

Weak B 241

Chapter 241: It's an Acquaintance Soon, the officer on duty put down the phone and walked three steps ahead to stand before Kang Li, "Comrade, Director Song will be out soon. You can wait at the gatehouse for a moment."

Kang Li shook her head, "Thank you, no need."

About seven or eight minutes later, Director Song walked out of the research institute's main gate, "Li Bao." With a smile broadening his face, Director Song quickly approached Kang Li.

"Godfather." After calling out to Director Song, Kang Li pushed forward two large travel bags, her pretty fox-like eyes brimming with smiles, "I came to see godfather and also to bring some things for you and Luo Yanqing."

Director Song's smile was gentle, "You mean it's more accurate to say the gifts are for Yanqing, right?!"

"Godfather..."

Kang Li cooed, her expression somewhat uncomfortable.

Director Song laughed heartily, "Alright, alright, godfather won't say more. Come on, I'll take you inside. We'll have lunch soon, and I promise you'll see Yanqing."

“No, godfather, I must hurry,” Kang Li shook her head while speaking, and glanced over at two young boys waiting not far off. Seeing this, Director Song followed her gaze, “What’s going on?”

Kang Li didn’t hide it, explaining the situation where she had rescued someone. At the end, she said, “Godfather, I know I shouldn’t trouble you, but both boys are injured. It’s not convenient for me to take them to the hospital alone, especially since one of them is still unconscious.”

“How did you get here?”

Director Song asked this, but his heart already had the answer.

After all, he wasn’t blind; he saw that one of the boys, with an arm slung across his chest, clearly couldn’t have carried the other who was unconscious. It wasn’t hard to guess that it must have been his little girl who had carried the other over.

“This is because one of them is unconscious and the other has an injured arm and leg. To avoid causing further injury, I just...” carried the person over, though Kang Li did not finish her sentence.

Director Song couldn’t help but feel pity, “You must be exhausted, aren’t you?!”

“I’m okay,” Kang Li smiled, “Godfather, these two bags have food and clothes. Make sure to open them with Luo Yanqing and take out what I’ve prepared for you.

By the way, godfather, the clothes I prepared for you are in a plastic bag. The temperature is dropping day by day; make sure you wear the thermal underwear I've prepared for you. Also, please tell Luo Yanqing to focus on his work, tell him the children are all doing well, and I am... I am also fine."

As she spoke, Kang Li seemed to remember something else, adding, "I almost forgot, godfather; my godmother and Xuan Xuan are also well. Before coming here today, godmother asked me to tell you to take care of your health and not to worry about home."

Director Song grunted in acknowledgment, but considering the injured state of the two boys, one still unconscious, he didn't keep Kang Li any longer. He said, "Wait here for a moment, godfather will arrange a car for you... No, it's better if godfather accompanies you to the hospital with those two boys."

With that said, Director Song headed toward the gatehouse.

Kang Li looked up and saw Director Song dialing a phone, knowing he was most likely calling for a car.

Sure enough, soon after Director Song hung up the phone, a jeep drove out of the gate.

The travel bags were left in the gatehouse by Director Song. He followed Kang Li to the two boys, stopping short in shock.

From a distance, he had felt the boy with his arm in a sling looked familiar. It turned out that this child was the youngest of Old Feng's family.

Chapter 242 Making Threats "What happened? How did you end up like this?"

The youth, his arm in a sling across his chest, clenched his lips tightly and turned his head away, completely ignoring Director Song's question.

"Godfather, do you know him?"

Despite posing it as a question, Kang Li could tell that the boy must have known Director Song. Otherwise, he wouldn't be acting so obstinate, refusing even to look at Director Song, his face stubborn and unyielding.

"Mhm."

Director Song nodded, his expression stern, "This kid is named Feng Yi. He's the youngest child of an old colleague of mine. You've met his parents—they're the Uncle Feng and Aunt Fang who were introduced to you on the day your godparents acknowledged you as their goddaughter..."

"I don't know them!"

The youth bellowed with reddened eyes, directing his shout at Director Song. The next moment, he turned his gaze to Kang Li, "Thank you, sister, for helping me and my friend today. I'll take my friend and leave now, and we won't trouble you with what comes after."

As he spoke, Feng Yi attempted to help his friend, who was still unconscious, to get up.

“Nonsense!”

Director Song scolded.

“Godfather, you’re going to scare him like this.”

Kang Li, having a guess as to why the boy was so averse to Director Song, looked at him, “I think it’s best if I take them to the hospital. You go on with your business, Godfather. Once we arrive, I’ll call you.”

Director Song was silent for a moment, then glanced again at the youth who didn’t want to look at him for a second longer, as he was trying to undo the bandage around his neck to carry his friend away. He said:

“If you’ve returned home, why not just stay there? Why go out and get into fights, injuring yourself in the process? Are you afraid that I’ll tell your parents what I saw today?”

“That’s not my home, and I don’t recognize you. My affairs have nothing to do with them, nor anything to do with you, so don’t meddle in my business!”

Feng Yi glared at Director Song fiercely, like a little wolf cub, “If you tell those two about seeing me, I’ll run away to a place where they can’t find me. If you push me too hard, I might just die out there!”

The anger in his eyes almost spilled over, and within that anger, there was also undeniable pain.

Kang Li felt an inexplicable discomfort in her heart, looking at the youth, along with a twinge of sympathy.

She pursed her lips and said to Director Song, "Godfather, just go about your business as I've asked. Since I saved them, I'll make sure to finish what I started. Taking them to the hospital is no big deal."

Then her gaze shifted to Feng Yi, feigning severity, "If you dare to take that bandage off, just see how I'll deal with you!"

Feng Yi's movements hesitated, and he ultimately heeded Kang Li's words, not continuing with his intent.

Kang Li then approached him, and to Director Song's astonishment, she lifted the still unconscious youth, placed him in the back seat of the car, and called for Feng Yi to get in.

"Godfather, you head back to the station. We're leaving now." She waved at Director Song, then gestured to him through the car window.

The unconscious youth rested on her shoulder, and Feng Yi sat in the passenger seat.

Coming to his senses, Director Song's lips twitched, unsure of what to say, "Li Bao, you..."

“Godfather, don’t say anything else. Any more delays, and I’m afraid something bad might happen.” Kang Li glanced at the youth leaning on her shoulder, eyes closed and motionless, while a shade of worry colored her fox-like eyes.

Eventually, Director Song sighed in resignation, pulled out several Great Reunion Banknotes, and handed them to Kang Li, instructing the driver:

Chapter 243: Feng Family “Xiao Wang, once we get to the hospital, take extra care.”

Driver Xiao Wang: “Don’t worry about a thing, I will help Comrade Kang take care of everything properly.”

The vehicle started, and Director Song stood still, watching the jeep gradually drive away, only after a long while did he withdraw his gaze.

“So you’re Feng Yi, I’ve heard about you from your godfather and godmother...”

Looking at the side profile of the young man in the passenger seat, Kang Li intended to strike up a conversation with a random topic, but the young man, as if he hadn’t heard her, kept his eyes fixed outside the window, unmoving, giving her no response whatsoever.

In fact, Feng Yi, the young man sitting in the passenger seat, had found his thoughts drifting back to a certain day half a month ago as soon as he got into the car.

“Xiao Yi, your parents had planned to pick you up themselves, but they were unexpectedly tied up with something urgent at the last moment and couldn’t come with me,” said Li Jian, Feng Yi’s father’s personal driver, who was now standing next to the car door, looking at the young man as he explained.

However, the young man neither looked at him nor picked up on his words and, limping, moved forward, opened the back door, and sat down directly.

Noticing that there was something wrong with the young man’s leg, Li Jian’s heart skipped a beat and, with an anxious expression and eyes filled with concern, he asked, “What happened to your leg? Xiao Yi, tell Uncle Li, what exactly happened to your leg? Were you injured by someone, or...”

Feng Yi pursed his lips tightly, his head bowed, and he remained silent.

Li Jian: “Xiao Yi, if you don’t tell me, I will have to ask the workers on the farm.”

“Suit yourself.” With a brief three-word response, Feng Yi pushed open the back door, ready to get out of the car.

Li Jian frowned, “What’s wrong now?”

Feng Yi: “I’ll walk back on my own.”

“You, always with this temper! Uncle Li is just concerned about you... All right then, settle down, we’re leaving now.” Li Jian was helpless, shaking his head as he got into the driver’s seat.

As the car started, Feng Yi turned to look towards the farm gate, towards the gate of the farm that had closed him in for six months, his lips moved slightly but then he shut them again quickly.

At the same time, his eyes brimmed with a dark hue.

Feng Yi silently vowed he would never, ever forget the half a year he was forced to undergo transformation behind those gates!

At a certain compound.

“Feng Xiao, when Xiao Yi returns, make sure to properly thank him!”

The Feng family’s living room was filled with people at the moment, specifically including the elder master of the Feng family, Feng Lin, his wife Fang Su, the eldest son’s family of four, the second son’s family of three, and Feng Xiao, the young son left behind by Old Master Feng’s former wife.

It was undoubtedly the elder master of the Feng family, the head of the house, who spoke.

“Xiao Feng, our father is right, you really do need to properly thank Xiao Yi!”

This was the voice of Feng Wei, the Feng family's eldest son.

"Listen to our father and elder brother, or else you really are nothing but a thankless wretch."

Seeing his younger brother Feng Xiao sitting on the sofa with his legs crossed and not acting properly, Feng Kai, the second son, glared at him and said irritably, "You caused the trouble, yet Xiao Yi suffered for you. If you don't feel grateful, what's the difference between you and a cold-blooded animal?"

With his legs swinging, Feng Xiao bristled at the words. He stood up, hands in his pockets, and looked at Feng Kai sideways, "So I'm a cold-blooded animal, what about it?"

Don't think just because you're my second brother, you can manage me! And another thing, don't you all forget, it wasn't me who wanted Xiao Yi to take the fall for me, it was this woman,"

Pointing at his stepmother Fang Su, Feng Xiao spoke with a disdainful and mocking tone, "She wanted to play the good person, to win over our old man's heart, willingly letting her own son take the blame for me."

Chapter 244: Furious Rant Feng Xiao paused for a moment, disregarding the expressions of Old Master Feng and his stepmother Fang Su as he spoke again, "I've come to realize that there exists in this world a mother like Ms. Fang Su, with a heart as venomous as a viper's,

simply to secure her standing in our family and to win our father's sympathy, she has used her own son as a punching bag for us, day in and day out, for over a decade. At the same time, I feel sorry for that kid Feng Yi, having Ms. Fang Su as a mother, who treats a stepson far better than her own child..."

Feng Wei suddenly interrupted his brother Feng Xiao, "A car is coming in, stop talking!"

"Why should I stop? I'll say whatever I want to say no matter who comes back, and no one is going to stop me!" Feng Xiao retorted with a cold sneer, his neck stiffening.

Old Master Feng glared furiously, "You shut up! Your mother did all that for you, if you were any good, you'd appreciate her intentions!"

"Look how you pity her. Did I ask her to do all this for me?"

Feng Xiao's gaze fell upon his tearful stepmother, clicking his tongue twice, "Look at that, everyone just look. Our household's Ms. Fang Su, her favorite trick is to wipe away tears. Disgusting! She really thinks she's a young seventeen or eighteen-year-old girl, crying all the time like a damsel in distress to garner sympathy. It's sickening!"

Fang Su: "Old Feng..." She looked profoundly hurt, her mouth trembling, her face pale, tears falling from her eyes. Seeing her like this, Old Master Feng couldn't help but feel compassion.

"He's just a mess, don't stoop to her level."

This comment from Old Master Feng seemed to be rebuking his son Feng Xiao, but with careful listening, one could discern that it hid partial acceptance, resignation, and a touch of indulgence.

In other words, only a fraction of Old Master Feng's remarks were actually criticizing his son Feng Xiao.

Fang Su was not foolish, and she could clearly hear the implications. Yet she could only feign ignorance now, knowing full well that this old man fundamentally favored others over her.

It seemed as though he treated her well on the surface, but whether he genuinely held her in his heart, who knew?

Knowing exactly what kind of man he was, she had stepped on her own flesh and blood for years to secure her position as Madam Feng in the household,

keeping her stepchildren from opposing her and reporting to the old man.

"I am a mess, what does that make you, Dad?"

Feng Xiao scoffed.

Just then, with Li Jian leading the way and Feng Yi limping behind, the two entered the living room. Before Feng Yi could steady himself, Fang Su frowned, staring at Feng Yi's injured leg and demanded,

“What happened to your leg? Worthless fool, just for being reformed for six months, did you have to end up looking like neither human nor ghost?”

Old Master Feng: “Speak less.”

Fang Su: “He’s my son, why shouldn’t I reprimand him? Don’t you see his disgusting state? Who knows who broke his leg, he’s so foolish he didn’t even phone home to tell us. Does he think he’s an orphan? It’s disgraceful. How did I ever give birth to such a good-for-nothing!”

“Did you hear that? Son, in your mother’s eyes, you’re probably worse than the manure in a village pigsty. She never has you in her heart. If I were you, I would have disowned her as my mother long ago, to avoid being mistreated by her some day!”

Feng Xiao walked over to Feng Yi, laughing in a carefree manner. He patted Feng Yi on the shoulder, “Although I didn’t make you take the blame for me, causing you to suffer half a year of solitary confinement, ultimately, you did endure it because of me. Thanks, man!”

Chapter 245: Leaving Feng Yi removed Feng Xiao’s hand from his shoulder and looked at his mother Fang Su expressionlessly, “Yes, I am a failure, I am filthy, I am a disgrace to you. Since that is the case, why did you give birth to me? Why didn’t you strangle me to death after you had me?”

His voice lacked any fluctuation, but the words that came out pierced Fang Su’s heart sentence by sentence.

There, Fang Su couldn’t bear it anymore because, for so long, only she could scold and verbally abuse this unsatisfactory son; she would never allow the damn boy to talk back to her.

Today was different, he was not only no longer silent, but as soon as he spoke, he defied her. Very well! Fang Su silently ground her teeth, stood up, walked up to her son Feng Yi, and slapped him across the face:

“Why did you come back? Why didn’t you just die on the farm? Get out! Get out of this house now!”

Pointing at the living room entrance, there were no tears in Fang Su’s eyes. At that moment, she was as cold as ice, her gaze filled with nothing but loathing for her son Feng Yi.

“Remember what you’ve said today. From now on, I don’t have a mother like you, and this is no longer my home!”

Turning around, Feng Yi limped toward the door.

“Kid, you’re really going?”

Feng Xiao followed Feng Yi, “Why are you listening to that woman? You aren’t just her son; you’re also the son of our old man. As long as the old man doesn’t say anything, nobody can kick you out!”

Regrettably, Feng Yi had no reaction to his words.

“Dad, say something!”

Stopping in his tracks, Feng Xiao looked towards his family patriarch. However, the response he got was silence from the old man.

“Big brother, second brother!”

Feng Xiao shifted his gaze towards his two elder brothers, only to be met with the same silence from them.

“Haha... that’s my family, it’s ridiculous! One by one, all dominated by a woman... you... you’ve all disappointed me too much,”

“You say I’m a worthless bastard, but I don’t think you’re any better. Each one of you is cold-blooded to the extreme. Fine, if Feng Xiao has to leave this home, then I will leave too. I don’t want to end up like you, becoming cold-blooded creatures!”

Feng Wei rebuked his brother Feng Xiao, “Xiao, shut your mouth!”

“Fine, I’ll shut my mouth, I’ll shut it. Actually, by now, there’s nothing left to say between you and me!”

Feng Xiao shrugged his shoulders, returning to his nonchalant demeanor. When he turned around to look for Feng Yi at the entrance of the living room, the young man’s figure was nowhere to be seen. In a rush, he hurried to the courtyard entrance but saw nothing.

“He’s got a limp, yet he walks fast enough. In no time at all, he’s disappeared,” Feng Xiao muttered under his breath, kicking a small stone to the side of the road into the bushes, looking very bored.

Meanwhile, Feng Yi left the courtyard and slowly made his way until dusk, arriving at a residential area in the Western suburbs of North City. There, he found a household by the name of Mo.

Mo Yan, “Who are you, and what do you want?” Seventeen years old, one year older than Feng Yi.

Feng Yi, “I... I have a message for you from someone...”

Mo Yan, “From whom?”

Feng Yi, “Your father...”

Mo Yan, “My father? You know him?! What message did he send you to bring me? No, I don’t want to listen. Because of him, my mom and I were gossiped about, and my mom fell sick and died not long after. I hate him...”

Feng Yi, “Your father... he has passed away. He got sick, a high fever... and was gone overnight. I... I lived in the same room as him, I wanted to save him, but I...”

Chapter 246: Sheltering “But I couldn’t call anyone, and I didn’t have any medicine. Your father saw how distressed I was, told me he had been sick for a while, and said it wasn’t just a simple fever. He said he

was beyond medical help... that he was sorry to his wife and children and told you not to wait for him anymore..."

As soon as he had finished speaking, Feng Yi fainted in front of the boy named Mo Yan.

The next day.

When Mo Yan learned that Feng Yi had nowhere to go, he took him in to live in his own home.

"Why were you sent to the farm for re-education?"

"No reason."

"Liar! If you hadn't done anything, why would they send you there?"

"I didn't do anything."

"So you were framed?"

“...Sort of.” He wasn’t framed, but betrayed by his own mother who falsely accused him to protect his older step-brother Feng Xiao, which led to him being taken away by the police and sent to the re-education farm.

“Alright, if you don’t want to talk, I won’t ask. From now on, just hang out with me, Brother Yan. As long as I have something to eat, you definitely won’t starve. But, you have to help me think of ways to collect scraps; otherwise, without any money, it won’t be long before we starve to death at home.”

“Okay. I’ll collect scraps with you.”

“Right, you still haven’t told me your name.”

“Feng... Feng Yi, my name is Feng Yi.”

“I’m Mo Yan, you can just call me Brother Yan from now on.”

“Okay.”

Since then, two boys of about the same age lived together, wandering east and west during the day to find scraps. Yes, to find scraps, not just pick them up, because in that era, no household would easily throw away things, even scraps, without first sorting them together to sell to a recycling station when time permitted.

Thus sometimes, after a whole day of hustle, they barely found much to salvage, yet it seemed as if their plight was worsened by repeated misfortune.

One day, while out of the city searching for scraps, they were chased and beaten by a few boys their age on bicycles, who claimed they didn't like their looks.

Seeing Feng Yi's arm severely injured, Mo Yan, disregarding his own safety, furiously fought with the few boys who were chasing and beating him and Feng Yi.

As a result, he took a blow to the shoulder which immediately began to bleed profusely, and, losing his footing, he fell backward onto the ground, where his head struck a rock and he immediately passed out.

Seeing Mo Yan lying unconscious on the ground and Feng Yi glaring at them as if ready to devour them, the bullies were terrified. Without further hesitation, they hopped onto their bicycles and hurriedly left the grove, riding away as if a dog were chasing them.

Located in a secluded area, Feng Yi was truly in a dire situation—calling out seemingly to deaf ears both in heaven and on earth. Just when he was about to lose hope, he heard footsteps approaching.

Then, he was rescued by Kang Li.

“Comrade Kang, let me carry him.”

After stopping the car, the driver, Xiao Wang, got out and carried Mo Yan on his back.

Kang Li, without making a fuss, helped Feng Yi out of the car, shut the car door casually, and followed Xiao Wang into the hospital entrance.

Registration, consultation, hospital admission.

After completing all the procedures, Kang Li told Xiao Wang, "Comrade, you can go on with your tasks. I'll stay here and watch over them for a while longer."

Xiao Wang hesitated, then said, "I'll take you back to the compound!"

Kang Li politely declined, "No need, it's very convenient to take the bus from this hospital to the compound, and it doesn't require a transfer. I can get right to the compound's gate, so I won't trouble you."

"...Alright then, I'll head back to the station. Comrade Kang, when you get home, remember to call our chief or Comrade Luo, so they can be at ease."

Chapter 247: Are You Speaking Out of Spite? Kang Li smiled and nodded, "Alright."

After taking the driver, Xiao Wang, to the hospital's main entrance and watching him drive away, Kang Li returned to the ward.

When she entered the ward, she was carrying two net bags and a thermos bottle. One of the net bags contained two aluminum lunch boxes, two cans of fruit, and seven or eight bright red apples, while the other held a wash basin and toiletries.

“I picked these up at the supply store across from the hospital, are you hungry? Why not have some canned fruit first, and I’ll go to the hospital canteen to get you food later.”

She opened a can of fruit and placed it on the bedside table next to the bed, then took the basin, a towel, and the lunch boxes to the water room to clean them. She returned to the ward with half a basin of water.

“Come here, let me help you wash your hands.”

Kang Li looked natural, but Feng Yi felt quite embarrassed and hesitated for a while without getting out of bed.

“Why are you still sitting there? Hurry up, wash your hands so you can eat the canned fruit.”

It should be mentioned that each item Kang Li brought into the ward was something she had Dwen Dwen purchase from the Mall using Points behind everyone’s back.

“There’s no need to be embarrassed; in my eyes, you’re no different from my brother.”

Once Feng Yi came over, Kang Li helped him wash his hands and wiped his face for him. She said, "The doctor said your friend is fine and should wake up in about half an hour. He also carefully examined your injuries and found no serious issues, but you need to take good care of your leg to avoid any long-term effects."

After a long pause, Feng Yi said, "When I have money, I will pay you back."

"There's no rush to pay me back; the most important thing for both of you right now is to heal up," Kang Li waved her hand dismissively, adding, "I've paid your hospital fees for half a month and also paid extra for your Medicine to ensure that you won't run out during your stay. So, do you understand what I mean?"

Feng Yi remained silent.

Kang Li said, "What I mean is that you and your friend shouldn't worry about anything, just do as the doctor instructs."

Feng Yi hesitated before asking, "...Will you come here again?" What he really wanted to ask was: Will you come to see us again?

"If I have time, I'll come to see you and bring some tasty food."

As Kang Li spoke, she paused briefly, a hint of hesitation flickering through her fox-like eyes before she spoke again, "Your family is likely to find out you're in the hospital very soon."

Feng Yi said, "I have no family, no parents."

Kang Li countered, "You're just speaking out of anger."

Feng Yi shook his head, "It's not out of anger. I have severed ties with that home and with all the people in it... Maybe it's fair to say they never considered me part of the family, so why should I care about them?!"

Kang Li asked, "What will you do if they come looking for you?"

Feng Yi replied, "I'll ignore them, pay no attention."

...

Just past twelve in the afternoon, Luo Yanqing temporarily put aside his work and returned to his dormitory to get his lunch box. However, before he could leave the dorm, he saw Director Song entering with two large travel bags.

"Director?"

Noticing the travel bags in Director Song's hands, Luo Yanqing's eyes filled with confusion.

“Take these, they’re for you.”

Director Song handed the two travel bags to Luo Yanqing.

“For me?” Luo Yanqing was puzzled.

Clearing his throat, Director Song said, “Li Bao came to our station today, but you were busy and instructed not to be disturbed. So Li Bao contacted me through the comrades at the gatehouse, handed me these two travel bags, and said the contents were for us to share. Hurry up, I’ve been waiting for you to open them.”

Chapter 248: Luo Yanqing Turns Out to be a Schemer Luo Yanqing frowned, “Xiao Li... Xiao Li came over? Why didn’t anyone inform me?”

Director Song laughed, “Then you instruct your people, saying that no one should disturb you no matter who it is. With your words, who would dare to interrupt your work and risk being kicked out of the team by you?!”

“...” His thin lips pressed tightly, Luo Yanqing’s face was cold and silent for a while before he asked Director Song, “Why didn’t you let Xiao Li stay longer at the office?”

“That’s not this old man’s fault. The girl accidentally saved two boys on her way to our office, one of whom was injured and unconscious, and the other had some difficulty with his hands and feet. There was no other way, the girl gave me her things and asked me to arrange a car to take her and those two boys to the hospital. Alright, if you really miss Li Bao, take a couple of days off and go home to see her.

Now, you should open the bag, Li Bao said she prepared clothes for me and she made some pastries with her own hands.”

Luo Yanqing: “...” He looked at Director Song as if watching a child.

“What are you looking at me for? I’m waiting to eat the pastries my girl made.”

Director Song urged.

Luo Yanqing didn’t respond, placing the bag on the table and casually pulling the zipper open, taking out the clothes one by one and placing them on the bed, then took out the pastries and set them on the table.

“Li Bao said the clothes in the plastic bag were for me, the old man.”

Director Song picked up his clothes and set them aside, then he opened the pastry packaging bag, took a piece of mung bean cake, and bit into it. After chewing and swallowing, he praised repeatedly, “My daughter’s skills are really something, not only can she cook good food, but the pastries are also so delicious.”

Luo Yanqing: “One piece.”

Director Song: “...What do you mean?” Stunned!

Luo Yanqing: "The pastries are for me; you can only eat one piece."

Director Song rolled his eyes, "If you dare to only let me, the old man, eat one piece, I'll call my girl later on. If you don't want to kneel and wash clothes, go ahead and treat this old man harshly."

Luo Yanqing's eyes were indifferent, and he raised an eyebrow, "Director, have you knelt before?"

"..." Director Song was caught off guard, and after a moment, he waved his hands, "Nonsense, how could that happen? Your godmother and I are on good terms, she would never let me kneel and wash clothes!"

"It seems you have knelt before."

Luo Yanqing stated it as a fact.

Director Song suddenly looked uncomfortable, coughing continuously. Pointing at Luo Yanqing, he said, "You... do you know how to speak? What do you mean I've knelt before? You want to make a joke of this old man... Alright, suit yourself! After all, that also indirectly shows how good the relationship is between my wife and me. Otherwise, would I obediently listen to your godmother's words and go kneel and wash clothes?"

"Thank you for the advice, Director. If necessary, I will take a leaf out of Director's book."

Having said that, Luo Yanqing picked up a piece of thousand-layer cake and started eating it gracefully while sitting on a chair.

Director Song snorted, "Taking advantage yet playing cute, you sly kid, you sure know how to play!"

Luo Yanqing responded blandly, "I'm average."

When Director Song was choked by this retort, he felt a pang in his chest. There he was, pressing his hand against his chest and feigning discomfort, he said, "You've turned bad, kid."

Luo Yanqing: "Have I?" Wasn't he just being himself? How had he turned bad?

"Enough said, let's split the pastries evenly between us. Otherwise, I'm calling Li Bao right now."

Director Song issued his "serious threat."

Luo Yanqing: "It's been said that you, sir, need to watch your diet, especially when it comes to sweets."

Director Song: "That's not the case."

Luo Yanqing: "Shall I call and ask godmother?"

In order to eat more of the pastries, Director Song had no choice but to compromise, "Don't, absolutely not! Just give me a smaller half. I'll eat two pieces a day, that should be fine, right?"

Chapter 249: Luo Yanqing Never Shows Off "Sure you won't eat more?"

Luo Yanqing was skeptical of what Director Song had said.

"Kid, the pastries Li Bao made are actually not that sweet, didn't you notice? But since I said so, naturally I won't go back on my word and let a young fellow like you look down on me!"

Even though Kang Li knew that Luo Yanqing had a sweet tooth, she still didn't make the pastries too sweet, instead sticking to the normal proportions of ingredients. Thus, whether it was the mung bean cake or the layered cake, they were suitable for the public's taste.

Besides, Director Song indeed needed to be cautious about sweets, but according to medical advice, it was recommended not to indulge in sweets on a daily basis.

In other words, eating them in moderation was no big issue, and it's best if one could avoid them altogether.

Not only was Luo Yanqing aware of this, but Kang Li had also heard about it from Mrs. Qi.

As for her knowing that Director Song needed to avoid sweets and yet telling him today that her bag contained pastries she had made, it was because she believed in Director Song's self-control.

After all, he wasn't a naïve child but an elderly person who certainly knew that nothing was more important than health. However, before Kang Li left the hospital, she still found a public phone booth and made a call to Director Song.

"Director, Teacher Luo, there's a call for you."

Director Song, holding the pastries shared by Luo Yanqing and the clothes packed in a plastic bag, was about to leave when a comrade about forty appeared at the door of Luo Yanqing's dormitory.

Within the institution, for those with experience like Luo Yanqing, people usually addressed each other as "Teacher," whereas newly arrived junior researchers tended to refer to figures like him as "Professor so-and-so," as if by agreement.

The reason?

Quite simple: except for Luo Yanqing, who wasn't yet thirty, the heads of all the research groups in the institute were all in their forties or older.

And, like Luo Yanqing, they all held professorial appointments at several renowned universities in North City.

Perhaps it was out of respect that the young colleagues, when facing a big shot like Luo Yanqing, genuinely addressed their idol from the bottom of their hearts as “Professor so-and-so.”

Moreover, among these youngsters, there was no lack of students of Luo Yanqing and other luminaries.

And as for the families living in the compound, calling him “Professor Luo” was simply a reflection of Luo Yanqing’s reputation within the institute.

Just think about it, not yet thirty years old, within a few years of joining the institute, he had already churned out small and large research achievements one after another, never taking credit for them. Each time an achievement was made, he wrote the report and sought recognition for all the members of his group.

This left every comrade who had worked on a project with Luo Yanqing utterly convinced and in admiration, naturally leading to high praise in front of their families at home.

So, without Luo Yanqing’s knowledge, when the families in the compound saw him, they almost always politely addressed him as “Professor Luo.”

Even someone like Loo Ping, who often had her own little schemes, couldn’t think of a second way to address Luo Yanqing if she happened to meet him.

Of course, some older members of the families would call him “Comrade Luo” more often when they saw him.

Speaking of which, it’s worth mentioning that a few leaders in the institute, if they interacted with Luo Yanqing on a daily basis, affectionately called their precious “Little Luo.”

Alright, another point that must be clarified is that Luo Yanqing never looked down upon himself; on the contrary, he respected his elders. Therefore, when dealing with older professors with longer tenure, he always referred to himself as Little Luo and addressed them as “Teacher” to show his attitude towards his seniors,

Chapter 250 Luo Yanqing Gets Eye Medicine Even though his achievements in scientific research were outstanding, and he had made no small contributions to the nation, he never acted arrogantly or showed off.

Humble and cautious were the principles Luo Yanqing upheld in his work.

“It must be Li Bao’s call. Come on, let’s hurry so we don’t keep Li Bao waiting,”

said Director Song, taking the lead to leave.

Luo Yanqing locked the dormitory door and followed closely.

“Hello, is this Godfather?”

“Li Bao, yes, it’s Godfather. Go ahead, Godfather is listening.”

Picking up the receiver, Director Song’s eyebrows lifted in a smile. Beside him, Luo Yanqing found the sight blinding. His lips were tightly pursed as he stared at the receiver in Director Song’s hand, almost wanting to step forward and snatch it away.

“... This is the situation at the hospital. You don’t have to worry about Feng Yi. The doctor has checked him and said there’s nothing seriously wrong with Feng Yi. Also, Godfather... Feng Yi doesn’t want his family to know his current condition. What do you think...”

“I haven’t made the call yet, but... given how his parents feel about him, even if I did call them, I doubt they would react much.”

Director Song sighed, puzzled by how his old pal was thinking, driving a good kid to the point of not wanting to return home or recognize his own parents.

Kang Li: “Godfather, maybe you could discreetly find out about the Feng family’s situation? I think Feng Yi has something major on his mind, otherwise, he wouldn’t say he has no parents, no home. By the way, it’s been a while since Feng Yi came from the farm, and lately he has been staying at Mo Yan’s house.”

Director Song: “Mo Yan?”

Kang Li: “The young man who was rescued with me.”

Director Song: "Okay, Godfather understands... When you get back to the compound, how about you tell your godmother about Feng Yi's situation and let her find someone to check on it? After all, it's not quite proper for an old man like me to inquire about those matters."

Kang Li: "Okay, I understand."

Director Song: "If the boy and his friend's hospital fees are not enough, just take it from your godmother's."

Kang Li: "You don't need to worry about that, I know what to do."

Director Song: "That's settled then. I'm going to hand the phone to Yanqing now."

Kang Li: "...Is he next to you?" His lips involuntarily curled into a smile.

"He came with me. Before we came to pick up your call, I was in the kid's dorm sharing cakes. The cheeky guy only gave me a small piece and even threatened me, saying if I ate more than two pieces in a day, he'd call your godmother to complain."

While Director Song was chattering on, he didn't forget to give Luo Yanqing a provocative look.

Kang Li laughed out loud: "Luo Yanqing is looking after you, it's also my fault for knowing that you need to cut down on sweets and not bringing you some savory cakes. How about this, Godfather, you eat less this time and I'll make some savory cakes especially for you and send them over."

Director Song: "Alright, Godfather won't overindulge, and you don't trouble yourself too much..."

Feeling someone's gaze almost boring holes into him, Director Song stifled his laughter, but continued to complain to Kang Li: "The cheeky kid is glaring at me. If glares could materialize, your Godfather would probably have been poked full of holes by now. Alright, I'm handing the phone to the kid now. He can't wait to talk to you."

Kang Li: "Godfather, take good care of yourself, goodbye."

Director Song: "Godfather knows, goodbye."

Finally, the receiver was in Luo Yanqing's hand, his lips pursed in silence for a long moment.

"Luo Yanqing?"