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## Chapter 4: A Motherless Child

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Mubai frowned and asked, “Xi Lin, tell me what’s wrong.”

“I don’t like Auntie Chu,” his son replied directly.

He understood his son’s thoughts immediately.

“You don’t want me to marry her?”

“...” The boy was silent so Mubai took that as a yes.

“Why don’t you like her?” Mubai continued his line of questioning, “She has been extremely nice to you, hasn’t she?”

One of the reasons Mubai agreed to the marriage was because he had seen how good Tianxin treated Xi Lin. He didn’t mind who he married but if he had to marry one, he might as well find one that could be a good stepmother to Xi Lin.

Tianxin was the best candidate because his whole family approved of her and she was kind to Xi Lin.

Therefore, it came as a surprise for his son to reveal that he didn’t like his fiancé.

“She’s nice to me because I’m your son. I’m just a tool for her to get to you.”

Mubai’s face dropped. “That’s not a nice thing to say.”

“The truth is never good on the ears!” Xi Lin said with wisdom beyond his years, “Why do you care? You’ve never asked for my opinion about who you should marry anyway. I’m just the extra baggage.”

Xi Lin hopped off the counter and stalked off in an angry fit.

“Stand right there!” Mu Bai ordered sternly, “Xi Lin, who taught you to speak like this to your own father? Where are your manners?”

Xi Lin was already upset, being lectured only made him more morose.

He turned around obstinately, his eyes swirling with sadness and dissatisfaction.

“Nobody taught me, I have no mother to teach me, do I?”

Mubai was stunned...

When he came to, Xi Lin was already gone.

Mubai ran out to chase after his son. He caught up to him at the restaurant's entrance. He turned Xi Lin around and was surprised to see tears rolling in his son's eyes.

Xi Lin had always been a quiet child. He could spend a whole afternoon in silence in the company of a good book.

He was in all meanings of the word, a model child. He was not given to childish fits and outbursts.

His behavior today was definitely out of the ordinary. This was also the first time Mubai saw his son so upset.

When he divorced Xinghe, Xi Lin was only one-year-old. The mother wasn't a part of the boy's life for the past three years.

Mubai thought this meant that Xi Lin had gotten used to being raised in Xinghe's absence, but he didn't realize his son had merely been stuffing his emotions deep down.

Looking at his son, Mubai had no appetite to continue the dinner anymore.

After a brief phone call to his mom, he brought Xi Lin home. In the car, Xi Lin kept his eyes on the scenery outside the window. His small figure spoke of loneliness and forlornness.

Mubai sat beside him silently. When they passed the hospital, his thoughts went to Xinghe.

He wondered if she had woken up.

Mubai couldn't help but be reminded of her current situation.

He was sure Xi Lin wouldn't bear to see his mother like that.

Mubai decided to temporarily not let both of them meet to spare Xi Lin the sadness...

When they arrived at Purple Jade Villa, their home, Xi Lin was already asleep.

Mubai was carrying his son into their living room when his cellphone rang.

“Sir, please let me carry the young sir,” their maid, Mrs. Yu said.

After gingerly passing Xi Lin over to her, Mubai pulled out his phone. It was an unknown number.

“Hello?” He began and was quick to realize it was from the hospital.

“Is this Mr. Xi Mubai? This is First Hospital.”

“Yes, Mubai speaking. How can I help you?” Mubai enquired although he was certain it had everything to do with Xia Xinghe.