

Chapter 961: I'm Not Insistent On Doing the Wrong Thing, I'm Just Waiting (6)

She actually compared me to a gigolo and said I knocked on her door without having to pay money... Which means I'm lower than a gigolo?

Han Zhifan squinted then suddenly stopped walking.

The man who was just mad at Cheng Weiwan for making excuses burst out laughing in amusement. "Wanwan, you're too much! I've seen people comforting themselves, but this is the first time I've seen someone comfort themselves the way you did."

"I'm not comforting myself – that's how I really feel. This time, I didn't think too much of our exchange and took him for a gigolo meant for passing the time, that's all..." Cheng Weiwan smirked as she said this. "...But with that said, Yinan Ge, even though I didn't ask for a gigolo, I think his technique was a lot worse than a gigolo's..."

As if it wasn't enough for her to call me a gigolo, she said my technique was worse than a gigolo's?

Darkness instantly covered Han Zhifan's face as his entire body emitted a terrifying aura.

The two people in front hadn't sensed him behind them at all. After the man heard what Cheng Weiwan said, he let out a quiet chuckle. "If he finds out that's what you think of him, he'd die from anger!"

"There's nothing to fear..." Cheng Weiwan replied with just four words without care.

There's nothing to fear?

His anger on the verge of exploding instantly blew up.

Han Zhifan abruptly charged at Cheng Weiwan.

But before he could reach Cheng Weiwan's back, Cheng Weiwan, who was about to walk out of the supermarket doors, spoke.

She was a little quiet like she was sad about something. "...When I stood outside his building and watched him bringing a woman home two years ago, that was when his joy, anger, sadness, success, failures, happiness and misery had nothing to do with me anymore."

As the words "nothing to do with me anymore" drilled into Han Zhifan's ears, it felt like his pressure points had been hit. He stopped on the spot all of a sudden.

She kept watch outside his apartment building every night in the past. He used to dream of them having no relation at all.

Now that he finally heard it from her mouth, he should be overjoyed! But deep down, he didn't feel a single bit happy. Actually, he felt a little... panicked.

Panic?

As that one word entered Han Zhifan's mind, he forcefully shook his head and hurled the thought away like he heard the funniest joke in the world.

What kind of freaking joke is this... Me panicking about her?

Hilarious...

Han Zhifan shook his head again and came back to his senses.

Cheng Weiwan and that man had already left the supermarket. The car parked by the road was nowhere in sight.

It was still raining. After Han Zhifan emerged from the supermarket, he wasn't in a hurry to get into his car. Instead, he held his umbrella and stood on the sidewalk in a daze.

It was very windy and the rain blew beneath the umbrella. The bottom half of his body was quickly soaked.

He stood there as though he couldn't feel it.

He didn't know just how long he stood there, but her words were suddenly on his mind. "...When I stood outside his building and watched him bringing a woman home two years ago, that was when his joy, anger, sadness, success, failures, happiness and misery had nothing to do with me anymore."

That sentence was like a spell. He didn't want to think about it, but it was echoing in his mind.

It repeated over and over again... until in the end, his hand suddenly trembled, causing the umbrella to slide between his fingers and fall to the ground.

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The pouring rain washed over his head.

Soon enough, his hair was soaked.

He stood, completely unaware, that he was as still as a statue.

A gust of wind blew in and blew the umbrella by his feet far away. He still didn't show any signs of coming back to his senses.

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Back at home, Lin Yinan put the shopping bags in his hands onto the living room coffee table. Then he walked into Cheng Weiwan's bathroom.

He adjusted the temperature of the water, ran a bath for Cheng Weiwan then immediately called her to come in.

He attentively put the towel and bathrobe by the bathtub then walked out of the bathroom. He picked up the shopping bag from the supermarket and entered the kitchen.

Cheng Weiwan took a comfortable, hot bath then blow dried her hair. By the time she changed into her loungewear, Lin Yinan had already placed two dishes and soup on the dining table.

Lin Yinan turned and glanced at Cheng Weiwan when he heard movements. "Wanwan, come over quickly and eat."

Cheng Weiwan let out an "Mhm."

When she walked over to the dining table, Lin Yinana immediately helped her pull out the chair.

A second after she sat down, Lin Yinan handed her the soup and chopsticks. "Give it a try. I recently learned how to make this."

Cheng Weiwan hadn't eaten since lunch, so she was really hungry. She grabbed the chopsticks, picked up some food and said, "Yinan Ge, you shouldn't be a psychiatrist. You should be a chef!"

Lin Yinan stared at Cheng Weiwan, who wouldn't stop eating. She didn't reply, so he affectionately reminded her, "Eat slowly. It's all yours. No one is fighting you for food."

"Well it's on you for cooking so well!" complained Cheng Weiwan. Then she downed the bowl full of soup and naturally handed it to Lin Yinan.

Lin Yinan took Cheng Weiwan's empty bowl and helped scoop another serving for her. After he put the bowl into her hands, he watched her eat in satisfaction for a while then said, "Wanwan, do you know why I learned to cook?"

"Why?" Cheng Weiwan looked up at Lin Yinan then tilted her head. She thought about the most likely reason. "Because you don't like to eat takeout?"

Lin Yinan smiled but didn't say anything.

The look on his face made Cheng Weiwan think she guessed correctly. "I knew it! Yinan Ge, I've known you for so many years. I know you best!" She exclaimed cheerfully.

Know me best?

If you really know me best, how come you didn't know that I don't like the smell of cooking and I don't like to wash vegetables?

I learned to cook simply because you said you didn't want to cook and you wanted to find a husband who could cook.

If you really knew me best, how could you not tell that deep down inside, I never saw you as my teacher's daughter or treated you like my junior?

In my heart, I've always seen you as Wanwan, the little princess...

"Yinan Ge, what are you thinking?" Cheng Weiwan hadn't gotten any reply from Lin Yinan. She stopped eating and looked up at him with a confused look on her face.

Lin Yinan hurriedly hid the pain in his heart and smiled warmly at Cheng Weiwan. "Thinking about it, time flew by! In the blink of an eye, you've got Hanhan. I remember the first time I saw you. You were still in junior high and you were crying because you couldn't solve a math question!"

At the mention of her embarrassing past, Cheng Weiwan glared angrily at Lin Yinan then lowered her head and continued eating.

After Cheng Weiwan was full, Lin Yinan tidied up the dining table and cleaned up all the dishes. Then he cut some fruit he carefully picked out into little pieces. After he mixed them into the yogurt, he pushed it towards Cheng Weiwan.

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Exhausted, Cheng Weiwan grabbed a fork and ate the fruit as she lamented, "Yinan Ge, whoever marries you has the cultivated luck of eight lifetimes!"

"Do you want this cultivated luck of eight lifetimes?"

Lin Yinan spoke so quietly that Cheng Weiwan didn't hear him clearly. "What?"

"Nothing," replied Lin Yinan when he noticed what he just blurted out. Then he watched Cheng Weiwan eating fruit for a while before he asked, "Wanwan, you can lie to yourself and you can lie to other people, but you can't lie to me. I know you definitely agreed to that exchange of his. The real reason wasn't what you told me at the entrance of the supermarket."

"I'm sure Hanhan was one reason you did it, but deep down, the other reason was because of him. Am I right?"

Cheng Weiwan suddenly stopped eating the fruit and looked at it but she didn't utter a word.

"You gave birth to Hanhan. It's not that you can't bear to be without the kid, but it's because you can't bear to be without the guy. If you were really over him, why did you leave the kid with him? You could've easily run away with the kid, but you stayed in Beijing and never left because he's still in this city. You could've easily not told Hanhan the guy was his father, but you showed Hanhan his photo and told him that was his daddy... Deep down, you never wanted Hanhan to acknowledge any other man as his dad... Tell me, if that isn't love, what is?"

Cheng Weiwan still didn't say a word, but she slowly tightened her grip on her fork.

"Wanwan, I know it hurts to bring it up. You've never been willing to face the truth, but you know running away won't solve things. I'm afraid you're compromising and staying by his side because you still love him. In my heart, you're the kindest woman in the world. You're talented and you can write touching stories. You deserve better and you don't deserve to waste away like this. I really want to know if you agreed to his unreasonable exchange because you're persistently taking the wrong path just so you can be with him?"

"Wanwan, I mean nothing by it. I'm just afraid if you persistently take the wrong path till the very end, you'll be the one getting hurt."

"I really don't want to see you miserable again, like how you were after you gave birth to Hanhan..."

"Yinan Ge..." interrupted Cheng Weiwan quietly after remaining silent for a long time. "...Have you heard of the saying..."

"You only need two things to forget someone; time and a new love."

"Some people can choose to use a new love to forget, but I chose to use time."

"Yinan Ge, I know I shouldn't love him, but did you know? He's the only person I dare to love in this world."

"I truly love him, so that's why it's really hard to stop. However, this doesn't mean I'm irrational and will continue to make mistakes and stoop so low!"

"I admit I was really making fun of him when I said those things at the supermarket, but he's done the same. I told myself that Hanhan is the only thing that's important to my life. For Hanhan, I'm willing to do anything. As for Han Zhifan..."

"...I'm not persistently waiting for him to love me. I'm just waiting for myself..."

As he heard this, Lin Yinan furrowed his brows.

Waiting for herself to do what?

Before he could speak, she quietly spoke again. "...waiting for that part of myself who loves him to stop loving him."

Chapter 964: I'm Not Insistent On Doing the Wrong Thing, I'm Just Waiting (9)

After she and Han Zhifan stopped contacting each other two years ago, Cheng Weiwan practically stopped sharing her thoughts with other people. Now that she was laying out her utmost honest thoughts for Lin Yinan to hear, she incidentally reopened her own wounds. After she finished speaking, she instantly fell silent.

Cheng Weiwan looked really calm and she didn't show much emotion.

But Lin Yinan looked at her like this as though he had been struck in the heart with a knife. The pain pulsed.

He wanted her to be happy. The past two years, he had been thinking about how to make her truly happy, but he was never able to figure out how to do it. Now, he knew she was upset and he wanted to cheer her up, but there was no way he could. This meant that she never gave him the right to be able to cheer her up.

The room was quiet for a long time before Cheng Weiwan showed any reaction at all. She carried the plate of fruit and put it down onto the coffee table. She noticed the rain outside had slowed down and she said to Lin Yinan, "Yinan Ge, it's getting late and you have to work tomorrow. You better head back early and get some rest."

Lin Yinan nodded and replied, "You too. Get some rest soon." Then he continued to sit on the sofa with his phone in hand for a moment before getting up.

Cheng Weiwan saw Lin Yinan out.

They walked to the front door, where Cheng Weiwan stood aside and waited for Lin Yinan to bend over and put his shoes on. Then she reached out to help him push the door open. "Goodbye, Yinan Ge."

Lin Yinan replied warmly, "Goodbye." However, he wasn't in a hurry to leave as he turned his head and looked over at Cheng Weiwan.

Cheng Weiwan saw that he didn't say anything and said in confusion, "What's wrong Yinan Ge?"

"Wanwan..." Lin Yinan's Adam apple bobbed up and down several times before he continued. "...If one day, you've really finished waiting for yourself to stop loving him, you must remember to tell me."

Cheng Weiwan didn't quite understand. The conversation finished so long ago that she couldn't help but furrow her brows when Lin Yinan suddenly hurled those words out like that.

Although she didn't ask why, Lin Yinan nonchalantly gave her an answer. "When that day comes, I'll help you hold a farewell party to bid goodbye to that part of you who loved him!"

Cheng Weiwan heard what Lin Yinan said and couldn't help but smile with her eyes. "Alright. When that day really comes, I'll definitely tell you."

Lin Yinan chuckled and casually said "I'm off!" as he turned around to leave.

Lin Yinan stepped into the elevator, not forgetting to smile warmly at Cheng Weiwan, who was standing at the door. He waved at her as if to tell her to hurry up and go inside to get some rest.

When the elevator doors shut and he was the only one around, the smile on Lin Yinan's face froze little by little.

The hell was he really going to hold her a freaking farewell party. He just had to say something to wrap things up in a sticky situation.

He told her she had to tell him when she stopped loving the guy only so that one day, he could go after her honorably and openly.

He'd known her for a really long time, but back then, she was really young. He wanted to wait for her to get a little older.

But he never imagined that after he graduated from studying abroad for four years and came back in excitement, she was already pregnant; she had already been hurt by love and a man had left her with cuts and bruises...

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Like the day before, Cheng Weiwan went to the hospital early the next morning.

In contrast to yesterday, Hanhan's condition was a lot better today. His fever was gone.

Chapter 965: I'm Not Insistent On Doing the Wrong Thing, I'm Just Waiting (10)

Han Zhifan was probably busy with something, so he didn't turn up at the patient room. Without him, Cheng Weiwan felt a lot more relaxed and was a lot happier while spending time with Hanhan. Moods could be contagious. Hanhan saw that his mother was happy, so he became energetic as the mother and son played happily together.

Since the young master entered the villa doors, the wet nurse and housekeeper had mostly seen him cry. Today, upon seeing that he didn't stop smiling all day, they couldn't help but feel happy too.

When Cheng Weiwan and Hanhan played together, the two of them chimed in with a few words every now and then. The atmosphere in the entire room was a lot more cheerful and harmonious than yesterday.

Time always flew when you were having fun. Without knowing it, evening had fallen. Cheng Weiwan and Cheng Han had to part ways in a few more hours.

If Hanhan's condition was really bad, Cheng Weiwan would definitely consider seeking out Han Zhifan and pleading with him.

However, Hanhan seemed to be just fine. In the afternoon, the doctor said that if he was okay after tonight, he could be discharged tomorrow.

The child was well, so she had nothing to worry about and there was no need to look for Han Zhifan.

But... Cheng Weiwan couldn't help but feel a little sad at the thought of not knowing when she would be able to see next Hanhan after he fell asleep.

Of course, Cheng Weiwan wouldn't let Cheng Han see her upset, so just like yesterday, she personally fed him food and medicine then told him a story.

Cheng Han was very smart. Even though he was little, he could read simple words.

He pointed to the word "Wei" and said "Mummy's name." That was when Cheng Weiwan felt the bottom of her heart randomly warming up. She couldn't help but stroke Cheng Han's little head.

At eight in the evening, the wet nurse walked over with a bottle of warm milk. "Young master, it's time for milk."

"I want mummy to feed me," Cheng Han declined the wet nurse who walked over with the milk bottle. He turned his head and looked over at Cheng Weiwan in a cute and pleasing manner.

When Cheng Han acted up while Cheng Weiwan was busy, she lectured him in the past.

But today, Cheng Han wasn't hers anymore. Seeing that she was about to leave, Cheng Weiwan didn't hold back and took the milk bottle from the wet nurse's hands and indulgently fed Cheng Han.

After he finished drinking his milk, Cheng Han didn't want to sleep. He wanted to play with his toys.

Han Zhifan hadn't shown up to the patient room yet, so Cheng Weiwan naturally wanted to spend more time with Cheng Han. Unlike before, when she strictly asked Cheng Han to sleep at his bedtime, she stayed and continued playing with him.

At half past ten in the evening, Cheng Weiwan checked the time. It was far too late in the evening, so she started coaxing Cheng Han to go to sleep.

A second ago, Cheng Han was happily playing with toys, but for some reason, he started crying when he laid in bed.

Cheng Weiwan thought Cheng Han hadn't played enough and was acting up, so she strictly told Cheng Han off. In the past, when Cheng Han saw that his mother was unhappy, he was good. However, this time, he didn't stop crying. In fact, he cried even more fiercely.

Cheng Weiwan realized something was wrong. She hugged Cheng Han and paced around trying to cheer him up, but Cheng Han continued to cry. In the end, he cried until his little face turned red. He coughed for a while then threw up the milk he just drank.

"What's wrong with the young master? Why did he start throwing up?" the wet nurse asked worriedly as she picked up a tissue and wiped the milk Chen Han just threw up.

Cheng Weiwan furrowed her brows but didn't say anything. Instead, she lowered her forehead to touch Cheng Han's and realized that the fever that had gone down was now showing signs of coming back again.

Chapter 966: Taking Medicine (1)

"Hanhan's got a fever again. Call the doctor to come take a look..." urged Cheng Weiwan as she turned her head and looked over at the wet nurse. Then she hugged Hanhan and paced around, softly trying to cheer him up.

Hanhan must've been in a lot of pain because he cried breathlessly.

Cheng Weiwan felt his body temperature rising while carrying him.

The housekeeper, who left in a hurry, rushed quickly back with the doctor and nurse.

Cheng Weiwan put Cheng Han back to bed, and the doctor and nurse started to examine Cheng Han at the bed.

Soon after, the doctor glanced at the thermometer in his hands and turned to Cheng Weiwan, the housekeeper, and the wet nurse, who were standing to one side with anxious looks on their faces. "The young master's fever is a little serious. There must be another reason why he's repeatedly having fevers. We have to take his blood and do further tests."

With that said, the doctor looked over at the nurse beside him. "Quickly go make preparations."

"Yes," swiftly answered the nurse as she walked out of the room.

In no time, the nurse came back pushing a little cart.

The doctor shot the nurse a look and she immediately walked over to the side of the bed and picked Cheng Han up.

She rolled Cheng Han's pajama sleeves up, revealing his little arms.

The doctor cleansed the needle then injected the needle without hesitation and drew his blood.

The sharp pain made Cheng Han cry in even more anguish.

The doctor drew several tubes of blood before he stopped.

After he took out the needle, the doctor didn't linger in the patient room. He grabbed the tubes of blood he just drew and walked into the lab.

The doctor suggested Cheng Han not to take medicine before his condition was known because he wanted to wait a while for the test results to come out. During this time, Cheng Han cried and pulled a tantrum.

Perhaps it was because their hearts as mother and son were one, but Cheng Weiwan's heart ached when she heard Cheng Han crying. Her heart was incredibly rattled. If she wasn't hugging Hanhan, she sat restlessly, paced around the room, and almost lost it.

As time went by, the stress in Cheng Weiwan's heart grew. Just when she couldn't help but carry Hanhan to go see the doctor and ask about his condition, a knock came on the door of the silent room.

The doctor returned with the test results in his hands.

The expression on his face was a little serious. Cheng Weiwan's heart dropped and she instinctively tightened her embrace around Hanhan. "Doctor Lou, how is Hanhan?"

Doctor Luo didn't answer Cheng Weiwan but looked over at the housekeeper beside him. "Give Mr. Han a call and ask him to come to the hospital now."

That one sentence made Cheng Weiwan's complexion instantly turn pale.

She vaguely guessed that Hanhan's condition was worse than she imagined, so she didn't dare ask.

After the housekeeper followed the doctor's orders and gave Han Zhifan a call, she asked, "What's wrong with the young master?"

"Preliminary test results show signs of the young master possibly having a blood disorder. The possibility of it being leukemia is rather high. As for what type it may be, we'll need to perform further tests tomorrow to confirm it."

Leukemia? How does Hanhan suddenly have leukemia?

Cheng Weiwan glanced down at Hanhan who had purple lips and fallen asleep from tiring himself out crying. She took two steps back and her legs went limp as she fell down on the bed.

The wet nurse must've also been frightened by the word "leukemia" as she was completely stunned. "How did he get this disease all of a sudden? Is it curable?" she stuttered.

"Right now, I don't dare to make any promises. We must wait for all the test results to come through."

Chapter 967: Taking Medicine (2)

“Right now, I don’t dare make any promises. We must wait for all the test results to come through.”

After the doctor finished replying to the wet nurse, he mentioned another point. “The young master has to be transferred to the isolation unit. We’ll now start to isolate him to avoid other infections.”

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Han Zhifan must’ve been close to the hospital. After the doctor’s brief explanation of Hanhan’s condition, Han Zhifan showed up before Hanhan could even be moved into the isolation unit.

Han Zhifan hadn’t talked to Dr. Luo when Cheng Han was sent to the isolation unit.

To avoid too many people from entering the isolation unit and Cheng Han getting an infection, Dr. Luo arranged for professional nurses to take care of Cheng Han. He temporarily prohibited Han Zhifan, Cheng Weiwan, the wet nurse, and the housekeeper from going in to visit him.

Dr. Luo was Han Zhifan’s family doctor. He was fully responsible for Cheng Han while he was at the hospital. He briefly described Cheng Han’s condition to Cheng Weiwan and the others. When Han Zhifan arrived and after Dr. Luo settled Cheng Han into the isolation unit, he then fully explained Cheng Han’s condition. He even briefly mentioned possible diseases and future treatment.

“Even though we haven’t performed an in-depth examination, according to my experience working many years in the medical field, the young master should have regenerative aplastic anemia. If this is confirmed to be the case, the only way to cure it would be to have a bone marrow transplant. We’ll need to conduct pathological tests and find a match for the young master’s bone marrow in storage. Mr. Han, you must understand that the chances of finding a successful match is very low. This method is like finding a needle in a haystack...”

Han Zhifan saw that Dr. Luo hadn’t finished and asked, “Besides the bone marrow transplant, is there any other way?”

“Yes, and the success rate is a lot higher than the bone marrow transplant...” said Dr. Luo. Then he stopped and glanced at Cheng Weiwan and Han Zhifan. After he met Han Zhifan’s impatient gaze, he continued to say, “...Mr. Han, this method is for you and the young master’s biological mother to have another baby.”

Have another baby?

All of a sudden, Han Zhifan furrowed his brows.

Dr. Luo vaguely sensed Han Zhifan’s annoyance. He instinctively paused then continued by saying, “By having another baby, it’s not to use the second baby’s bone marrow for the young master. It’s to use the blood from their umbilical cord to cure over eighty blood disorders. Even if my early presumption was incorrect, after getting the results back in a few days from the in-depth examinations on the young master tomorrow, the blood from the umbilical cord could cure other blood-related diseases. What I mean is, Mr. Han... If you want to save the young master, you can start preparing now for...”

Before Dr. Luo could finish his sentence, Cheng Weiwan, who was standing nearby in silence, blurted, “That’s not necessary...”

That's not necessary?

A row of people heard those three words, turned their heads simultaneously, and looked over at Cheng Weiwan in confusion.

Does that mean she doesn't want to save her son?

Thinking back to what she said at the supermarket yesterday, Han Zhifan's annoyed heart instantly went up in flames.

He practically didn't hesitate to turn his head and gaze over at Cheng Weiwan, who he hadn't looked at since he showed up. He was just about to get angry at her when she suddenly looked at Dr. Luo and quietly spoke up again. "...When I gave birth to Hanhan, I especially spent money to preserve the blood from the umbilical cord."

The words on Han Zhifan's tongue abruptly paused.

The preserved umbilical cord blood means Hanhan could just use that and I don't need to have another baby with her?

Just now, he hadn't even decided if he wanted to have another child with her to save their son, but now that he didn't have to, he saved himself the trouble. So why did he feel a little disappointed?

"That's perfect! Miss Cheng, we might need to trouble you to contact that hospital. As soon as we confirm the young master's condition, we can immediately arrange the operation." Dr. Luo looked ecstatic when he realized that the trickiest problem was solved. After he finished leaving instructions for Cheng Weiwan, he turned his head and looked at Han Zhifan. "Mr. Han, the young master will be looked after by professionals, so you needn't worry too much. If there's nothing else, you can head back and get some rest. I'll probably be busy over here, so I won't keep you any longer."

Han Zhifan nodded gently then said, "Thank you. I'll come a little earlier tomorrow." He glanced at the housekeeper and the wet nurse. Without even bothering with Cheng Weiwan, he strode right to the elevators.

The driver was waiting downstairs. When he saw Han Zhifan, the wet nurse, and the housekeeper stepping out, he immediately got out of the car and opened the car doors.

After they got into the car, the driver grabbed the steering wheel and was just about to step on the gas when a figure appeared. It rushed out of the hospital in a hurry and stood in front to stop the car.

Chapter 968: Taking Medicine (3)

The driver's heart shuddered in fright as he abruptly slammed on the brakes.

Naturally, the car full of people jolted forward.

The driver was afraid he hit someone, so he didn't wait to straighten up before raising his head to look through the windshield.

The driver knew the person who was blocking the car. It was Miss Cheng.

Fortunately, his reactions were fast as he was still an inch away from hitting her.

The driver secretly let out a sigh of relief and turned his head.

Due to the emergency brake, Han Zhifan didn't look too good. The driver sounded a lot more serious as he spoke. "Mr. Han, it's Miss Cheng..."

After Han Zhifan heard what the driver said, his face changed. He didn't even shift his body and glanced right ahead of him.

It was rather quiet in the car.

Outside the car, Cheng Weiwan stood in front of the car with no intention of moving aside.

The driver couldn't drive, so all he could do was speak again. "Mr. Han, Miss Cheng. She..."

This time, before the driver could finish, Han Zhifan furiously said, "Can't you go around her?"

The driver hurriedly said "yes" after being yelled at. Then he quickly stepped on the gas and reversed some distance away. Just when he turned the steering wheel with the aim of going around Cheng Weiwan, she took a few steps towards the direction the car was heading. Once again, she stood in front of the car, blocking its path.

The driver stepped on the emergency brakes again.

This time, the driver didn't ask Han Zhifan for instructions and continued to reverse. After changing directions, Cheng Weiwan continued to block the path as though she was going up against the car.

They went back and forth like that for a while while the car made more emergency brakes. Sitting in the back seat, Han Zhifan seemed to have completely lost his patience as he abruptly pushed the door open and got out of the car.

"What the hell do you want?!"

Following his outraged roar, he shut the car door then strode over to Cheng Weiwan.

He looked coldly into her eyes then without the same fury as before, he said with a slightly menacing tone, "After repeatedly blocking my car, what the hell do you want?!"

Cheng Weiwan tightly pursed her lips and softly cried, "I want to see Hanhan tomorrow."

Han Zhifan knew what Cheng Weiwan meant. For her to risk her life and stop his car, she wanted to sleep with him tonight in accordance with their previous exchange, just to see her son tomorrow...

As that thought flashed across Han Zhifan's mind, the things Cheng Weiwan said at the supermarket yesterday suddenly re-entered his mind.

"I have to spend money for a gigolo. This way, he's knocking on my door, and I don't have to spend money..."

"This time, I didn't think too much of our exchange and took him for a gigolo meant for passing the time, that's all."

Han Zhifan squinted then a second later, he asked bluntly, "So you want to sleep with me tonight?"

This time, although Cheng Weiwan initiated the exchange, she didn't quite know how to respond to him when she heard his reply.

"Nothing to say? Then that's a no?" Han Zhifan chuckled then turned around and walked back to the car door.

After he took just two steps, Cheng Weiwan cried out.

Han Zhifan turned his head and looked over at Cheng Weiwan.

Cheng Weiwan knew he was doing it on purpose just so she could admit it. Even though it was humiliating, she gritted her teeth at the thought of Hanhan. With a quiet "Yes," she nodded gently.

After hearing her reply, Han Zhifan burst out laughing.

Chapter 969: Taking Medicine (4)

After Han Zhifan heard her response, he burst out laughing. He turned around and walked up to her with a smile on his face as he stared at her for a while. He bent over slightly and drew closer to her face. "Did you think simply wanting it could make it happen?"

With that said, his gaze turned cold as his tone of voice became cool and sinister. "Let me tell you something. You want it, but I don't. I'm not in the mood tonight. Even if you stripped yourself naked and stopped in front of me, I wouldn't even be willing to give you another glance!"

After Han Zhifan spoke his harsh words, he straightened up. Without lingering another moment, he turned right around and headed for the car.

Cheng Weiwan instinctively reached out and pulled on his arm.

Before she could forcefully stop him from walking away, he abruptly raised his arm and swung it backward.

At the great force of his swing, Cheng Weiwan took a few steps back and fell to the ground.

When Han Zhifan heard this, he didn't even glance back. He opened the door right away and got into the car then commanded the driver: "Drive!"

The driver hurriedly stepped on the gas, turned the steering wheel, and quickly drove out of the hospital as he stared at Cheng Weiwan climbing up from the ground through the rearview mirror.

Enroute, the expression on Han Zhifan's face looked frighteningly cold as though it had frozen over.

He leaned back in his seat and tightly pursed his lips as he held his pose without moving an inch.

His silence made everyone afraid to make a sound. The atmosphere in the car felt incredibly awkward.

As they drew closer to the villa, everybody thought they would finally be free before the housekeeper in the front passenger seat noticed something with her sharp eyesight. There, beneath the streetlight in front of the villa, was a skinny and small frame crouched on the ground.

Isn't that Miss Cheng who Mr. Han pushed to the ground at the hospital?

How did she reach the villa gates faster than us?

Just as the housekeeper was deep in thought, Cheng Weiwan must've heard the sound of the car approaching because she turned her head to look over in their direction.

After she confirmed it was Han Zhifan's car, Cheng Weiwan immediately got up and walked over to the gates.

Just as the car turned and was about to drive into the villa's courtyard, they were forced to stop.

The driver and housekeeper's eyes met. "Mr. Han, Miss Cheng is blocking the villa gates, so the car can't enter the courtyard..." said the housekeeper daringly.

Han Zhifan didn't say anything but he turned his head and stared right ahead at Cheng Weiwan through the windshield.

The inside of the car was frighteningly quiet.

In contrast to the atmosphere while they were driving, it was even more terrifyingly dull.

In no more than two short minutes, the people in the car couldn't take it. The housekeeper moved her lips, wanting to remind Han Zhifan again while he stared at Cheng Weiwan in front of the car. He then gently blinked and withdrew his gaze. "All of you, get out first," he said with a dull voice.

When they heard him, they sprung out of the car.

The only one left in the car was Han Zhifan. He continued to sit in the car for a while then he pushed the door open and got out.

When he walked around to the front of the car and turned to face Cheng Weiwan, who was blocking the path, he exclaimed, "Get in." Then he pulled open the driver's seat door and got in.

Cheng Weiwan got in, but before she could properly sit inside, Han Zhifan turned the steering wheel and quickly drove out of the neighborhood.

After the car drove some distance away, Cheng Weiwan vaguely figured out where Han Zhifan was going.

Chapter 970: Taking Medicine (5)

After the car drove some distance away, Cheng Weiwan vaguely figured out where Han Zhifan was going.

Her hand instinctively clutched onto her sleeves.

After about five to six minutes, the familiar neighborhood entered Cheng Weiwan's field of view.

It was really just as she thought. Han Zhifan was really taking her to Yongyi Garden.

The place where they spent all their beautiful moments together; the place of all her nightmares.

Cheng Weiwan's fingers tightly clutching her sleeves couldn't help but tighten.

When the car reached the bottom of the familiar building, there wasn't a drop of blood in Cheng Weiwan's face. It was drained completely of blood.

Through the car window, she stared at the traffic light in front of the apartment building as her fingers started to tremble.

Even though two years had passed, she clearly recollected all their old memories. In the past, she stood there night after night and experienced pain and suffering in her heart.

The car came to a steady stop. Han Zhifan didn't say a word and got out of the car first.

Cheng Weiwan sat in the car for a while before she pushed the car door open with her trembling fingers.

Han Zhifan noticed she got out of the car but didn't say anything as usual. He took the stairs and walked into the apartment building.

Cheng Weiwan caught up one step at a time.

As the elevator got closer to the floor of Han Zhifan's apartment, Cheng Weiwan's fingernails dug deeper into her palms.

The elevator doors opened. Han Zhifan walked up to the door and entered the passcode. After the door was unlocked, Cheng Weiwan trembled as she stepped out of the elevator.

Someone must've cleaned the apartment every day because it was very clean; there wasn't a single layer of dust.

The furniture inside was exactly the same; nothing had changed.

Past memories came rushing back to Cheng Weiwan as she stood at the door alone.

She didn't like to cook but for him, she was willing to learn. Time after time, he cooked for her in the kitchen of this apartment.

Aside from their first time in the hotel, every time they had sex, it was in this very apartment; in the bedroom, the living room, the dining room... these were all places they had sex.

And it was in this apartment where he learned she was pregnant. After he asked her how many weeks pregnant she was, he then told her to get an abortion.

She clearly remembered just how flustered she felt that night. She'd never been so afraid of losing him and losing their child. She begged quietly and she even said she was willing to have nothing to do with him as long she didn't have to abort the child. However, he showed no signs of backing down and mercilessly told her that from the very beginning, he didn't get close to her because he loved her. In

actuality, it was because she was Cheng Weiguo's daughter, so he was willing to sleep with her to get her pregnant and force her to abort the child...

"Go shower!" After pouring a glass of red wine, Han Zhifan furrowed his brows as he noticed that Cheng Weiwan was standing at the door and hadn't walked in.

Cheng Weiwan quickly stopped reminiscing and lifted her eyes to look over at Han Zhifan.

"I don't have a lot of time to waste on you. You know where the shower is," yelled Han Zhifan coldly when his gaze met hers. He walked over to the sofa with his wine glass and elegantly sat down.

Cheng Weiwan stayed by the door for some time before she summoned the courage to walk into the apartment. Then she removed her shoes at the entrance, held her breath, and walked into the ensuite bathroom of the master bedroom.