

# Stealing Your Heart Chapter 956

Actually, he met Zong Yanxi for the first time when she came over to visit Zong Jinghao and Lin Xinyan.

He clearly remembered her smile and sparkling eyes at that time. Besides, judging from her eyes, he knew that she had a happy life.

When he first met Sorn, he recalled Zong Yanxi the moment he saw her crystal clear eyes.

Now that he met Zong Yanxi again, her eyes didn't look as crystal clear, while her smile didn't bring about the sense of happiness as before.

He initially wanted to ask her why, yet felt that it was rather impolite to do so.

After taking a shower, he lay on the bed for quite some time but couldn't sleep.

The peace in the house early in the morning was broken once Zong Yanxi and Sorn woke up.

Sorn was excited and kept asking her to start drawing.

When they wanted to go out with their items, a girl arrived at their house.

She yelled as soon as she saw them, "Who are you? Why are you at Tawan's house?"

The girl also scanned Zong Yanxi suspiciously as she spoke.

"She's my Mommy," Sorn replied.

Zong Yanxi was rendered speechless.

Meanwhile, the girl gaped at Sorn in surprise.

When Sorn tugged at Zong Yanxi's sleeve, she got the hint and bent down to get closer.

Then, Sorn whispered in her ears, "This woman always pesters Daddy, but he doesn't like her at all. Besides, I don't like her too. So, please pass yourself off as my mom to piss her off."

Zong Yanxi was at a loss once she heard her.

I seriously doubt that she is a five-year-old kid.

What on earth is she even thinking?

"Since you're a just kid, you should do what a kid should do. Let your Daddy solve his own problems, and you don't have to intervene in it." She paused for a while and said in Mandarin, "Besides, I think you are misunderstanding things. I'm only staying here for a few days and will leave tomorrow."

Given that her leg was almost fully recovered, she planned to return tomorrow.

Amp understood what she said because she learned Mandarin before. Once Zong Yanxi finished, she looked pleased and said, "Oh."

Actually, she learned Mandarin because Tawan knew the language.

Zong Yanxi smiled at her politely in response and brought Sorn out.

On their way to the riverside, Sorn was upset and pursed her lips when she murmured, "This woman is very annoying. She always pesters Daddy even though he doesn't like her."

When they arrived, Zong Yanxi glanced at her blandly and said, "You're just a kid. Why do you have to be bothered by this?"

"I don't want Daddy to be worried," Sorn explained with a frown.

After setting up the drawing board, Zong Yanxi advised, "A kid shouldn't think too much."

Sorn looked up at her and asked, "Why don't you care about Daddy? I mean, he is kind enough to take you in."

Zong Yanxi stared at her in bewilderment.

"I respect him and thank him for taking me in, but that's it. After all, I'm not close to him, and so I should never poke my nose into his life." She was clear about who she was and understood the need to keep a certain distance from Tawan.

Sorn sat on the lawn disgruntledly and complained, "You're very cold-hearted."

Her words rendered Zong Yanxi speechless once again.

After mixing the paints, she grabbed the paintbrush and said, "Well, I wish to become such a woman." She didn't look at Sorn as if she were talking to herself.

I wish to be a cold-hearted woman. If it comes true, I won't get hurt nor think about him anymore.

In Tawan's house, he was in Thai-style casual wear, consisting of a white shirt made of cotton and loose long pants. Nonetheless, it didn't cover his sturdy and imposing figure. He couldn't help but frown the moment he saw Amp.

"Tawan." Amp came up to him and called his first name intimately. Then, she continued, "I'm here to have breakfast with you."

As if she was part of the family, she even instructed Sally casually, "Please prepare more food."

Because Tawan was considered a very eligible bachelor in Thailand, a lot of women were fond of him.

However, given that he was way out of their league, most ordinary people wouldn't seriously consider starting a romantic relationship with him.

On the other hand, Amp was also considered noble because she was a descendant of an aristocratic family.

As such, Tawan and Amp were considered a good match in terms of their social status.

Unfortunately, Tawan wasn't fond of her.

To be exact, he didn't seem to be fond of any girl. Throughout twenty-nine years of his life, no one ever heard that Tawan was in love or had an intimate relationship with any girl.

As such, many people actually suspected that he was not straight.

Some even doubted his motive when he adopted Sorn.

These rumors were spread behind his back.

On the other hand, Amp always pestered him because her social status was on par with him.

"By the way, who is the foreign lady? Why did you take her in?" Amp kept her guard up because Zong Yanxi looked beautiful and didn't look like a lady from an ordinary family.

Amp seemed to have made herself at home even though the grand and majestic villa didn't belong to her.

She was totally different from the inexperienced peasant women, who were stunned and would act awkwardly once they saw something luxurious.

"I'm not really close to her. She's from the building next to mine, and I know her parents. I took her in because she had a leg injury," Tawan explained clearly.

Deep in his heart, he was well aware of Amp's feelings for him and worried that she would pester Zong Yanxi.

Once Tawan finished, Amp let out a relieved smile and said, "I see."

"Amp, I have to attend to some matters today. You can go home after breakfast." Tawan turned around to return to his room. It was apparent that he didn't want to talk to her.

However, Amp rushed toward him to grab his arm and said cutely, "I don't want it. Where are you going later? I want to go with you."

Tawan turned around to glance at her and replied, "You're not young anymore. If you have time to pester me, why don't you look for a boyfriend and start a relationship with him?"

"I want to start a relationship with you."

"But I don't like you," Tawan asserted straightforwardly, "You are wasting your time." In fact, it wasn't the first time that he made it clear to her.

Amp grabbed his hand harder as she stared at him. After recollecting herself, she asked, "What type of woman do you like?"

Amp was confident about herself because she was rather good-looking.

Tawan looked at her and thought to himself. She's actually good-looking and has tanned skin. This isn't a drawback because most Thais have tanned skin anyway.

But her looks have nothing to do with it.

The truth is I really don't have feelings for her.

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Amp observed the man before her. "Don't tell me that you're into guys... Or else, I just don't get it. I would say that I'm pretty good-looking, and our social standings are pretty compatible too. Moreover, our parents are good friends. We are literally made for each other- why do you always reject me?"

Tawan sighed helplessly. To him, liking or disliking someone had nothing to do with these extrinsic factors.

Instead, he reckoned affection as something that was pure and unaffected by such external concerns. Even if the other party were a commoner, for example, that would not have a bearing on whether he would like a person or not.

But he had learned that wasting his breath explaining all of these on Amp was futile. Instead, he decided to drop a bombshell on her- albeit it was a lie. "Maybe I do like guys."

Amp took a step back, eyes widening in horror. "W-Wait, what?"

Looking straight at her, he reiterated, "I like guys."

Amp was completely struck dumb at Tawan's statements. For a moment, it felt as if her whole world collapsed.

"S-So, the rumors are true? Y-You don't have a girlfriend because... Because you're..." Amp could barely finish her sentence.

Tawan simply nodded and made a silent prayer that the conversation would end soon.

Another wave of silence followed as Amp processed the situation.

For the lady, the revelation was not exactly an impossible truth to swallow. After all, she had never seen a notable female presence around Tawan all this while. The man was literally a clean slate when it came to such things.

But her feelings prevented her from accepting his words wholesale.

“You know what? Who cares if you’re gay- I’m going to make you straight.” She stepped forward and circled her arms around his. “Regardless of your preferences, it doesn’t change that I like you, and always will.”

Tawan realized he grossly underestimated Amp’s level of persistence.

“Amp... “

The lady covered her ears immediately, predicting that the man was ready to reject her again. “Don’t say anything! I won’t listen. Just know that I’ve liked you for many years, and there’s no one else who can replace you in my heart.”

Tawan pinched his brows in frustration. This is turning him nuts, and he really had no idea how to handle Amp’s fawning adoration anymore.

At this point, Sally made an appearance to announce that breakfast was ready.

“Got it. Please go and inform Sorn and Ms. Zong too.” Sally noted his requests and left. Once she was far away, Tawan returned his attention to Amp for the final time, stating his honest sentiments coldly, “What you feel towards me will be your own issue. My only reply to you is that I don’t like you, and never will.”

With that, he took his leave, leaving behind a heartbroken Amp.

For a long time, she froze in her spot as Tawan’s cruel words resounded in her head.

His parting syllables really shattered her heart.

Along the riverside, Zong Yanxi was having a delightful art lesson with Sorn. The subject of the session was a goose.

It was not their first art lesson- they drew many plants the day before.

After sketching so many plants, Sorn mentioned that she liked things that could fly. Noting that in mind, Zong Yanxi decided that the goose would be a good option for the next lesson.

Sorn pouted midway through the session and lamented, "But this bird doesn't look pretty at all." To her, the dull-colored goose came nowhere close to the vibrant parrots she had seen.

Her comment earned a chuckle from Zong Yanxi. Tenderly pinching the girl's nose, she asked, "Sorn, do you prefer inner beauty, or outer beauty?"

Sorn blinked her eyes in bewilderment, evidently not understanding the question.

"The geese are an example of inner beauty. While they don't look very pretty, they have a very strong team spirit. They would leave no man behind, so you wouldn't find a goose that's traveling alone. Moreover, when a goose in the pack dies, the others would actually kill themselves or die of sadness."

Sorn considered that as she stared back at her drawing. Finally, she concluded, "If that is so, then I like the goose."

Her adorableness made Zong Yanxi laugh.

And when she laughed, the little girl also joined in.

Tawan enjoyed the harmonious sight a stone's throw away.

Sorn soon noticed him, threw her pencil down, and leaped across.

"Daddy, Daddy!"

Tawan patted her head gently. "Go and wash your hands. It's time to eat."

Mealtimes were meant to be joyous, but Sorn still wasn't really happy. She whined, "But I don't want to see Ms. Amp."

Tawan squatted to her level and asked, "Is she not nice to you? Why don't you like her?"

"She always pesters you even though you don't like her. Moreover, it's annoying that she keeps coming to our house."

Tawan carried Sorn into his arms. "These are all matters that we adults will settle between ourselves. Don't worry about me- you can just focus on being a kid."

Sorn threw him a puzzled look, "But I'm a kid already."

"As in, you don't have to fret over such adult matters, alright? Otherwise, Sorn won't be a cute girl anymore."

As an obedient kid, Sorn readily nodded and acknowledged his words.

They really do look like a father and daughter, Zong Yanxi thought as she observed the pair from behind.

"Will Ms. Amp be joining us for breakfast again?" asked Sorn.

Amp had been so consistent with her morning routine of visiting the household that even the young Sorn caught on.

Tawan gave a vague reply in the affirmative, but realized upon entering the house that the living room was already empty.

Sally headed over and informed them that Amp had already left. "She said she would be back the following day."

The news elicited a sigh of relief from Tawan. He carried Sorn to the bathroom to wash her hands.

"I'll bring you out to play tomorrow," Tawan announced as he wiped her hands dry.

But after so many broken promises, Sorn had learnt how not to trust Tawan's words.

"Why don't you sound excited?" asked Tawan as the pair made it to the dining table.

Zong Yanxi intercepted the conversation as she walked over, "She's just wary that you'll go back on your word again."

Tawan shrugged helplessly. His job was way too hectic- he did not mean to ditch plans so frequently.

Over at B City, a storm was brewing.

Jiang Mohan managed to meet Wang through Chief Wu.

He was in his wheelchair, and Nan Cheng was behind him.

“How did you get Ling Wei out of there? Chief Wu’s shadow loomed over Wang.

Wang was seated, handcuffed.

“W-When you told me to retrieve the information, I coincidentally met her while she was in the middle of a physical education lesson. She flirted with me, said that she was pregnant, and begged me to free her. I didn’t expect her to really run away, and I have no idea where she is. I’m telling the truth, please believe me.”

Wang spoke with remorse and fear.

That day, he was still fuming over how Chief Wu refused to help his relatives out. Knowing that Ling Wei was an important captive to the man, he decided to take some revenge.

Moreover, Ling Wei was indeed very good-looking and had her ways. One thing led to the other, and he committed a grave mistake.

“That woman literally jeopardized my future, there’s no way I’m protecting her. Please trust me.” He was shaking as he continued, “I was also duped by her.”

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This current interrogation with Wang was not the first one.

Chief Wu looked over to Jiang Mohan and concluded, "It seems like he really doesn't have a clue."

After all, Wang was a timid guy. If he did do anything, he would have confessed a long time ago after so much intimidation.

Nevertheless, the man assured Jiang Mohan, "Don't worry, I'll make sure she does not get out of B City." In the city, everyone's real name would be recorded so long as one purchased any public transport ticket. This system worked in Chief Wu's favor- he was already keeping track of all the relevant records to figure out Ling Wei's whereabouts.

He even deployed people to go undercover at bus stations and train platforms.

Meanwhile, Jiang Mohan carried out his own deductions. Knowing that Ling Wei was \not originally from here had no relatives or friends here besides Nan Cheng, he speculated that there was no way she could leave the city. Instead, she was likely hiding in a corner somewhere.

He wanted to conduct his own search operations, but there was a problem- he had insufficient manpower. There was only Chief Wu he could try his luck with. He began slowly, "Well, Chief Wu, your subordinate lost the suspect. That means you take partial responsibility too."

Chief Wu did not deny his charge. "Of course, I'll see to his punishment and hold myself accountable for this mishap."

"Actually, I'm not exactly blaming you. It's just... I would like you to borrow me some manpower."

“Oh? You have a clue as to where she is?”

Jiang Mohan replied, “They are merely speculations, though I would want to have them checked. Unfortunately, I don’t have many available men with me.”

Chief Wu pondered over the request. Borrowing men to Jiang Mohan would not be a clash of interest as they both shared a mutual interest in finding Ling Wei. But the real problem was that he had already exhausted his human resources substantially for the undercover missions. After much consideration, he agreed to lend him a maximum of three men.

Jiang Mohan nodded in acknowledgment. “Thank you, Chief Wu.”

Combining the manpower from Chief Wu and his own well-trained bodyguards, he was well-gearred to conduct his own operations.

However, Chief Wu interjected with a caveat. “There’s something I want to make clear though- if you do find Ling Wei, you cannot take matters into your own hands. You must send her us, okay?” The man respected the law a lot. If Jiang Mohan acted on his own accord, he would be breaking the law- something that Chief Wu could not tolerate.

“Of course,” came the man’s reply.

But frankly, there were no guarantees. If Ling Wei refused to cooperate, there was no ensuring if she would make it back in one piece.

The discussion soon concluded and the two parties departed on their separate ways. Jiang Mohan went ahead to prepare for the search operations. Meanwhile, Captain Song sent Wang back into captivity, knowing that he could provide no more information about the runaway suspect.

While the hunters were gearing up, the hunted herself made her way to the city outskirts. It was a place where mainly foreigners resided in.

Though the district was crowded and messy, she had no other choice.

Everything was going according to plan for her initially. She seduced Wang into bedding her, pretended to be pregnant, then tricked him into preparing medical-related documents.

But then, she was forced to undergo an unexpected medical examination which would have easily exposed her lies. As a result, she had to escape frantically without a concrete plan.

Luckily for the lady, she had a few hundred at hand during her stay at the hospital. After escaping from the facility, she made her way here, to the outskirts. As she had no identity card with her, she could not stay in an inn. Though, even if she did, she would not dare to do so.

Instead, she found herself a simple rented place to stay. The furnishing was minimal and lackluster, with nothing but a wooden bed and an unwashed blanket.

The landlord was a chubby lady with a head full of curls. Dressed lavishly with thick gold accessories on her neck, ears, and wrists, she looked as if she just recently gained a windfall. She swayed the keys nonchalantly before Ling Wei, stating that the previous occupant was a bachelor and that if she needed anything, she had to buy it herself.

“How much is the rent?” Ling Wei asked with concern. Her budget was tight and she had to plan her expenses well.

“One hundred and twenty per month.”

That’s way too expensive for such a tiny room, she thought. “The place looks pretty run-down, can’t you make the rent a little cheaper?”

The landlord conceded and marked down the price to a hundred per month. “I can’t go any lower,” she said impatiently.

Ling Wei had to make do. Drawing out her total fortune of six hundred, she handed over one hundred to the woman, albeit rather hesitantly.

Once the transaction was completed, the landlord left. “You can tidy the place up yourself,” were her parting words.

Ling Wei’s fists involuntarily clenched as she walked into the grimy room. A stench pervaded within the four walls, and she had to try her hardest to suppress her disgust.

She shook out the filthy blanket to see if it was still usable, making a mental note that the previous occupant must have been a very unkempt man.

It was not long before Ling Wei concluded that the stench of the blanket would make it impossible to sleep at night. As such, she discarded it without qualms.

Soon after, she decided to buy some food outside. Since the room had no windows, she left the door ajar when she departed, knowing very well that there was nothing valuable enough in there for anyone to steal.

The roads outside were bumpy, slippery, and dirty.

The lady made her way to a small stir-fry eatery around the street's corner and ordered herself a plate of stir-fried noodles.

Following the meal, she was returning to the apartment when she encountered the landlord.

The plump woman was not alone- two other ladies who seemed to be of similar age were with her. They were slim, had make-up on, and wore black skirts and stockings. Their shirts were of a low-cut.

Lowering her head, Ling Wei moved towards the side of the pathway with no intention of greeting them. Her tousled hair hid almost her entire face.

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When the trio walked past her, the scent of cheap perfume wafted from the two accompanying ladies.

She watched as they entered a building where pink hues emitted from within. A shop sign at the entrance indicated that the building offered hair-washing, massaging, and hair-styling services.

Looking in through a glass door lined with advertisements, she could make out the sight of a woman embracing a middle-aged man as they entered the building. Another lady stood at the entrance, trying to rope in new customers to try out her "hair-cutting services." She was very forthcoming, greeting whichever passerby who crossed her way. If one pedestrian ignored her, she would move on to her next prey.

Like a parrot, she repeated continuously, "Do you want a haircut? My techniques are great, I guarantee that you'll be satisfied."

Ling Wei caught onto the underlying context immediately. If it were in the past, she would have judged them with disdain. But ironically, her current life as a fugitive could not even compare to that of those ladies. Giving herself a wry, self-mocking smile, she continued her way back.

Soon enough, a problem haunted her at the back of her mind- she was running out of money. Her food expenses would soon exhaust the remaining money she had.

However, looking for a job as a wanted suspect was a tall order. She would easily be recognized in crowded places as the police would have revealed her appearance online. In fact, because of this reason, the paranoid Ling Wei barely had the courage to head out.

However, life in the cramped apartment soon proved unbearable after two days. With depleting financial means, she knew she had to take a risk and head out to find an income.

Unfortunately, her job-hunting journey soon hit a bottleneck when none of the locations proved to be sequestered enough. The factory was packed with workers who were residents of the district, while a humble supermarket she was interested in also had substantial human traffic.

Ling Wei was staring hard at the job recruitment sign and failed to notice the landlord behind her. "What are you doing? Finding a job?" The woman was chewing on sunflower seeds.

Her unexpected presence gave Ling Wei a small fright, prompting her to turn vehemently. "No, I'm not."

The landlord chuckled at her response and replied, "I'm not blind. I have been looking at you stare at the sign for ages. Well, since you're so young and pretty, I actually have a job offer for you. Do you want it? The pay is way better than working at a supermarket."

Ling Wei immediately thought of the two ladies.

There is no way I'm stooping so low to service those horny men. Even if she had no other alternative means, she would not stoop so low. "I'm not doing it," she announced firmly. Then, without further comments, she left the scene.

The landlord scoffed at her attitude. "Does she seriously think she's some bigshot? Seriously, she lacks awareness of her own dire situation."

Ling Wei walked on and on. Her fists clenched tightly as her face paled- she could feel herself coming to a breaking point.

How did I become like this?

Why did I become like this? There was only one person she could blame- Lin Ruixi. If she didn't appear, I would have been living an envied life as Mrs. Jiang. It's all her fault!

The thought made her increasingly livid.

If I'm going to die, I'm going to drag Lin Ruixi down with me. It's her fault that I'm living such a pathetic life right now.

Once the idea of revenge was seeded, nothing could stop Ling Wei from executing it. I'm going to kill that woman!

With that, instead of returning to her temporary residence, she stepped on the path of vengeance. Even if the journey were a lethal one, the lady reckoned that she would much rather die than to continue living her current life.

By sheer coincidence, this happened right before Jiang Mohan managed to locate her rental apartment. Prior to her departure, the man had been actively tracking her down. Knowing Ling Wei's rationale, he accurately predicted that she would hide in a place that was crowded but isolated. He selected a few locations and deployed men on the ground to check them. Eventually, it was narrowed down to two locations- one of which was Ling Wei's hiding spot.

His men split into two teams and combed the locations secretly.

But when they reached the outskirts where Ling Wei was, the fugitive coincidentally departed.

By the time they gathered more clues and managed to find Ling Wei's room, she had already left for the city, ready to take down Lin Ruixi.

But not all hope was lost. Nan Cheng heard news that Ling Wei had been to the West City District, though she's no longer there.

That made Jiang Mohan certain that the lady had not left the city totally.

"Let the search continue," he said coldly. "Dead or alive, I want her found."

"Noted," replied Nan Cheng.

Following a slight pause, the man gingerly added, "Umm... Jiang Youqian is waiting for you outside. He wants to speak to you."

Jiang Mohan rejected the request without hesitation.

He had no wish to see that family.

Nan Cheng proceeded to convey Jiang Mohan's sentiments to Jiang Youqian, to which the man was not surprised.

However, he was insistent on meeting Jiang Mohan today. Lounging on the sofa in the lobby, he said coolly, "It's alright, I will wait."

Nan Cheng frowned. "President Jiang is injured, but there's a complete lack of concern from your side. Worse still, your parents already caused a stir the previous time, and now you're back here to create even more trouble. Don't you guys think you are going overboard?"

Jiang Youqian merely replied with, "I'm not here to cause trouble. I just want to meet him."

With a chuckle, he added, "And also, I don't think he needs our concern anyways."

Nan Cheng's face darkened upon his remark. "Do you think President Jiang is emotionless? Have you ever wondered why he is the way he is now?"

Jiang Mohan's plight was something Nan Cheng empathized with all along. He knew that the man had a rough upbringing that robbed him of a proper conception of love. Consequently, he ended up losing the most important woman in his life.

Jiang Youqian pursed his lips sheepishly at Nan Cheng's statements. It was an undeniable fact that Jiang Mohan had an unhappy childhood, and part of that reason was also due to all the dirty tricks that Jiang Youqian played on him.

"It's all in the past already," he uttered softly.

Nan Cheng scoffed, "In the past? That's an understatement. Have you heard of something called 'memories'? Those things will haunt you forever."

Jiang Youqian's voice remained soft. "It's not my fault."

"I would say that the problem lies in your parents, or more specifically, your mother. If she didn't have an affair with a married man, there would not have been a divorce in the first place. That way, everything else that happened following the divorce would not have happened either."

Jiang Youqian's tone grew even weaker. "They divorced because they no longer loved each other... "

Nan Cheng almost rolled his eyes. "I've heard that excuse many times. Frankly, I don't want to waste my time with you anymore. If you're not leaving, I'm calling security."

He had no tolerance for such shameless people. Not only have they never given an ounce of love to Jiang Mohan, but they are also even thick-skinned enough to be going after his wealth now. Despicable.

Jiang Youqian struggled to contain his emotions during the exchange. Swallowing his own indignance, he argued, "If I could choose, I would love to be born in a normal loving family too... But obviously, we don't have a say in the natural lottery. Honestly, I'm not here to argue today. I'm here to offer my sincerest apologies for what happened that time. My mother is equally sorry for it. All we want from him now is that he will be willing to take a trip home."

Taking Qiu Mingyan's sentiments out of the equation, Jiang Youqian frankly always regarded Jiang Mohan as his elder brother.

He himself might have indulged in slothful ways, but he never did do anything that crossed the line to his brother. The quarrel they had the previous time also stemmed from wanting Jiang Mohan to forgive his parents and to treat them better. He really had nothing against Jiang Mohan personally.

But Nan Cheng was not sold. "President Jiang doesn't have the time. Please take your leave, or I'll really call the guards."

Jiang Youqian stared at him in disbelief. "Did you not understand what I just said? I'm here for reconciliation, not trouble... "

"Security!" Nan Cheng shouted.

Exasperated, Jiang Youqian grunted, "Fine, I'll see myself out!" Conceding to Nan Cheng, he left the place.

After work, Nan Cheng was escorting Jiang Mohan. Entering the elevator, he said to the man in the wheelchair, "There's actually no need for you to come to the company, President Jiang. I can handle things on my own. Or if I can't, I can just bring them home for you to look through. You should take this time to recuperate properly."

"I may not be able to walk, but I can still think and write, you know... "

But the truth was that Jiang Mohan simply did not want to be alone. When left alone, he had no one but his thoughts to accompany him. When that happened, his thoughts never failed to drift towards her.

And thinking about her brought him nothing but immense agony.

Nan Cheng was well-aware of this, and there was nothing he could do but sigh internally.

When they exited the elevator, a figure awaited them. Nan Cheng's expression immediately turned into a scowl.

"Why haven't you left?" Nan Cheng bellowed.

Jiang Youqian stood before them, unperturbed. Since they were no longer in the office building, the man knew that the security guards had no right to chase him away. "Well, I'm not in your territory, so you have no right to evict me."

Turning to Jiang Mohan, he went straight to the point. His tone was that of a persuasive one.

"As long if you follow me back to visit our parents, I promise never to harass you ever again. Let's have a nice chat and settle everything once and for all, and the future shall be peaceful after that. Doesn't that sound great to you?"

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Nan Cheng stared at Jiang Youqian. "You seem to be really adamant about this. What are you scheming?"

"Don't get me started on that! I'm not that kind of person!" Nan Cheng's words made Jiang Youqian really triggered. Jiang Youqian began to suspect that Jiang Mohan had a poor impression of him all because of Nan Cheng.

Gosh, everything that this guy says is always targeted at us.

I just want to resolve my conflict with Jiang Mohan, and yet he sees it as a scheme?

"I'm nowhere as cunning and calculative as you," Jiang Youqian smirked.

Nan Cheng called for security.

Alarmed, Jiang Youqian grabbed Nan Cheng hastily. "What are you? A dog? Why are you calling for security?" He complained.

"Please leave!" Nan Cheng said coldly. "And you'd better let go of my arm, or I'll sue you for assault."

Jiang Youqian's hands froze.

"Alright, you can stop it there," Jiang Mohan said, turning to stare at Jiang Youqian. "Go back and tell your parents that they have no business talking to me."

"No, no way." Letting go of Nan Cheng, Jiang Youqian kneeled before Jiang Mohan, and pleaded, "My mother knows that she did you wrong in the past, treating you so poorly and all that. You've also said that everyone makes mistakes, right? Can't you just forgive us?"

Somehow, his questions had Jiang Mohan immersed in thought. Can the people who've made mistakes be forgiven?

He could not help but think of the mistakes he had made in the past.

Would Zong Yanxi act like this, and refuse to forgive me? Maybe she wouldn't even give me a chance to repent.

"We are a family after all. Won't you give us a chance?" Jiang Youqian continued upon seeing Jiang Mohan hesitate.

"If you go back home with me, and decide that you still can't get along with us, I'll promise to stay out of your life, okay?" Jiang Youqian sounded genuine.

After a brief moment of silence. Jiang Mohan looked into his eyes and said, "Alright then, I'll go."

"President Jiang... " Nan Cheng was rather shocked.

Jiang Mohan raised his hand to cut Nan Cheng off. "It's okay, Nan Cheng, you should go back first."

He wanted to give himself another chance to apologize too.

"Thank you, thank you so much. Here, let me help you." Smiling in delight, Jiang Youqian came over to push Jiang Mohan's wheelchair.

Nan Cheng promptly mounted a ramp for Jiang Youqian to push Jiang Mohan into the car.

"President Jiang, do contact me if there's anything you need."

Jiang Mohan nodded.

As Jiang Youqian closed the doors, he told Nan Cheng, "Stop trying to act like you're the only one he can depend on. Though we have different mothers, we have the same surname from the same father. You'd really think that I'll do him any harm?"

Nan Cheng ignored him and walked off.

Putting his seatbelt on, Jiang Youqian said, "My mother is actually the one who sent me here today to find you. She really wants to apologize for what she's done."

Jiang Mohan looked dispassionate. As time passed, his memories of the unfortunate events of the past had become blurry. Nevertheless, he felt a deep-seated resentment towards interacting with his so-called family, because they did not share a single happy memory together.

Everything felt ill-fated.

Not getting a response, Jiang Youqian continued talking, "This time, we are genuine about fixing our relationship with you. Trust me."

Truth was, Qiu Mingyan was rather aggressive about getting Jiang Youqian to see Jiang Mohan that day. She kept on pestering him, talking about how sincere she would be.

"My mother made a lot of effort to prepare a good meal, just for you." Jiang Youqian simply would not stop talking.

Jiang Mohan remained silent – he was not going to buy into such a preposterous lie. There is no way that Qiu Mingyan has changed for the better.

He knew clearly that Qiu Mingyan was trying to ask him for a favor, since the incident at the hospital. It's probably about getting Jiang Youqian to work at my company.

After years of living under the same roof, Jiang Mohan knew her character well, perhaps even more so than her own son, Jiang Youqian.

For Jiang Mohan, Qiu Mingyan's apology or remorse were very much uncalled for.

He just agreed to visit for the sake of making peace with himself, for the wrong that he had done in the past.

His mind was haunted by his own sins of him hurting Zong Yanxi and causing her to lose her child. He wanted to change.

And then there was the deal with Jiang Youqian.

Though it would be a stretch to call Jiang Youqian a good, respectable man, he was nowhere as calculative or unpleasant as his mother. Jiang Mohan did not feel comfortable about shutting Jiang Youqian out just because of his dislike for Qiu Mingyan.

They arrived after a quick drive.

"Let me help you," Jiang Youqian said, coming out of the car.

As he pushed on Jiang Mohan's wheelchair, he asked, "Did the doctor tell you when you'll recover?"

"Two months, probably," Jiang Mohan replied.

"Will there be any adverse effects that are going to stick around?" Jiang Youqian's concern sounded heartfelt.

"No." Jiang Mohan kept his replies short and concise.

"Phew. If you need any help in the future, I'll give you a hand if it's within my ability to do so," Jiang Youqian said, and quickly added, "Of course, I'm not saying that because I want anything in return, I'm just..."

"I understand, there's no need to explain all that," Jiang Mohan interrupted him. "There's something else that I want to ask you. You don't have a job right now, do you? Do you intend to waste your time fooling around forever?"

"Well, everyone knows that I was a playful kid. Didn't do that well in school, you know? I can't get a job without a degree," Jiang Youqian replied sheepishly. "I'll just play around and have fun for another two more years or something."

"I can support you to study abroad if you want to." Jiang Mohan was starting to speak like a true older brother, though he was not aware of it. "You should not waste your youth any longer. Go and study."

Jiang Mohan's change in attitude was so shocking that Jiang Youqian felt tears well up in his eyes. Pretending to be calm, he joked, "Hah... I think that I'm still pretty young."

Jiang Mohan did not try to force an answer out of him. Instead, he said, "Do give it a thought, okay?"

"Yeah," Jiang Youqian answered.

When they arrived at the door, Jiang Youqian walked over to open it.

Upon hearing the noises at the doorstep, Qiu Mingyan poked her head out of the kitchen. "Oh, you guys have finally arrived!" She said, beaming at Jiang Youqian and Jiang Mohan.

Jiang Mohan remained quiet.

Not wanting the atmosphere to turn too awkward, Jiang Youqian quickly said, "Is the food ready? My stomach is growling!"

"What are you, a hungry ghost? Go wash your hands, the food is ready."

Jiang Youqian pushed Jiang Mohan toward the bathroom.

"I hope that my cooking matches your taste. I made the braised eggplants just for you! It was your favorite dish as a kid, do you remember?" Qiu Mingyan said as she placed the last dish of braised eggplants onto the table, right in front of Jiang Mohan.

Jiang Mohan's face was still expressionless.

Not surprised by Jiang Mohan's lack of interest, Qiu Mingyan said, "Mohan, I'm sorry. I'm sorry about what happened at the hospital last time. We shouldn't have burdened you with our requests when you were so badly hurt."

After making an apology, she gave her husband, Jiang Jun, a look to get him to do the same.

However, Jiang Jun was feeling rather upset about how he lost face during the incident at the hospital last time.

He forced an ugly smile, and said, "I should have thought it through before confronting you last time."

Jiang Mohan could tell how unwilling Jiang Jun was to apologize.

Noticing that the air was turning tense again, Qiu Mingyan told Jiang Mohan, "Mohan, your Dad is just bad with words, don't be mad."

Jiang Jun glared back at her.