

Daddy CEO 456

Chapter 456 Song Yu Han's Past (1)

The atmosphere was cold as the sun still hasn't risen up yet. Two figures lay on a thin sheet of fabric inside a small room. Because it was in the middle of winter, it was a lot colder than ordinary days.

When the first rooster crowed, one of the people who lay on the ground moved and sat up. It was a female who looked thin and pale. At a glance, one would assume she was someone who had seen most of the world and experienced a lot in her life, but in truth, the woman was only in her mid-twenties.

The woman shivered at once when she moved and looked around for something to heat the small room from the cold season, but was disappointed to see the room was bare of anything that could help her warm herself up.

Looking down, her son lay peacefully beside her albeit also feeling the extreme cold. Rubbing her arms with her hands, the woman hissed because it didn't do anything to warm her because her hands were as cold as ice.

"Mother?"

The little boy appeared to be around 7 years old. Black hair, round phoenix eyes, and thick brows. An image of the man that had abandoned her and whom she had loved so dearly matched with the little boy.

"Sleep, baby. Mother will prepare some food for us to eat," replied the mother with a smile.

The little boy stared at his mother for a brief moment before closing his eyes. He didn't tell his mother that he knew that there was no food in their house. They hadn't even eaten anything last night, where did his mother get some food?

Still, the little boy stayed where he was lying on the ground and curled up to cover up the tears that slipped down his eyes.

There was a sound of his mother changing clothes and putting her shoes on. The little boy listened as his mother left their small house early in the morning.

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"Hey, I saw your mother last night with the neighbor's thug. Are you finally getting a daddy?"

The little boy's eyes darkened but bit his lips while two pairs of hands held both his arms back.

"What? Are you angry? You should be angry at your mother who sells herself for food! Hahaha! My mom said you'll soon get hundreds of siblings!"

The mocking provocation continued. The little boy helplessly listened to them make fun of his mother.

He should be angry just like what his classmate had said. However, not towards his mother who had done nothing but showered him with love, but towards the people who mocked and insulted his mother.

However, even though he could pry his arms away from these bullies and beat them all up, he couldn't do it. He couldn't allow the teacher to call his mother again to the school and see his mother bow her head and apologize to them.

Hence, the little boy kept his evil thoughts to himself and persevered.

The bullying he received from his classmates was constant, but slowly, he got used to them. It was the same cycle anyway.

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When the little boy returned home from school, the small house they were renting had its doors closed and the lights weren't turned on.

But he saw an additional pair of large slippers in front of the door entrance together with his mother.

The little boy stopped in his tracks and looked at the small house before running away. Despite his young age, he was too smart to know what his mother was doing inside.

And even though he already accepted the reality of it, he couldn't hang around outside their door all day and hear his mother being humiliated.

And so, every time his mother brought in a 'guest', the little boy would sit in front of a computer shop and wait for time to pass before he would return.

As always, whenever he arrives home, his mother still has the brightest smile in the world. The small house looked as if no stranger had entered it and they were still the same as in the past.

When the mother saw the bruise on her son's lips, she worriedly pulled him to her side, asking, "Who did this? Did this happen at school?"

The little boy stared at her in silence as she continued. "Let's go and meet your principal tomorrow."

"Mother doesn't have work tomorrow?" asked the little boy.

His mother stilled before continuing the gentle smile on her face, "That's right. Mother earned a bit more than last time so I can take you to school tomorrow and talk to the principal. After that, I'll take you to the mall and buy lots of new clothes for you!"

The little boy bit his bruised up lips. The 'mall' that his mother was talking about was the neighboring clothes shop in the vicinity. It was a big store, but the little boy knew it wasn't the mall that everybody in his classroom was talking about. As for buying lots of new clothes... it should be buying a complete set of clothes at a discounted price.

He wanted to say no and tell his mother to keep the money to buy herself a new dress, but the way his mother's eyes lit up at the idea halted him.

And the words that wanted to tell her to stop working stayed at the tip of his tongue.

In the end, he could only force out a smile so as to not worry and ruin his mother's joyful and lovely mood.

"Thank you, mother!" said the little boy before hugging his mother. "I love you!"

"I love you too."

Even if their lives were filled with misfortune and suffering, the little boy won't allow anything to ruin this peacefulness.

But as if the gods were laughing at him, the peacefulness he tried so hard to keep shattered.

On the day he returned from school like usual, he saw several people from their neighborhood standing across the front of their rented house.

The little boy quickened his steps and pushed the people so he could get closer and see what was happening when he heard a man cursing out loud.

"Slut!" shouted the man. "You stole my money, right? Where did you take it?!"

"Please, don't do this. Let's go inside and discuss this."

The one who was begging while a clear bruise on her cheeks was his mother. The little boy was extremely shocked at the sight before him and before he knew it, his feet had started to walk towards them.

But one pleading look from his mother halted him. The expression on her face told him to not step forward as it would only make things harder. The little boy also knew this from the previous times he got himself involved with his mother's matters, and it didn't end well for both him and especially, his mother.

Once midnight arrived, the matter was already settled. His mother's earnings were all taken from her. His mother cried in the middle of the night and kept whispering under her breath that she never stole anything.

The little boy also knew this, but the world had already branded his mother as a thief as if it was the natural order of the world for the victim to be the preparator.

Days quickly passed and because of what happened last time, his mother couldn't work nor could she give his son any pocket money. They could only eat rice and some soy sauce to carry on.

Until that day...

In the middle of the night, a burglar entered their house. The little boy quickly woke up to the sound of fighting and screaming for help. His mother struggled with the burglar who was holding her small bag the little boy recognized as the bag that contained the little money his mother saved for his studies.

The boy couldn't move while struck with fear. He was just a little boy and he was watching this horror play out in his eyes.

The burglar didn't think that the woman had some strength in her thin arms and pushed her forcefully. And when his mother was pushed back against the floor, the eyes of the burglar slowly turned sinister.

"Well, since you don't want me to go...Why don't you play with me for a little bit!"

The little boy's mother understood what he was talking about and her face turned pale. With quivering lips, she quickly avoided his hands and screamed at the top of her lungs for help.

The little boy also tried to shout for help despite his body paralyzed from fear and shock.

Sadly, no help arrived.

It was as if the world had separated from them.

The man caught his mother.

But then, the little boy thought to himself...

If help can't be received from others. Then, he can only do it himself.

When the burglar started to get on top of his mother, he didn't take the little boy seriously in his eyes. Just a boy rendered with fear, what can he possibly do?

But that was his big mistake.

The moment the burglar realized what had happened, the boy had already stabbed him with the knife that his mother used to slice fruits with.

The boy realized that the world had abandoned them. But he could save him and his mother.

And it was also the time when Song Yu Han was disappointed in humanity. He swore to never entrust his life to anyone.

Chapter 457 Song Yu Han's Past (2)

Blood slipped down like water, staining the clothes of the burglar as well as the floor beneath him. The man seemed to not believe what had just happened as his hand touched where he had been stabbed then looked down on his hands with an ugly look on his face.

"You..." the man seemed to have regained his senses and struck his arms like a whip to the child standing behind him with a knife. "You dare stab me? I'll kill you, you murderer!"

The kid wasn't fast enough to avoid him and he was easily thrown to the ground. The knife clattered as it flew out of his hand to who knows where.

As if this was not enough, the man plummeted him with countless kicks. With the body and physique of a young kid, the seven-year old boy felt like he was being stomped down by elephants.

Tears filled his eyes, but he forced it back.

"Stop it! Stop kicking him please!" His mother came running towards the man and hugged him by the waist as if to tackle him.

"Slut! Get away from me if you don't want me to kill you too!" shouted the man angrily. He swung his hand with a resounding slap.

As if awoken by that noise, the little boy grabbed the man by his legs and bit him.

"Fuck! You bit me? You dare bite me? I'll cut you to pieces!"

"Don't bully my mother! Don't bully her! No one is allowed to do that!" The young boy didn't regret stabbing him or biting. The only thing he regrets was that he had held back too much that it was too late.

But it was not too late. He can still save them!

Because of the loud commotion, the neighbors soon woke up and turned on their lights. However, they only listened and never went over to check the situation of the mother and son.

They even felt annoyed that they had been forced to wake because of their screaming.

"Can't they shut up already? So irritating, I worked late last night and had to open my eyes to such loud noises!"

"That's why I said not to let them stay in this neighborhood. When I saw that pair, just who knows what wild place they came from?!"

"Hehe, that's what they only deserve. That woman rejected me when I kindly asked her to stay with me. Who will save her now?!"

Several malicious words left several mouths. No one showed their concerns for the mother and son. They only expressed how tired and frustrating the commotion was.

Inside the small house, the little boy was filled with black and purple bruises all over his body. His mother finally stopped the man, but perhaps due to his bleeding wound, he didn't have the strength to beat them up.

As expected, the man also felt that he was starting to lose feeling to his body. The blood that left his body from the open wound still continued to flow because of his violent movements.

"You... Ca-call an ambulance," said the man with a gasp. When he saw the mother staring at him with hatred, he snapped at her, "Quickly! Do you want you and your son to be sent to jail?!"

As if those last words had some magic on the mother, she went looking for her phone. The man, of course, just wanted to be saved. However, when he finally gets out of the hospital and recovers, he will kill both of them!

But just as the woman's hand pressed to call the number to have an ambulance sent to them, the door was kicked open and several men in crisp and clean business suits entered.

There were four men, who looked so tall, glanced around the small house without changing their expressions. Then, at the same time, they landed on the young boy curled up on the ground.

The man in front of the others raised his hand, a phone was already in there, and spoke a few words.

Seeing all these men enter with no regards to what was happening, the burglar sensed something was wrong. He very naturally leaned against the wall when one of the four men walked over to him.

Yo—you, get back! Don't come here!"

"There's one here bleeding. All three are injured but only this one has a stab wound." The stranger who walked to the burglar spoke after analyzing the gravity of the situation.

"The family doctor has already been called. They'll be here in ten minutes."

The way these men spoke was way different from the way the people in this neighborhood talked. They had class and strict discipline in their manners and expressions as if they were highly trained people.

Suddenly, a light flashed in the eyes of the burglar as fast as a train. His lips curled up triumphantly, saying, "Hey, were you guys sent here to support me? Were you also paid to mess with them? Good! Come here and help this Laozi or else, your employer will complain!"

Upn hearing his words, the men stopped what they were doing. Even the mother and the young Song Yu Han, flinched.

These words... Even a child could understand what being paid means. And for someone like Song Yu Han, who excelled in his academics and was forced to understand the world of adults at an early age, realized what the burglar was talking about.

But of course, he was still a child and couldn't guess why the burglar had to be paid to mess with them!

But the mother did. She knew why and who might have given the burglar the money.

"You say... The person who hired you to mess with us. Is it that woman with the mole on her upper lip?" Song Yu Han's mother asked tremblingly.

The burglar was surprised for a brief moment before sneering, "So you know her? That's surprising... How can a lowlife bitch like you actually know someone rich as that woman?"

As if she was possessed, Song Yu Han's mother stood up and started grabbing him by the collar, "What did she tell you to do? Did she tell you to kill us? She did, right? No, how did she even find us? Tell me!"

The burglar was already too weak to tussle with a chicken much less fight back. Besides, the men in business suits didn't move and only watched them.

Ten minutes later, two people entered the small house. The older of the two swept his eyes for a second before heading straight to the little boy on the ground.

After observing the injuries of the boy, the older man frowned, saying, "We need to do an operation. He broke three of his ribs and suffered from internal bleeding." When he said this, he glared at four men who entered the house before them and complained, "How did this even happen? I thought you were going to save them? If we were even a minute late, the boy would have lost his life!"

Song Yu Han's mother left the burglar's side to move towards her son. She turned to the old man and asked, "Is my baby okay? He won't die, right? This is all my fault. I should have protected him better."

Usually, there will be people who would say a few words of comfort, but the old man didn't have the energy nor the heart to comfort the mother as he criticized her. "That's right. It's your fault! You

didn't protect him and made his situation worse by staying in this place when the Old Master already gave you the chance to live a better life."

Song Yu Han's mother bit her lips while tears continued to slide down her smooth and pale cheeks. She wanted to retort to the old man by telling him that if she really accepted the Old Master's offer, she and her son would only become an annoyance in other people's eyes.

The reason why she left without taking the Old Master's offer was not only because she didn't want to stay as a mistress being kept by his son. She was the young miss of the Lu family, who went bankrupt after several attacks happened to them. Eventually, she and her family were forced to stay on the ground, kneeling before the victors.

As for the man, whom she loved and the father of her son, he didn't reach out to help her as he married another woman.

And when he heard she gave birth to his son, he told her to give the child up to his wife!

How could she stay in such an embarrassing situation? She'd rather leave and be labeled as a wretched woman than have his son suffer under the hands of the woman who had stolen and ruined everything in her life.

But even if Lu Tingting knew what she had done was only for the sake of her son and to avoid the troubles that came with the family that had half of the blood running in her son's body, she couldn't deny the doctor's words.

It was indeed her fault and powerlessness that her son had to suffer for seven years.

And now, her selfish decision might cost her son's life.

"Please, save him. I'll do anything so please make sure he stays alive!"

There was no need for dignity and honor. One can only be shameless in the face of life and death.

For her son, Lu Tingting can even give up her own life for him.

"Xiao Han, my baby boy, forgive mother, alright? I'll give you anything you want. So please don't die..."

Song Yu Han only heard his mother cry and whisper these words to him before total darkness claimed him.

Chapter 458 Song Yu Han's Past (3)

The events that happened soon after the seven-year old Song Yu Han fell into a deep slumber, those are things that he was unclear about and wasn't able to hear and witness.

However, when he first woke up a few days later he got a 'surgery', his mother was not by his side. An old man claiming to be his grandfather sat beside the bed where he was lying and watched him.

Song Yu Han was uncomfortable being stared at by a stranger who had just suddenly recognized himself to be a relative. He quickly looked for his mother, but even after making a round or two around the hospital he was sent in, his mother, who had begged him to not die, was nowhere in sight.

Song Yu Han didn't know why his mother was missing. But he still went to look for her, worried that the injuries she sustained from that man were too serious. He didn't want her to be in any dangerous situation. Most of all, he just wanted to see his mother again.

But as if his mother were just a fragment in his memories, days passed quickly, and yet, his mother never reappeared!

Though, there were some people who came as his 'relatives'.

Strangest of them all, a man who claimed to be his 'father' took a visit and looked at him with a stern look on his face. The displeasure and disappointment in his expression was too obvious that no one from the people he had brought that day dared to speak up.

"Xiao Han, are you alright? Do you want Mother to get something you want to eat?"

Of course, there was another woman who dressed elegantly and expensively. Her curled bun on the top of her head was cleanly combed and an overly friendly smile was on her lips.

But it was not his mother.

Song Yu Han frowned deeply before coldly replying, "You're not my mother. Who are you?"

The beautifully dressed woman only smiled and patted him on the head. But before she could touch him, Song Yu Han had already slapped her hand away so she couldn't place her paws on him.

Song Yu Han was the most sensitive when he was young. He had been surrounded by people who had nothing but bad and evil intentions directed to him and his mother.

And thus, he could obviously see through the woman's plot and emotions.

As for why she suddenly called herself his mother, Song Yu Han had heard about the neighbor's family's child having a stepmother. Could it be that this woman was also his stepmother?

Of course, Song Yu Han never accepted this bastard father, so there was no need for him to even think of getting a stepmother as well!

However, he missed his mother so much. Where could she have gone to?

In the middle of the second month he had stayed inside the hospital, Song Yu Han still hadn't seen his mother. He could have gone on a hunger strike or even threatened these people to make him meet his mother, but he had been suppressed so much that he was afraid that his mother would be endangered because of him.

Naturally, he also had high hopes of meeting his mother as soon as he recovers. And so, Song Yu Han would be able to escape this place full of strange people!

But his plans were thwarted when he finally recovered a bit of his strength. The old man who had claimed to be his grandfather had sat down in the room with him and told him that his mother sold him to them, his family from his father's side.

Song Yu Han refused to believe it. His mother had been through thick and thin with him, why would she suddenly sell him? His mother might have done odd jobs to make money, but she would never abandon him!

These people should have done something to her and threatened her with him as a hostage!

Song Yu Han was deeply saddened and angered by this. The next day, he broke all the things inside the hospital room he was confined in and refused to eat. This was his last resort after enduring so much.

In the end, the old man finally relented and told him that his mother will come and see him.

Song Yu Han was extremely happy, but also vigilant.

However, his vigilance melted away when his mother really came to see him.

"Mother!" Song Yu Han instantly jumped towards his mother with a much deserved and longing hug.

Finally, the mother and son pair reunited.

The two of them conversed as if nothing mattered, nothing happened, and no troubles around them. They acted as if they were inside their own bubble where no one could intrude their world.

Song Yu Han and his mother talked about their daily lives, what they ate, how many hours they slept. They immediately caught up with each other, but they also found each other's loneliness.

"Mother... Can you take me with you?" said the young boy. He shook his head and held on to her sleeve tightly, "No, please take me with you! I don't care about anything else, I just... I want to be with you."

Song Yu Han saw his mother's shoulders trembling before she turned away as if to hide away the tears in her eyes. Unfortunately, her son had already seen it clearly and tears also appeared in his eyes.

The two hugged each other in that room without anyone interrupting them.

After several minutes of silence, a beep sound came from her wristwatch, and Lu Tingting forced herself to push her son away.

"Xiao Han, you need to promise your mother that you will stay and behave okay? Become the man that mother can be proud of. Be obedient and do what you want. Do not listen to other people even if they say bad things about you and mother, alright?"

"Mother... Why are you saying this?"

Lu Tingting couldn't bear to not tell him the truth, but she also couldn't tell him all of it. And so, she only said what would make her son work hard to become a great man.

"Mother will wait for you to grow taller and turn into an amazing man."

"Miss Lu, it's time."

The door to the room was pushed open and a guard spoke to remind her. She already had 30 minutes of her time to meet with her son. Anymore would be against the deal she made with Old Patriarch Song.

The guard started to pull her away.

Seeing this, Song Yu Han wanted to pull her back to his side. But what can a young boy with a thin body and measly strength compare to a man who had trained from the army?

Naturally, he was helpless against the guard and could only helplessly reach for his mother.

"No, don't leave me here!"

"Mother!"

Lu Tingting was harshly pulled by the guard and the tears she wanted to keep from spilling down her cheeks so her son wouldn't see it finally fell endlessly.

Her feet tried to bury themselves into the tiled floor, but it was still useless.

"Son, remember, Mother will always, always, love you!" Lu Tingting could only shout to her son as the door to her son's room was closed by another two guards guarding the room.

"Mother!"

Her son's screams could be heard accompanied by the banging of his fist against the door.

Lu Tingting looked towards her son's direction for a long while. When she finally got out of her daze, she was already pushed inside a high-end car.

Three important people were already inside and looked at her without an ounce of pity.

"You did great. It was a good decision for you to leave Song Yu Han with us." Old Patriarch Song threw an envelope on her lap. "Read the contents of the contract and sign it. The amount I'll give you should be enough for you to save the Lu family."

Lu Tingting looked coldly at the three people and bit her lips until blood appeared.

These people... When will they stop tormenting her and her family?

"You're so heartless, Song Ruan. You can't even bear to strip me off the only thing that makes my life a bit better after you left me with the mess you did to my family," Lu Ting Ting laughed as tears renewed in her eyes.

Song Ruan frowned. Although it has been several years since he had last seen Lu Tingting, it was difficult to tear away all of his feelings for her. After all, Lu Tingting was a woman he once had affection for.

This woman still shared a bed with him and also gave birth to a son. He could allow her to see her son once in a while if he only said a few words to his father.

However, his slight hesitation and contemplation was seen by his wife, Cao

Huiling.

Hiding the hatred and jealousy in her eyes, she elegantly flashed a smile and said, "Sister Tingting shouldn't be worried. Xiao Han will also become my son from now on. I will make sure to take care of him so that you don't have to feel brokenhearted."

Lu Tingting closed her eyes. She knew that Cao Huiling's words might have sounded comforting and sincere, but she could sense the threat in it if she didn't agree and sign the contract.

But what made her feel resigned was the fact that if she could actually hear the silent meaning in Cao Huiling's words, how could these two powerful men from the Song family not get it?

Certainly, they should have known a long time ago!

Chapter 459 Song Yu Han's Past (4)

Lu Tingting could only surrender her son to these people reluctantly. Even if she fought them, it would only make her son's life more miserable. Worst, if she stayed headstrong and went against them all at the cost of her life, Song Yu Han's safety might also be put into danger.

And that was something that Lu Tingting could not do as his mother.

She already had nothing left but her life. Would she even surrender her son's life just because she couldn't put down her pride and selfishness? She would rather become a bad mother to her son's eyes than see Cao Huiling hiring other people to kill off her son.

At the very least, now that the Old Patriarch had learned of her son's identity and had recognized him as his grandson, he would protect Song Yu Han and give him the lifestyle that he deserved.

The Old Patriarch was a ruthless man who could cut down all of his enemies with just a word from him. However, he still valued his blood and flesh. Otherwise, why would the Song family extend to several branches? How could so many illegitimate children be able to stand up straight despite their lowly identities?

Old Patriarch Song, himself, was an illegitimate child. Hence, he could understand what it meant to be abandoned and how the children of his low birth were forced to bow their heads and be in constant danger.

He didn't want his blood and flesh to experience what he had suffered. Thus, he decided to accept as many children his sons and grandsons had outside of their marriage so long as no one tried to kill

each other in front of him. As for those who secretly did it behind his back and under the table, Old Patriarch Song only let their fates decide it.

Lu Tingting had one condition after surrendering her son to the Song family, and it was to have Song Yu Han be raised directly under tutelage of the Old Patriarch.

Song Ruan had no qualms about that as he didn't want to raise the child of the woman who still held a bit of his heart. Besides, looking at this son's face who resembled his mother so much, he didn't want to look at him even for a bit!

Cao Huiling initially wanted to interject and tell them that she would raise Song Yu Han herself since the Old Patriarch was already too old to take care of a child, however, Lu Tingting went to meet the Old Patriarch and strike the condition with him first. Hence, she was unable to change their mind and could only give up.

Naturally, her plan was not really to raise her son. It was to make Lu Tingting die out of anger and fear!

Lu Tingting was the most desirable woman in the country before the Lu family went down. She had suitors that could fill the Yangtze River but no man could ever move her but Song Ruan, the man whom Cao Huiling had fancied.

Cao Huiling purposely befriended and stood beside Lu Tingting in order to get closer to Song Ruan. When the Lu Family suffered from bankruptcy, it was all due to her family's actions seeing how the Lu family had become a wall they couldn't cross to get to the Song family. Fortunately, Lu Tingting and the Lu Family ended up being driven to a corner with no path to escape like fish trapped in a net.

But the joy that Cao Huiling felt after getting Song Ruan and ruining the Lu family was short-lived. Lu Tingting, this slut, actually gave birth to her husband's son and even escaped the purging of the Lu Family!

And just when the last stroke of the scythe was slashing through her neck, Lu Tingting found a pillar to hold and it was actually Old Patriarch Song, who agreed to take her son under him.

Cao Huiling's guts were as green as the grass on the lawn! She couldn't wait to have Lu Tingting's neck in her hands!

Old Patriarch Song previously didn't have any time nor intentions to raise anyone beside him. However, since he had already given his words and because the young boy who was both tenacious and strong-headed was too similar to him when he was younger, Old Patriarch Song finally agreed.

Maybe, he can turn this young man into a great man like him too.

Song Yu Han didn't know all about these events and was wailing inside the room he was locked in. For the few days that passed, he was dazed and didn't speak to anyone. The doctors who were hired to look after his health or just there to look after him were all stunned by this sudden change. He was so energetic and vigorous even when he had just woken up after his surgery. Where did that bull-like child go?

The nurses who watched the young boy go from a miracle child to a precious child who seemed to have lost his soul. Their hearts were stirred by the young boy especially after seeing the way he had bawled and cried for his mother.

The story of the tragic separation of the young boy and his mother spread out in the hospital like fire and a lot of elderly people started to take turns in looking after the young boy. They would go and camp out of his hospital room and sigh in sympathy and call him a pitiful and filial child. A lot of people also placed presents and foods in front of his door.

These things weren't touched, but no one cared if the young boy touched it or not. They just wanted to express their desire to give their hearts to him.

Song Yu Han also didn't come out of his room. A month has passed and snow has fallen on the ground. Since it was the start of winter, the weather decreased a lot and people wore warmer clothes.

In just a month's time, Song Yu Han's body became thin. During that time, Song Yu Han never saw his mother nor those people who claimed to be his relatives. Even the old man who called himself his grandfather didn't show his face.

Song Yu Han was left alone in that room with the daily observation from the nurses and doctors as well as the guard who brought him food. But aside from that, the four walls of his room, the window that displayed the front of the hospital, and the sky outside were all his company in this lonely past month.

He had waited. He waited for his mother to come and get him.

But no matter how long he waited, his mother didn't come.

He hoped for her to at least linger outside the hospital.

However, even though he stayed up all night looking out of the window to see just a glimpse of his mother, she never appeared.

Song Yu Han was afraid of his mother disappearing. She was the only person in this world he would consider his family. But what he was most afraid of was her face and figure in his memory vanishing.

And so, he decided to stop being a gloomy child and changed.

He started to become the lively child like before. He smiled and talked to other people as if nothing happened. He acted as if he was alright and no longer hurting. He didn't even utter a word about looking for his mother and wanting to get out of that place.

However, behind these, Song Yu Han's heart never wanted to smile, didn't want to talk, and always chased after the shadow and image of his mother that was slowly blurring.

Finally, as he had expected, the old man who told him that he was his grandfather came to see him again. Almost a month after he changed his personality from being gloomy to a tenacious young boy, his grandfather told him about bringing back to his home and making him go to school to get an education.

Song Yu Han never uttered a word of rejection or thought of offending the old man. He just wanted to do good and paint himself better in his grandfather's eyes.

And once he had achieved something and convinced the old man that he was an outstanding young boy, he would look for his mother.

Song Yu Han never gave up looking for his mother. He would never give her up even if the world started to crack and disappear.

It was probably because she was his son that the two of them had the same personality.

Many years passed, and every single time, Song Yu Han topped the ranks and achieved a lot of awards and achievements that no children in the Song family could get. He became a dark horse that everyone used to belittle because of his identity but also couldn't underestimate due to him being raised by Old Patriarch Song.

He became a young man who had gotten what his mother wanted. He was a son every parent should be proud of. He was now in everyone's envy and admiration.

Unfortunately, when he finally won a bet with the Old Patriarch and went to see his mother whom he had found where she lived all these years so he could let her see what kind of person he had grown up to be....

It was too late.

Because the moment he entered the house and saw his mother...

She had already departed from the world with a white quilt around her neck.

Chapter 460 Grandfather And Grandson

It happened so fast that Song Yu Han was quickly overwhelmed with denying the reality after the shock he received. He stared at the figure hanging on the beam expressionlessly.

However, if one were to touch his hands, they would find it as cold as ice.

This was not what he wanted to see when he came rushing to see his mother finally. He carried all his gold medals and achievements that wrote his honors as proof that he had become the victor. But what was the point of it all? When the person he wanted to show it all of it to could only hang lifelessly in front of him.

The smile he yearned for...

The warmth he missed...

And the voice that called out to him so gently and tenderly...

All of it was replaced by a pale-faced and thin woman that did not even look better than a ghost.

At first Song Yu Han looked and laughed mockingly at himself. How could his mother be the woman hanging in front of him? That was what he thought. He tried to calm his beating heart and look for his mother again. Perhaps, he got into the wrong house.

But the house and password matched with the information he received. Even the lifeless woman before him, despite her eerie and deathly appearance, still resembled the mother that had stood beside him and protected him from all bad things.

Someone pulled him back. Calls and screams of help or calling an ambulance soon echoed behind him where the door was pulled open by his grandfather's assistant who had come to find him since he had stayed a bit longer than what the boy promised.

A loud commotion soon followed by the ambulance.

However, they didn't come to save people. They arrived to take a corpse away.

His mother had died.

Song Yu Han was too numb to listen to what everyone was saying. Of course, it was not because he had suddenly turned deaf out of a sudden, but because he refused to listen. It was as if his world had completely shut off everyone.

But even if he refused to listen to them, the voices still rang around him.

Some people said their condolences, some expressed their sympathy, and some told him to hold back his grief for the sake of his dead mother. They were so considerate and gentle with him. But it was unfortunate that the person they were pouring out all of their comforting words to had his eyes glued towards the stretcher where a figure covered in a white blanket was lying on.

That day concluded with his mother committing suicide. Or so, what the autopsy report had said.

The funeral was done grandly by the Song family. A lot of people came, but no one dared to talk to the son of the deceased woman.

And Song Yu Han, who had been sitting on the corner with a framed picture of his mother smiling innocently to the camera in his arms, didn't want anyone to come close to him.

At such a young age, his aura had already spoken a lot of volumes. Once glance and everyone could tell that he didn't want anyone to even stand in his sights.

Soon, the funeral ended. His mother died tragically, but also quite reasonably. A lot of people said that his mother couldn't take the loneliness anymore after being filled with guilt of abandoning her son. The Lu family was quickly tagged as a cursed family.

As for Song Yu Han, the half Lu and half Song... He never left his room after the funeral ended.

Surprisingly, the Old Patriarch Song, who had been praising him so much after receiving all kinds of achievements and medals and made a bargain with him, let him be. No one knows whether he no longer cared about this grandson of his that had just lost his mother or he was feeling guilty after separating the mother and son and decided to give his grandson some peace for the time being until he was relieved of his grief.

The young man who had become everyone's envy and admiration soon disappeared into the background. Song Yu Han's name was never uttered or heard for a year.

But the Song family knew that he had locked himself up in his room. They wanted to rejoice for getting this dark horse finally off the field. They no longer worried that this outstanding young man who had been raised personally by the Old Patriarch Song would become a hindrance when the fight for the inheritance arrived since he was a strong contender.

A lot of people benefited from Lu Tingting's death.

Only Song Yu Han truly felt that the world around him had quaked and fallen under him.

But who would have thought that Song Yu Han wouldn't stay like this forever, he suddenly emerged from his room after a year of his mother's passing. Though his body was extremely thin and sickly pale with a sunken and dark curled under his eyes, he didn't cower or look away when people looked and laughed at him as if he was possessed.

He was sent away by the Old Patriarch Song to recuperate and recover from the traumatic event that darkened his heart and life, fearing that it would ruin his development and waste the old man's effort to make such an outstanding man.

And as if Heaven had followed his intentions and decreed it to be... Song Yu Han actually made a comeback. He ruthlessly climbed up to the top and even surpassed his limits.

He soon became the irreplaceable Young Master Song of the Song family.

The Song family has tons of young masters and young misses, but only Song Yu Han was recognized by others and admired by all. His existence was an anomaly that nobody could ever expect!

"... The truth is that when my mother died, I didn't think I had a reason to live. I did blame her for leaving me behind. But I thought it would have been better to follow her to where she was than to stay and live with the strangers who forcefully entered my world."

Song Yu Han looked at Ran Xueyi who no longer had her head on his lap but sitting beside him, saying, "But I couldn't do it."

He meant he couldn't throw away the life his mother gave to him.

"And most importantly, I can't forgive them for what they did to her."

Ran Xueyi had never thought that Song Yu Han was hiding such deep pain inside of him. He appeared so strong and valiant that one would think nothing could bend or hurt him. But the painful past he carried in his back was too shocking and painful to hear.

She didn't know what to say to him. Her tears had already run down her cheeks in the beginning of his story. And it still hasn't ceased to fall down.

Even though she was only listening to him, it feels like she had witnessed what happened to him herself.

Her heart felt like it had been wrapped around somebody's hands and they were crushing it between their fingers without mercy.

"How could you..." Ran Xueyi sobbed and bit her lips to hold back the tears but she just couldn't stop it. Her voice sounded broken and hoarse as she repeated the words, "How could you keep all of these and not break?"

She wasn't merely asking him. She just couldn't accept that Song Yu Han had to carry on this burden by himself even though he had already lived all of years in despair, suffering because the world didn't want to be nice to him at all.

Others would have at least broken down already or even gone insane. Worst, kill themselves so that they wouldn't feel hurt anymore.

She realized that Song Yu Han had probably built iron fences around his heart so he wouldn't break. But that was what hurt her more. Not breaking down would only make things worse. The pain will only accumulate when it blows up... Not anyone, or even her, could imagine what would happen after.

She herself experienced some hardships and was antagonized by her own family. She was betrayed and tricked. And at that time, she was already thinking that life wasn't worth living.

If not for the baby inside her womb and Song Yu Han appearing in front of her, Ran Xueyi would have probably given up after retaliating against her family and Yang Baihua.

But Song Yu Han lived under the same roof of the people who made him suffer and separated him from his mother, indirectly killing his mother of loneliness for several years.

"Old...Old Patriarch Song... is he really—" Ran Xueyi couldn't say the words. She was in disbelief not because she didn't believe him, but because she couldn't believe that someone whom she had thought was the only person who stood beside her husband could be someone so cruel.

Not to mention, Song Yu Han stayed by his side and laughed with him. The two looked so harmonious and treated each other tenderly like true grandfather and grandson. But could it be that it was all just a ruse to trick everyone?

But then... Song Yu Han's words, smiles, and actions towards Old Patriarch Song were too genuine and sincere. Besides, when she saw the two of them, it didn't feel like he was pretending.

Song Yu Han guessed what she was talking about without hearing half of her question and slowly nodded, answering coldly, "During that year I locked myself in my room... I practiced hard to pretend and what I truly felt. And since the day my mother left my side, I had planned on how to deceive and make Song Yichen lay down his guards and trust me completely."