘there’s always a way’. Don’t rush into anything. Take it one step at a time. Even the most meticulous plan can’t cover you perfectly.”

“I understand.”

Gong Jie stood up. “Have an early night!”

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In the room, Youyou lay in bed, his pupils dilated. As if he’d repeatedly adjusted his mental state, he shut his eyes and tried to enter the dream. He was almost asleep when someone knocked on the door.

He suddenly felt anxious. “Who’s there!?”

Outside, Lisa’s cautious voice said, “It’s me, Youyou. Are you resting?”

“Go away! Leave me alone.” Surprisingly, the boy lost his temper.

Initially, he had been on the verge of falling asleep. And now, he was strangely awake. He was almost forcing himself to fall asleep. Being disturbed at the critical moment, he lost his temper.

Lisa hadn’t expected the boy to shout at her. One had to know that Youyou was notoriously docile, unlike Gong Fan, who was always cold. Such a gentle person had actually lost his temper at her. Although she felt aggrieved, she didn’t say anything and quietly left.

After Lisa left, the boy closed his eyes again, but sleep would not come. So he got up, went outside, and started rummaging through the drawers. He finally found the sedative in the medicine box. Alice had placed this here. Moreover, the side effects were minute. If he really couldn’t sleep, he could take this medicine.

The boy forced the pill down and went back to bed. About half an hour later, the medicinal properties finally took gradual effect. His eyelids started to fall with heaviness.

Entering the dream again, the boy awoke in a forest that stretched as far as the eye could see. He widened his eyes in confusion and saw Gong Fan leaning against the tree. He hadn't had the chance to have his wound bandaged and it was still oozing blood.

Youyou regained his composure and crawled nervously over to him. "Does the wound still hurt?" he asked worriedly.

Gong Fan said indifferently, "As long as I'm not dead."

"..."

"Even if I'm injured in this world, in the real world, the body is still fine, isn't it?"

It seemed so.

Youyou smiled at that. "Does that hurt then? Do you feel any pain?"

Gong Fan was stunned and nodded. "Yes of course."

"Is it the same as being injured in real life?"

"Yes. The wound feels real. The pain feels real, too." Gong Fan smiled as he spoke.

Youyou looked around. "Where are we now?"

"I don't know, but it's a long way from the manor."

Pursing his lips, Youyou made his decision. "I've decided."

"Eh?"

"Let's pull ourselves together, find the other personalities, and kill them all. That leaves just the two of us."

When Gong Fan heard this, he couldn't help but gasp and raise a question. "Just like that man we met in the hospital. Do you think we're his match?"

Youyou fell silent, embarrassed! The man was powerful. The key thing was the murderous aura about him.

Even so, Youyou had a feeling that even if he and Gong Fan joined forces and risked their lives, they might not be a match for that man.