

Justin stared at the young child in his arms. Her murmur reached his ears. It seemed like she was calling out for her mother... The light in his eyes dimmed.

Pete rarely asked about his mother.

But as it turned out, to his son, his mother was such an important figure.

He lowered his eyes, hiding the complex emotions within. Then, he carried Cherry into the bedroom, took off her shoes, and tucked her in.

He gazed at his son's young, sleeping visage for a long time before he quietly exited the bedroom.

The next day.

“Sorry, I fell asleep last night. Did Daddy scold you last night, Cherry?”

Cherry lay on the bed and sent her brother a voice message back. “Nope, because even though I don’t know much about mathematics, I’m awesome at history! Daddy was so moved that he canceled my homework!”

Pete believed her. He said, “Okay. Don’t forget our plans today.”

Cherry was about to reply when the door opened.

Justin pushed the door open and walked in to see his son on the bed with his butt perched high into the air while texting on his cell phone.

At the sight of him, his son turned off the cell phone screen in a slight panic. Then, with a guilty conscience, he blinked with his big cute eyes and exclaimed, “You look even more handsome today, Daddy!”

Justin couldn't help but smile when he heard the little fellow complimenting him. “...You're a handsome fellow, too.”

“No, that won't do.” Cherry corrected him seriously and said, “‘Handsome’ is used to describe boys. I'm going to be pretty when I grow up!”

2

Justin was perplexed.

Cherry flipped the quilt aside and climbed out of the bed nimbly. Then, she held his large hand with her own small one and asked, “Wanna have breakfast, Daddy? Cherr... Cherry Pit is really hungry!”

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“...”

Justin glanced at her hesitantly again.

Grandpa was the one that had named him Peter, in hopes that he would be as resilient and down-to-earth as a rock. How did that become ‘cherry pit’ instead? It sounded a little sissy.

He took Cherry to the dining room.

The presidential suite was bigger than 5,000 square feet. It had four bedrooms, two studies, a living room, a lounge, a gym, a kitchen, and a dining room.

While they were eating, Justin instructed, “Get the family doctor here.”

Cherry ate slow, so Justin got the nanny to look after her after he finished. Then, he entered the study with the family doctor who had hurried over.

As the doctor stood there, he saw his employer’s expression changing again and again before he hesitantly asked, “Is it possible to tell a five-year-old child’s sexual orientation?”

During the history quiz the day before, all the names that his son had mentioned were good-looking and attractive men.

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Moreover, his son's wish to become 'pretty' and how he had called himself 'cherry pit' this morning was rather worrisome.

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Was Chester being a bad influence on him?

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When the family doctor saw how serious he was, he replied solemnly, "One's sexual orientation is generally already decided at birth. But if you have concerns about this, I can prepare a test for Pete."

"...Okay, get the test ready."

After giving the doctor instructions, Justin exited the study. The moment he returned to the dining room, he saw Chester and his son's arms slung across each other's backs while they spoke with each other in low voices. His face immediately sank.

“Why didn't you log on to the game last night—”

Chester was stuffing bread into his mouth and speaking with a muffled voice when he suddenly felt a chilly aura coming toward him.

He turned his head slowly to see the tyrant standing behind him. The look in his eyes was as if he wanted to kill him.

Chester was so frightened that he jumped up from the chair. “A-are you okay, Justin?”

Justin retracted his scrutinizing gaze and walked in between Chester and Cherry. He said, “No one’s living next door. You can move in there instead.”

Chester was confused.

Why was he sensing acute disdain from the tyrant?

When Cherry was full, she walked over and put her arms around Justin’s leg. Then, she looked up and asked adorably, “Can you accompany me to the movies today, Daddy?”

Just as Justin was about to refuse, his son wheedled, “C’mon, Daddy! Pretty please?”

That tone...!

Justin bent over and picked Cherry up.
“Don’t plead with others so lightly, Pete.”

Cherry’s big round eyes blinked. “Will
you go, then?”

“... Alright.”

In order to make it up to his son, he
had already postponed all his work and
meetings today. Since he wanted to go to
the movies, he would accompany him.

The two picked an afternoon screening for a cartoon film. Before leaving, Cherry secretly sent a message to Pete: “All set, Pete! What about you?”

Pete replied very quickly: “We’ve already set off.”

How could Nora possibly reject the request? She was always sleeping, so she was already spending less time with her child than other mothers. Thus, as long as the request wasn’t too much, she agreed to every one of Cherry’s requests.

As she had to perform surgery the next day, she had slept all the way until 2 pm. Then, she took Pete to the movie theater while yawning.

At the entrance of the movie theater, the corners of her lips spasmed a little as she looked at Pete. “It’s just a movie, Cherry. Is this really necessary?”

Pete had a mask on. "...It's to prevent being infected by contagious diseases."

Nora held her forehead with her hand.
"And the shades?"

Pete pushed them up a little and replied reticently, "It looks good."

"...If you say so."

After Nora bought some popcorn and cola, she took his hand and led him into the movie theater. After taking their assigned seats, Pete took out his cell phone and sent a text message to his sister: "Are you here yet?"


Cherry was currently following Justin into the movie theater sulkily.

She wanted popcorn, but her father had adamantly refused to buy her some, saying that it was unhealthy. He was horrible!

Justin intensely disliked large movie theaters like this. Not only were there a lot of people, but the air was also very dirty. But because his son wanted the experience, it wasn't quite appropriate for him to book the whole theater, either.

He entered the cinema sullenly with Cherry in his arms. When he reached the seats assigned to them based on the tickets that his son had bought online, he immediately spotted the woman already seated there.

The theater was very dark, but she was so fair that it dazzled one's eyes.



Her eyes were lidded and she seemed very sleepy. Her arms were comfortably crossed and she was currently asleep.

Justin's expression darkened.

He had been wondering why his son suddenly wanted to come to the movies and even bought tickets. So, in the end, it was all still that woman's scheme.

He wanted to turn around and leave, but when he thought of his son's mental health, he suppressed his impatience and placed Cherry between the two of them in the end.

He would never give her a chance to get close to him again.

The two cuties, who both had masks on, exchanged a look with each other. How were Daddy and Mommy going to fall in love with each other if they didn't sit together?!

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The movie started at this point.

The theme song of Frozen started to play. With just a glance, the movie instantly grabbed Cherry's attention and she started to watch it with her eyes widened.

Half an hour later, Cherry suddenly smelled popcorn. Engrossed in the cartoon, she subconsciously nudged Nora and said,

Half an hour later, Cherry suddenly smelled popcorn. Engrossed in the cartoon, she subconsciously nudged Nora and said,

“Popcorn, Mommy!”

Nora, who was dozing off, let out a dazed “Okay”. Then, she picked up a piece of popcorn, took off Cherry’s mask, and stuffed it into her mouth.

Pete was astounded.