

One Birth Two Treasures: The Billionaire's Sweet Love - Chapter 11 - Youyou is her sweetheart.

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Translator: Atlas Studios **Editor:** Atlas Studios

After a series of emergency medical treatments, the newborn was finally rescued from the brink death. However, his physical constitution was just too weak, and he was always down with illness. Her poor child was also fatherless from birth. To make up for this, she doted on him with all her might. She gave him all the love she had in her. This was to make him understand that even without a father, the amount of love he received could only be greater!

Hence, she gave him the name 'Yun Tianyou'. While she thanked the heavens for blessing her with him, she also wished that he could grow up healthy.

As for Mu Yazhe, her father helped her conceal the truth from him. Her father had a pretty good relationship with the director of that hospital, and the man went against his professional ethics; helping them falsify the hospital records. Thus, Mu Yazhe remained unaware that the second baby had survived, and Youyou was able to stay with her instead of being taken away from her as well. If the man were to know of Youyou's existence, he would definitely take him away from her; she could not imagine how desperate she would be at that!

After giving birth, she returned to the university to continue her studies. Eventually, her father's company still went under, and later, he filed for bankruptcy to the court. That man did fulfill his promise; after she gave

birth to a son for him, he paid her a sum higher than the agreed-on remuneration. He was truly generous.

This also relieved much of her burdens, and the substantial amount of money more or less helped pay off her father's debts.

After the company closed down, Yun Yecheng worked from scratch. Nonetheless, he was already getting on in age, and having gone through the lowest point of his life, he was tied to too many things around him. He had long lost the fight in him. He was unwilling to work too hard again and be ridden with hardship.

Her adoptive mother, Li Qin, stripped off the splendor, regretted marrying the useless old prick, Yun Yecheng. She was originally a housewife, but due to life's constraints, she had to go out and do odd jobs. However, due to her previous life of comfort, she developed a habit of nit-picking and was thus often fired from her jobs. Reprimanded by others at work, Li Qin vented her anger at Yun Shishi and her son.

Yun Na, her adoptive younger sister, had a less-than-stellar academic achievement. Her high school results did not qualify her for university, so she had to settle on enrolling in a vocational school. However, her bossy attitude often led her to some troubles; almost on a regular basis, a handful of shady thugs would come knocking at their door.

After her graduation, she loafed around even more. She had great ambition but no real ability to back it up. Unable to secure any jobs, she idled at home and hung out with those worthless thugs from day to day. At present, the entire household was dependent on her father's measly income, yet Yun Na often misbehaved, frequenting nightclubs, and ended up in lots of trouble.

When Youyou was born, she had to breastfeed him, and this coincided with her studies. It was the toughest period of her life. She could not even sit through confinement properly. As she was accepted into a prestigious university, her workload was heavy. Whenever she was free, she had to catch up with overdue work. On a normal day, she had her part-time job while she took care of Youyou. Her body was on the verge of collapsing.

After graduating from university, she managed to land herself a high-paying job, hence the family's financial situation improved. With her adoptive mother and sister staying at home while she was out working, she was afraid of Youyou being treated in the same way as her by them.

Back then, when she first brought Youyou home, Yun Na apathetically sneered at her. She was unable to forget her calling Youyou a 'little b*stard' even till now. Therefore, as soon as she got herself a job, she left the house with Youyou and rented an apartment for the both of them.

When she had to work, Youyou would be sent to a kindergarten, and he would wait for her at the entrance once he was dismissed.

She was glad that Youyou was a sensible child. Despite his tender age, he was very thoughtful and was rarely willful. He was now even able to return home without her coming to fetch him.

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Chapter 12: Separated Brothers

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Exiting the departmental store, the two were exposed to the blazing sun outside.

The little guy held a toy in his hand as he trailed after her, his steps gradually becoming heavier. It was now the middle of summer. They came out from a refreshing environment just moments ago, so he was unable to quickly adjust to the sweltering heat.

Youyou raised his small face and cried out softly, “Mommy....”

Yun Shishi spun around. She noticed that his entire face was bright red, his eyes and brows drooping wearily. She squeezed her brows in worry. “What is it, Youyou? Are you unwell?”

Youyou’s eyebrows creased. He extended his hands toward her and said cooly, “Mommy, it’s hot... It’s hot! Youyou can’t walk anymore! Piggyback! Piggyback....”

Yun Shishi was stunned by his words and could not help but smile as she bent down. When Youyou saw this, his eyes curved happily. He stuck out his tongue playfully and leaped onto her shoulders. Yun Shishi held him firmly and stood up.

Satisfied, Youyou clung on to her shoulders, his small face pressing toward her. With an affectionate tone, he asked, “Mommy, are you tired?”

“Of course.”

“Wait till Youyou grows up, and then Youyou will be the one to carry mommy!”

Yun Shishi grinned, “Okay! Youyou is really mommy’s considerate little sweetheart!”

The little boy elevated his palm-sized face and asked with a blank look. “Mommy, what’s a little sweetheart?”

“It’s... a very heartwarming person – a person that makes people feel warm.”

“Oh! Then, Youyou will only be warm to mommy and no one else!”
Youyou sweetly rounded his pink lips, cupped her face, and – mwah! –
gave a smack on her lips.

The mother and son laughingly bumped each other’s heads and merrily
left the area.

An extended Lincoln parked silently by the roadside.

The Lincoln had a pitch-black, streamlined body. From its window, a
youthful yet cold, good-looking face could be seen.

The boy lazily lay on the genuine leather seat, a hand under his cheek.
He looked to be about six, but his face had a mature and distant look that
was incompatible with his age. He expressionlessly watched the joyous
scene of Yun Shishi and Youyou through the window. Looking from
under his thin bangs, something stirred inside him, and his vision came
into focus.

The pair walked further and further away.

Inexplicably, a strange emotion emerged from the bottom of his heart as
he glanced at the backs of the mother and son. It was something that
could not be explained.

His heart slightly ached. It was bitter and a little sour. Soon after, he felt
a sense of loneliness.

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Chapter 13: Always This Unconcerned

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He slightly squinted his eyes and, when he could no longer see the mother-son pair, instantly hung them down to conceal the loneliness that briefly appeared in them. Returning his focus to the laptop on his lap, he looked at his half-finished homework. He felt somewhat vexed and decided to turn the laptop off.

A middle-aged man in a suit carefully opened the rear door of the extended Lincoln and showed the dessert he had purchased for the boy.

“Young master, your dessert.”

The butler carefully unwrapped its packaging and passed the cake to him, along with a fork.

The boy received them indifferently. Staring at the delectable dessert, the scene of the boy’s smiling face as he hugged his toy still appeared in his mind. Suddenly, he had no appetite.

“Not eating.” He pushed the dessert aside and coldly ordered, “Let’s go.”

The butler, Uncle Qiao, stared at him blankly. He proceeded to clean up and throw the uneaten cake into a trash can by the road, and boarded the vehicle.

The vehicle rode off into the distance.

Night fell.

The Mu Group. The office of the chief executive officer (CEO).

Entering one’s sight were luxurious fixtures, stylish and elegant, extravagant to the core.

A man stood still by the window, his vigorous figure tall and slender. With a towering height of 1.89 meters, his presence was overbearing.

He expressionlessly looked into the distance, at the city's bustling nightscape, with slightly furrowed brows and distant eyes.

Mu Wanrou slowly pushed the door ajar and saw the figure silently standing by the French window. The corners of her mouth formed a gentle arch.

This man held the highest power in the Mu Group. He was the son of the chairman of a conglomerate, the chief executive officer of an empire, the Mu family's Mu Yazhe, and, her fiancé.

They might not have held a wedding ceremony yet, but she was already the Mu family's young mistress in name. Their future wedding would definitely be grand and magnificent; the greatest sensation of the century.

This man was also a sensation within the upper class of society. Many young ladies from well-known families were attracted to him. When she recalled today's headlines about the dating rumors between Mu Yazhe and a diva, Mu Wanrou was madly jealous!

In the eyes of an outsider, she was the future young mistress of the Mu Group. Who would know that Mu Yazhe and she were only husband and wife in name but not in actuality?

This man was extremely cold to her.

This put her in an extremely awkward situation.

Mu Wanrou placed her handbag lightly on the sofa and gingerly walked to his behind. She reached out her arms to gently cuddle his fit body, and leaned her face on his broad, strong back.

“Zhe...”

His eyes regained focus. He tilted his face while maintaining his composure. Under the cool lights, his facial contour was prominent and his clean-cut features were a masterpiece. He had handsome brows and an attractive jaw. The best part of his face was his alluring, deep-set, almond-shaped eyes with pupils as dark as an obsidian, which could shake the heart and soul of many.

This was a handsome and mature man. His handsomeness was not just something on the surface; although his cold face looked young, he gave off the innate aura of an emperor, haughty and domineering, naturally perfect.

He appeared imposing with every move he made, just like emperors and overlords high above the masses in ancient times. With a wave of his hand, he could dictate everything.

Just by his presence, one would know that he was a man who had braved many storms – a man with a cold nature.

“Grandpa let me come to ask you. Are you going back to the Mu residence tomorrow night?”

His eyebrows slightly twitched, and a nonchalant voice came out from his lips, “No.”

She noticed his lukewarm expression and stole a glance at the paperwork piled up on his desk. She asked, with a tiny voice, “Zhe... Did I disturb you?”

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Chapter 14: Fiancée Only in Name

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She noticed his lukewarm expression and stole a glance at the paperwork piled up on his desk. She asked, with a tiny voice, “Zhe... Did I disturb you?”

Even though she was set to be his wife, even if she was already the legitimate young mistress of the Mu family, when facing this unfathomable man, she still had to mind her every move. Despite growing up with him, she felt that she had never truly entered his heart.

Their engagement led her to think once more that she was the luckiest woman in the entire world. She deeply loved this man, but, ironically, she never understood him entirely.

Even though he was her future husband, he was usually not concerned about her. He was like this even on their first meeting. Actually, he was like this to everyone. He was domineering, prideful, and callous; she had never seen him be affectionate to anyone – except for Yichen, that was.

Only in front of Yichen would he conceal his overbearing aura.

Mu Yazhe’s thin lips slightly crooked. His ice-cold voice bore a tinge of tenderness when he answered, “No.”

Mu Wanrou smiled a little and rejoiced inside for his slight concern, her eyes overflowing with immense love.

She slowly went around to his front and, with arms stretching out seductively, hung on to his shoulders intimately. Her voluptuous body

alluringly closed in toward his chest. She inched closer to his attractive face with half-closed eyes and sent a kiss toward his thin, attractive lips.

Mu Yazhe's slanted eyes stared vacantly at her. Jolting his face aside, her kiss landed on his jaw instead.

Dumbfounded, Mu Wanrou raised her brows and looked up, only to see him glancing indifferently somewhere else. The corners of her lips bitterly furled.

She laughed at herself silently. Yes, how could she forget? Although they were going to be husband and wife, his lips were always a forbidden area. No one was allowed to touch them. The two of them were just acting according to circumstances and were merely together for formality; he had no exceptions for other women.

Mu Wanrou was very angry. She cupped his face with both her hands as tears foamed in her eyes from resentment.

"Zhe... Do you love me? Answer me honestly. Do you really love me, or are you just following your grandfather's wishes? Are you just treating our marriage as an order?"

Despite her holding it in all the time, the news of him dating another woman in a magazine today still made her angry and sad!

She was unable to bear watching him, a god-like man in her heart, be taken a share of by another!

There was no change in emotion in Mu Yazhe's calm demeanor; it was still as cold as snow. He did not know why his thoughts were on the hundred-billion-yuan development project instead of on Mu Wanrou, who was standing before him.

Mu Wanrou was indignant and attempted to kiss him a second time. He effortlessly turned his face and dodged her, shunning her far away.

“Wanrou, stop fooling around.”

Mu Wanrou let out a bitter laugh, her heart somewhat dreary. She already knew that he would dodge her, yet it still hurt. He had never kissed her once or any other woman for the matter.

The capital’s young master Mu had a heart of stone. There were many women around him who were attracted to him, yet none of them was special.

Even she, his legitimate fiancée, the woman closest to him, was never given an exception.

Did he really love her, or was he treating her as a comfort to his loneliness?

Perhaps, it was not even that. Was he even willing to act with her?

She did not suspect this only once. If grandpa had not decided their engagement, if this marriage was not established on his wishes, this man would probably not have looked at her more than once.

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