

Married at First Sight Chapter 4397

The old doctor was momentarily stunned. He reached out to touch the boy's head and gently asked, "Why do you ask that?"

"I've never seen my real parents. I don't even know what they look like. If they were alive, why didn't they come to find me? How could they have left me on the side of the road to be picked up by Mother Mu?"

The little boy was clever—he knew how to reason things out.

"Yangyang's parents are divorced, but he still gets to see his father. He lives with his mother. Even though she works far away, she still comes home to see him."

"But I don't have that. I thought maybe they didn't come to find me because they turned into stars, watching me from the sky."

The old doctor pulled him into a hug, sighed, and said, "Long Ting, you have us. Your Mother Mu and Uncle Ye love you dearly and treat you like their own child. The Jun family also considers you their nephew."

"Even though your biological parents are gone, you are surrounded by people who love you. That's something to be happy about—so grow up with joy in your heart."

Long Ting nestled into his master's arms.

So, it was true—his biological parents had died.

For as long as he could remember, Long Ting had been Mu Qing's adopted son. Raised with care by Mu Qing and accepted by the Jun family, he never pitied himself or thought much about his birth parents. He had been too young—just a toddler—so they hadn't crossed his mind.

Now, at over five years old, he could understand more. He felt different from his friends. After thinking it over, he concluded that his birth parents must no longer be alive.

Though he had no memories of them, hearing the truth brought a trace of sadness—but no tears.

"Master, do you know how my biological parents died?"

The old doctor lied and said, "You were chosen by your master and taken in as his disciple. That's how he met you. He doesn't know anything about your past. Not even your Mother Mu knows. Much less him."

Long Ting asked, “Does Uncle Ying know? Everyone says Uncle Ying is amazing. If he wants to know something, nothing can be hidden from him.”

The old doctor continued with the lie: “No one has tried to find out about your parents, so how could anyone know?”

“Besides, we don’t even know where you’re originally from. Although your Mother Mu found you in Wangcheng, you’re not a native of Wangcheng. She asked around and confirmed that you aren’t from there.”

“Still, I’m certain you came from a well-off family—you were clearly born to be a young master.”

The old doctor released the little boy from his arms, gently pushed him back a bit, looked down at the intelligent child, and said kindly, “Long Ting, all you need to do is study hard, learn medicine from your master, and train in martial arts with your brothers, sisters, uncles, and aunts. Learn everything they teach you.”

“When you grow up and become truly strong, you can search for your past and uncover the truth about your biological parents.”

Long Ting asked with innocent curiosity, “If I become powerful, can I see my parents again? Can they come down from the sky and return to me? I really want to know what they look like.”

No matter how kind Mother Mu was to him, no matter how much love she gave, she wasn’t his biological mother.

As long as he hadn’t been abandoned, he wanted to know who his real parents were.

The old doctor replied, “They’re watching you from heaven. The stronger you become, the happier and more at peace they’ll feel.”

Long Ting didn’t quite understand, but he didn’t ask further.

He sensed the topic was a bit heavy, especially since his master wasn’t acting as cheerful as usual. Instead, he was unusually gentle and calm. That made Long Ting feel that something was different.

It was clear this topic weighed on his master. Because he cared, he had put aside his usual smiling demeanor and softened his tone.

“Master, I’ll study hard and train diligently. I’ll learn medicine from you and one day be able to heal the sick and save lives—just like you.”

“Our Long Ting is such a good boy. Tonight, I’ll reward you with a chicken leg.”

“Okay! Let’s go kill a chicken now. There are two legs—we’ll each have one. I’ll eat one, and Master can have the other!”

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When it came to food, Long Ting’s eyes lit up.

He immediately ran to the backyard.

The chickens raised by his master were kept in the backyard and allowed to roam freely. His master always said that free-range chickens were the most delicious.

Watching the little guy’s back, the old doctor muttered, “This little foodie... the moment chicken is mentioned, he forgets all about asking about his parents.”

He stood up and followed after him.

“Master is old and has lost all his teeth. I don’t eat chicken legs anymore, so I’ll let you have both.”

Long Ting turned his head and said, “Doesn’t Master still have a full set of teeth? Chicken legs are full of meat and taste great. You always said they’re the best part of the chicken. How can you not eat them when you still have all your teeth?”

He didn’t mind at all. He only planned to eat one chicken leg and give the other to his master.

The old doctor replied, “My mouth is full of dentures.”

“Well, Master Gong can still eat chicken legs. But if he won’t, I’ll call him and tell him an old lady keeps visiting you and says she wants to live with you in your old age.”

The old doctor scowled. “You little rascal! If you dare call your master and say that, I’ll punish you!”

There really was an old lady who came by every few days, insisting she wanted to move in and grow old with him.

But he was already old himself—and he had no interest in sharing his life with a partner now.

He had apprentices, a group of old friends, and many nephews—all of whom were very filial. One of his apprentices, whom he treated like a daughter, had given him a little grandson. That grandson now stayed by his side day and night.

He was not lonely and had no need to live with anyone.

In his youth, he never married. Even in middle age, he never considered it. After taking in an apprentice, he dedicated himself to raising her and never thought about finding a mother for the child.

Now that he was retired, it was finally time to enjoy life. Why would he trouble himself with finding a companion?

Who knew what hidden motives someone might have?

He was certain there was more to it, and in any case, he didn't want to live with anyone.

He had already changed the formation at the entrance of Medicine Valley. From now on, the old lady who wanted to marry him and spend her old age with him would no longer be able to enter.

But this matter had to be kept from his disciple.

That child had always wanted to find him a "master's wife."

Long Ting stuck out his tongue playfully. "So Master-shi gets scared sometimes too!"

The old doctor gave him a light knock and said, "You little rascal, now you're even learning to threaten your master."

"My master wouldn't let me show respect by giving you both chicken legs, so I told him. I was afraid he'd think I wasn't taking good care of you and wanted an old lady to accompany you. It's perfect—I'll just tell him everything..."

"Alright, alright! Two chicken legs. One for you, one for me. That settles it."

"Go catch a chicken—don't pick one that's too big. We're roasting it in the kiln, so a smaller one is better."

Just a grandfather and his grandson—too large a chicken would be too much.

Long Ting happily agreed and ran off to catch one.

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After a bit of chaos, Long Ting managed to catch a hen and walked over with it in his arms.

"Master, is this one okay?"

The old doctor took the chicken from him, weighed it in his hands, and said, "This is perfect. Let's go get it ready."

Long Ting happily followed his master, running back to the kitchen to boil water.

While Long Ting and his master were preparing to kill and roast the chicken, on the other side, Yangyang went out with his phone to look for his parents.

He found them sitting under a tree in the yard, deep in conversation. He saw Uncle Lu gently reach out and touch his mother's face, then his mother leaned against Uncle Lu's shoulder.

A moment later, Uncle Lu moved in and started nibbling on his mother's lips. Why was Uncle Lu biting her mouth? Did it smell good? Was it something you could eat?

"Uncle Lu!"

Yangyang suddenly shouted and rushed over.

His loud voice startled Duncan and Liberty, who immediately pulled apart.

Liberty's face flushed red, and she looked clearly flustered.

In a moment of affectionate intimacy, the couple had forgotten themselves and did something not quite suitable for children—only to be caught by their son.

Liberty glared at Duncan in embarrassment.

Yangyang ran up and asked, "Uncle Lu, why were you biting my mom's mouth?"

Duncan: "....."

No matter how thick-skinned he was, he had no idea how to respond to such an innocent but awkward question from his stepson.

"Yangyang."

Liberty quickly pulled her son aside and took the phone from him.

"Did you finish talking to Long Ting? You two haven't chatted in a while—why not talk a bit longer?"

She changed the subject to defuse the tension and avoid having to explain anything.

Yangyang replied, "We talked for a long time—the phone even got hot."

"Oh, and Mom, Long Ting said he wants more sisters. He said one isn't enough and he wants several. My aunt said his sister doesn't even know which park she's swinging in."

“By the way, Mom, Long Ting said he wants a few sisters. He said one isn’t enough—he wants more. My aunt said his sister doesn’t even know which park she’s swinging in.”

“Long Ting asked me to ask Auntie which park my little sister is on the swing at. Let’s go and bring her back. We should bring back as many little sisters as possible. As long as they’re as cute and well-behaved as my little sister Yanyan, I’ll take ten or eight of them. No matter how many there are, I’ll never be tired of them.”

“I also have money. I can buy milk powder, toys, and lots of pretty dresses for my sisters.”

The little guy already understood that raising kids costs money.

Liberty burst into laughter.

Duncan couldn’t help but laugh too.

Their laughter made Yangyang forget to ask why his stepfather had bitten his mother’s mouth. Confused by their reaction, he looked up at his parents, who were still laughing.

Watching them laugh, he began grinning foolishly too—making Liberty laugh even harder.

Holding her belly, she said through her laughter, “Yangyang, are you trying to make your mom laugh to death?”

She pulled her son into her arms, trying to suppress her amusement. “Your aunt was just joking. Those were things only adults would say. You don’t need to take them seriously.”

“There’s no sister waiting to be brought home from the park. Sisters are born—like your little cousin, who was born from your aunt’s tummy.”

Yangyang said stubbornly, “But Auntie said my sister was swinging on a swing in the park. She also said there’s a sister sitting on the clouds looking for her mom. If she wants to find her mom, we should go get her and let her call Mom ‘Mom.’”

Liberty didn’t know how to explain this to her earnest little boy.

“Auntie wouldn’t lie to Yangyang. Auntie isn’t a big liar.”

Yangyang couldn’t accept that his favorite aunt had just been coaxing him. He didn’t want to believe that his sister wasn’t picked up from a swing in the park. His mom said she was born.

But how were babies born?

When would his aunt or mom give birth to his little sister?

“Your aunt... forget it. When you grow up, you’ll understand what she meant.”

“Right now, Mommy doesn’t know how to explain it to you—and even if I tried, I don’t think I could make it clear.”

Yangyang pouted. “Mom, you’re bullying me again just because I’m little. I’m not a three-year-old anymore.”

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Duncan smiled and continued, “That’s right, our Yangyang isn’t a three-year-old anymore—he’s already five.”

Yangyang: “...”

Well, he was still just a kid.

“Did Long Ting say when he’s coming home? When he does, you two can play together again,” Liberty said, quickly changing the subject to avoid more awkward questions from her curious son.

She truly didn’t know how to explain things properly.

“Long Ting said he can only come back during summer vacation. He’s living with his master now, and his master makes him copy medical books every day. His hands even hurt from all the writing.”

Yangyang remembered how he tried helping copy medical books last year at Fengchen Villa, but he got tired very quickly.

His handwriting was also messy, and he didn’t recognize many of the characters.

Long Ting’s handwriting, on the other hand, was neat, and he knew far more words.

His aunt once comforted him, saying that Long Ting’s handwriting only became good because his master punished him by making him practice every day.

Since Yangyang rarely practiced, it was normal for his handwriting to be a little rough.

His aunt even claimed her own handwriting wasn’t pretty.

Yangyang believed her—until he got home and saw her writing calligraphy. It was beautiful, even better than Long Ting’s.

That’s when he realized his aunt had just been trying to make him feel better.

“I also told Long Ting I might transfer to Jiangcheng, and I asked him to come visit me there during the holidays.”

Yangyang looked up at his mother and said seriously, “Mom, I’ve decided. I want to live in Jiangcheng with you and go to school there.”

Long Ting had told him he really wanted to live with his parents, but he couldn’t—he had to stay with his master to study medicine.

He could only go home during holidays.

Yangyang felt lucky. He could see his parents whenever he wanted.
He could see his parents whenever he wanted.

He had two fathers. His mother said Uncle Lu was also his father, and that his stepfather was just as much a father to him.

Uncle Lu treated him very well, and Yangyang liked Uncle Lu even more than his biological father.

Liberty was a little surprised. She suspected she might have said something to Long Ting that influenced Yangyang and made him change his mind about transferring to Jiangcheng.

She lifted her son onto her lap, held him gently, and said softly, “Yangyang, although we’re going to settle in Jiangcheng, I’ll bring you back to visit whenever I can. Your aunt and the others will also visit us when they have time.”

“And even if I’m not available, Uncle Lu can bring you back to Wancheng.”

Yangyang nodded.

He suddenly wrapped his arms around his mother’s neck and whispered, “Mom, I love you.”

Liberty hugged him tightly and smiled. “Mom loves you too.”

“Well then, when we go back to Jiangcheng tomorrow, I’ll find out which kindergartens are good and help you register. You’ll start kindergarten there in September.”

Yangyang nodded.

Home was wherever his mother was.

He decided to follow her.

His aunt had a new baby boy and needed to take care of him, so she didn't have much time for Yangyang anymore.

His mother also said that raising him was her responsibility, not his aunt's.

He couldn't rely on his aunt forever.

Liberty lowered her head and gave him a kiss on the cheek.

Yangyang kissed her back.

Duncan watched the mother and son with a gentle gaze.

The little family of three lived together in warmth and happiness.