

This Poor Fox Is Not Your Childhood Sweetheart!

Chapter 78: Rest

“It’s not serious. Just use a cold compress to reduce the swelling.”

“Thank you, teacher. Then for the next class...”

Chen Shiyu looked at the teacher with hopeful eyes.

“You can skip the next class. You students shouldn’t be thinking only about studying, your health matters more,” the infirmary doctor, a middle-aged woman, said while preparing the ice pack, muttering as she worked. “Last time there was a student with a fever over forty degrees who still tried to tough it out. The homeroom teacher noticed something was wrong and sent him here. Aren’t they afraid of frying their brains?”

“And the time before that, someone twisted... well, *that* while playing ball and still went to class. Didn’t come to me until after school—too late. One side was already dead. I don’t know how he endured that kind of pain.”

“Anyway, observe it for a bit. If the swelling goes down and you can walk, that’s fine. If not, go to the hospital for an X-ray—don’t let it turn into a fracture.”

Chen Shiyu happily clenched her fist and lightly punched Shen Yan’s arm, grinning proudly—showing off that she didn’t have to attend the boring Chinese class.

But what had the teacher just said about twisting something? She felt like she missed some gossip.

Shen Yan rolled his eyes. “See? I told you it was a good thing.”

“Definitely.”

Chen Shiyu lowered her voice, speaking quietly so the teacher wouldn’t hear how eager she was to skip class.

“Come to the inner room.”

She raised her hand, trying to rest it on Shen Yan’s shoulder, but she was too short. In the end, she could only cling to his arm like a typical girl, hopping along with his support toward the inner room.

This time, Shen Yan clearly felt her “size.”

Soft and full—though not obvious under her clothes and not that different from before at a glance, there was definitely more there now.

Aside from her unique scent, he thought he could even faintly smell a milky sweetness from her developing body.

The infirmary’s inner room had several beds. Following the teacher, Chen Shiyu sat down on a bed by the window and looked outside.

From there, she could see most of the field. In the distance, she spotted Ji Lingling walking away, along with other students chatting and playing under the shade of trees.

The teacher wrapped an ice pack in a towel and placed it on Chen Shiyu’s swollen ankle. “Hold it yourself. Call me in about ten minutes.”

“Okay, thank you, teacher~”

Chen Shiyu took off her shoe, lifted her injured foot, bent her knee carefully onto the bed, and held the ice pack in place with both hands.

After the teacher left the room, Shen Yan came closer and leaned in to look at her ankle.

“How is it? Feeling any better?”

“Honestly, it’ll probably heal on its own in half a day.” Aside from things about her past life, Chen Shiyu kept almost nothing from Shen Yan. “My ‘yang energy’ seems to speed up the healing.”

“Seems to?”

“It’s my first time being aware of it.”

Shen Yan shrugged and sat down beside her, crossing his legs and letting out a lazy yawn.

He was getting sleepy.

He wasn’t even tired—she was barely over 160 cm and not even 50 kg. Carrying her hadn’t been as exhausting as playing basketball. It was just that his mind had relaxed, and drowsiness crept in.

Chen Shiyu wanted to complain to him about what she had realized today—about her confusion of memories—but seeing him getting sleepy, she hesitated, then swallowed her thoughts.

She couldn’t tell him everything, right? It would make her seem like a girl who needed an emotional dumping ground.

She was a man—how could she not handle something this small?

Just as she was thinking that, she suddenly felt a weight on her shoulder.

Shen Yan had tilted his head and fallen asleep, resting against her shoulder.

Her lips twitched slightly. She froze, not daring to move, then tilted her head to check his face, confirming he had really fallen asleep and wasn't just playing a prank.

That made her even more afraid to move, worried about waking him.

His hair was messy from earlier, still slightly damp with sweat. Strands stuck together in little clumps, brushing against her neck and cheek, tickling slightly.

Her nose was less than ten centimeters away from Shen Yan's head. Even though she knew he was covered in sweat, Chen Shiyu still caught a faint scent—fresh, complex, and hard to describe.

Musk? Floral? Or maybe some kind of woody fragrance? Either way, it smelled nice.

“Why sit here when you could just lie down on the bed? Why lean on me...”

After just a short while, Chen Shiyu no longer had the energy to analyze his “perfume.” Her shoulder was getting sore from the weight—his head felt surprisingly heavy.

She was the injured one here!

Carefully, Chen Shiyu adjusted her posture so Shen Yan could rest more comfortably while taking some of the burden off her shoulder.

“Kawai Duo!”

A sudden shout came from the window behind her. Startled, Chen Shiyu turned her head and saw a silly cat-like girl standing on tiptoe, holding an ice cream in each hand and peeking over the window ledge.

“???”

Where did this cat even get ice cream from this time?

“Shh, keep it down~”

Chen Zimeng paused for a moment, then pushed open the unlocked window and tossed the ice cream inside. She lifted her chin proudly, a faint smile on her lips as she looked at Chen Shiyu—like a cat bringing a mouse back to its owner as a gift.

At least this time it wasn’t a mouse—it was ice cream.

Still having a cold, Chen Shiyu could only helplessly accept the gesture. She smiled at Chen Zimeng and said, “Hurry back to class. Stop wandering around.”

She had no idea how their class tolerated this cat skipping class all the time.

Watching Chen Zimeng dash off, Chen Shiyu sighed, tore open the ice cream wrapper, and quickly finished it in a few bites.

Mm~ Feeding a cat actually gets you rewards~

Her heart felt warm. What an amazing cat!

She glanced at Shen Yan, who was still leaning against her shoulder, fast asleep, and rolled her eyes.

“Like a pig.”

Has he been worrying about me too much lately?

Bored, she lowered her head to scroll through her phone. She didn't dare turn on the sound for videos, and she couldn't find any novels that interested her. With nothing better to do, she turned her head and stared at Shen Yan's face.

If, in her mind, the most handsome male celebrity like Hu Ge was a 9, and a typical “class heartthrob” was around a 6, then Shen Yan was probably about a 7.5. Not particularly photogenic, but in real life, definitely handsome enough to make people weak in the knees.

Huh? Hadn't she thought differently before?

Chen Shiyu tried to recall how she used to evaluate Shen Yan's looks—but couldn't remember.

As she kept looking, drowsiness crept over her as well. She yawned, then leaned her head against Shen Yan's.

“I heard Shiyu twisted her ankle and needs to—”

The homeroom teacher, having received the leave request, stepped into the inner room—only to see the boy and the girl sitting together, leaning against each other, fast asleep.

Her expression froze, and she swallowed the rest of her sentence.

As a teacher, she should've stepped in, separated the two, and given these early-dating students a lecture—it was no wonder Chen Shiyu's last exam results had dropped.

But as a woman in her forties, seeing such a tender, youthful scene, she couldn't help but smile fondly.

“...Forget it. I'll deal with it next time.”

She came in briskly and left silently, already thinking about whether there was a way to guide students to balance romance and academics without letting one affect the other.