

Chapter 971: Taking Medicine (6)

Cheng Weiwan dawdled for a long time in the bathroom before pulling the door open and walking out.

Han Zhifan, who was tasting wine in the living room, had walked into the master bedroom. He was standing in front of the tall windows near the balcony, smoking.

He didn't look back, but judging by the sound of movement from the bedroom, he could tell that she had come out. "Come here," he said in a flat voice.

Cheng Weiwan stood at the bathroom door for a while before taking little steps over to him.

He must've been waiting impatiently. After he sensed her breathing, he put out the cigarette between his fingers, turned around and reached out to grab her wrist. He dragged her to the tall windows then pressed his body up against hers, lowered his head and covered her lips.

Cheng Weiwan was far too familiar with this picture.

The final time she appeared outside his apartment building, he brought a woman back home with him. She wasn't sure how she felt at the time, and she knew she had no right to be upset, yet she was so heartbroken that night she couldn't breathe.

She knew what bringing a woman home to spend the night meant. She crouched outside the apartment, unwilling to leave but wanting to give up. Later, she saw with her own eyes how he pushed the woman up against the tall windows. The picture of them kissing intensely was identical to the way he kissed her. At the time, she was so heartbroken that she felt a faint pain in her pregnant belly, so she forced herself to leave.

She thought he did it on purpose.

He did everything he did to her with the other woman.

His goal was to let her know that she was no different from the random women he brought back home.

They no longer had anything to do with each other, nor would they in the future. It really was fine for him to treat her with this kind of mentality... But as Han Zhifan kissed her deeper and he tore more of her clothes off, the thought of him having sex with other women came to mind.

Did he treat the woman he brought back that night just like this?

Did he also kiss her with this kind of force? Was he also this rough tearing her clothes off?

Two years had passed and Cheng Weiwan thought she wouldn't care too much. However, when those images appeared more clearly in her mind, she still couldn't take it.

She truly wanted to endure it with gritted teeth. If she endured this, she could be with Hanhan, but she overestimated her endurance. She simply couldn't pretend she wasn't imagining him doing the things he did to the woman he brought back to this room.

Her body trembled like crazy as she forced herself to control her emotions. When he was about to enter her body, she lost it and started to murmur and her limbs started to fight back. "Let go of me! I don't want to do it anymore. I don't want to anymore. Let go of me..."

He ignored what she said and continued to torment her.

All she could do was think about running away from this torture. She was afraid that if she moved too late, she would break down here. She knew she couldn't struggle out of his grip, so she helplessly opened her mouth and violently bit his shoulder.

She bit particularly hard, causing his body to freeze with a piercing pain. In the next second, he pulled his arm away reflexively, raised his hand, and slapped her face.

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She bit particularly hard, causing his body to freeze with the piercing pain. The next second, he pulled his arm away reflexively, raised his hand, and slapped her face.

But before his hand fell, he caught a glimpse of her face.

Her eyes were shut, her eyelashes were trembling like crazy, and she had a pained expression on her face. She looked as though she had been through the most grueling experience.

Han Zhifan furrowed his brows. His hand stopped in midair against his will for some reason.

Her lips moved endlessly as she muttered broken words.

Her voice was low. He listened for a short while before realizing what she was muttering about.

"Let go of me! I don't want to do it anymore! I don't want to anymore! Let go of me..."

Don't want to anymore?

It wasn't clear if it was because of the immense pain of her bite, the intense desire he had for her body, or because of her abrupt interruption, but anger rose in his heart. All of a sudden, it felt like oil had been poured over him, igniting roaring flames.

"Don't want to anymore! I don't want to anymore! Don't want to anymore..."

The words she repeatedly mumbled drilled endlessly into his ears.

Han Zhifan became even more furious the more he listened. Without another thought, he roared, "Shut up!"

It seemed like she hadn't heard what he said as she tightly creased her brows. With a trembling body, she repeatedly murmured those two sentences.

Han Zhifan really wanted to slap her right on the face. However, his arm didn't listen as though it didn't belong to him.

The more she stayed like that, the greater the anger in his chest became. As though he was fighting himself, he tried to push his arm down hard. Seeing that his hand had stopped about twenty centimeters from her face and he couldn't do it, he suddenly turned his hand into a fist. He violently smashed the glass window in front of her.

Following a loud "Clink!", cracks appeared in the glass.

Pieces of glass stabbed the back of his hand, but it didn't hurt him at all. When he heard her uttering the five words "I don't want to anymore!", it seemed like he suddenly went crazy as he dragged her arm to the side of the bed and slammed her into it. Then he pressed his body on top of her heavily.

"You don't want to anymore? Did you think you have the right to talk? Don't forget that I proposed the exchange. Even if we stop midway, I'm the only one with the right to call it off!"

Han Zhifan yelled at her through gritted teeth while spreading both her legs apart. He used all his force to barge into her world.

"You get what you want and call it quits when you don't want it? What do you take me for? Tonight, I didn't want to touch you, but you pestered me all the way from the hospital till I got home. I'm just pitying you and giving you charity!"

Han Zhifan was really angry. He was so angry that his body trembled and was shockingly forceful as he took her.

He unleashed all his anger upon her, but he thought this wasn't enough punishment by far. His words became more cutting.

"Do you really think I cherish sleeping with you? I'm just bored of sleeping with those women who are so forward. All of a sudden, I wanted to change it up, but... you were so boring and acted like a dead fish. So many years later, you're the same as before. I got bored sleeping with you two days ago!"

"Your body's just dry, flat, and unresponsive. It's practically revolting. Let me tell you right now – you're just a sex doll to me!"

He said increasingly harsher words until he practically gritted his teeth while saying the last four words.

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Don't they say people don't get angry with people they don't care about?

So why am I so angry?

If she wants to quit halfway and I kick her out, if I never have to see her again, if she doesn't want to see her son again, wouldn't that be just perfect?

Besides, it's torture for her as a mother to see her son's current condition.

But of all the methods to use, did I have to choose the lowest method?

Was it because I've never touched another woman aside from her? Was it because I haven't had sex since she left two years ago? Is that why when she said she doesn't want to do it anymore, I couldn't stop midway?

Han Zhifan suddenly stopped his savage words.

He shut his eyes and waited for a really, really long time before the searing feeling completely disappeared.

After he snapped to reality, he realized she was trembling violently beneath him. He furrowed his brows slightly and slowly opened his eyes to see all the tears on her face.

He had no idea when she started crying, but from the wet strands of hair by her ears, he knew she must've cried for a long time.

Even now, her tears still rolled down her face.

It wasn't as if he hadn't seen women crying, but in that very moment, his lips couldn't help but purse at the sight of her crying face.

Why's she crying? She was the one who accepted this kind of deal!

He should be angry at her, but he couldn't lash out at her in the slightest.

He glared at her endless flow of tears. All of sudden, he turned and got out of bed. "Get out!" he yelled while pointing at the door.

Her body trembled softly when she heard what he said then she continued to lay in bed for a while. She eventually sat up and got out of bed.

She lowered her head, limped and walked over to the tall windows. She picked up her clothes and put one item on after another. Then without saying a single word, she left his bedroom.

He was the only one left in the room, but it was filled entirely with her scent.

He was like a statue as he stared at the big, disheveled bed. After looking at it for a long time, he picked up his bathrobe and put it on. Then he grabbed a box of cigarettes and walked over to the tall windows.

She still hadn't left the building.

He stared at the bottom of his building and took big drags of his cigarette.

When the cigarette was about to be finished, her silhouette finally appeared outside the building.

He thought he had been too heavy-handed earlier. He must've torn her body.

She probably wanted to leave as soon as possible, but she looked like she was in too much pain because she stopped after taking just two steps.

She stood on the spot for a while. Without raising her feet to leave, her gaze fell upon the spot beneath the street light when she sneakily watched over him at night right after she was dumped.

Is she thinking about how she stood there on the lookout?

She stared for a really long time then she lowered her head.

He thought it meant she was going to go, but he never imagined she would actually open her bag and pull out a pack of medicine. She opened it, put a pill in her mouth and swallowed it without any water.

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Han Zhifan couldn't help but pinch the cigarette between his fingers even more tightly.

What's with her? She's taking medicine? Is she sick? He had seen her quite often in the past few days, but he couldn't tell if she was sick.

Han Zhifan instinctively looked back and stared at the disheveled bed behind him then he started to gradually furrow his brows.

We just had sex, so... is she... taking emergency contraceptive pills?

If they hadn't accidentally had Hanhan, he wouldn't have really wanted to have children.

In the past when they had sex, he didn't use contraceptives in hopes of exacting revenge by getting her pregnant and forcing her to get an abortion.

But the past few times, he didn't plan on not using contraceptives. He must've forgotten to use contraceptives out of habit.

It was a good idea she remembered to take the pill after sex. Otherwise, it would be troublesome if she got pregnant...

It was strange to talk about it since he had become a stranger to her already. He wasn't himself in the slightest. Many things that he wanted to happen to her had panned out, but he didn't feel the slightest bit of joy or relaxation. Also, he felt an unspeakable dull and stifled sensation.

He let out a sigh of relief after she took the emergency contraceptive pill. However, he felt an unspeakable annoyance.

She was afraid that if she had another child, their relationship would be ambiguous. Was that why she took the emergency contraceptive pill?

Han Zhifan raised the cigarette to the corner of his lips then took a hard drag. As a beautiful cloud of smoke sprayed out of his nostrils, he watched her still standing outside the building for a while. She raised her feet then swayed as she walked towards the gates of the residential area.

She walked very slowly like she was going to fall to the ground.

Han Zhifan stared at the silhouette of her slowly disappearing then he suddenly stopped smoking and started daydreaming.

He didn't return to his senses until her silhouette had disappeared from sight.

It was already deep in the night. He was the only one in the apartment and his surroundings were unusually silent.

He was so quiet that he could hear his own heart racing.

After who knew how long, he understood the message from his throbbing heart: When he watched her leave, he was actually worried about her; he was worried she would trip, worried she wouldn't be able to go home safely in her condition and worried she would faint en route...

She was the biological daughter of the culprit who killed Lili! How could he worry about her... He should hate her and loathe her!

The more he thought about this, the more flustered Han Zhifan's heart became. He didn't know what he was afraid of, but his fingers trembled and the cigarette fell right by his feet.

He figured he couldn't think like that any longer. To him, it was simply torture. He should find a few friends to party with and completely wipe everything about her from his mind.

With that thought, Han Zhifan raised his feet and stamped out the cigarette by his foot. After turning around and walking into the bathroom, he took a shower, got changed then called his usual bunch of friends he hung out with. After he looked for his car keys, he leisurely walked out of the apartment, went downstairs and drove towards the gates of the residential area.

By the time he made his fourth call, Han Zhifan happened to reach the gates.

He single-handedly turned the steering wheel, made a turn onto the empty road and stepped on the gas.

The call went through and the groggy sound of his friend's voice came through. "Master Han, it's the middle of the night. What's up?"

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Han Zhifan was just about to reply with the sentence: "Asking you to come drinking and enjoy being treated like you're in heaven." However, those generous words only reached the corners of his lips before he saw a familiar figure up ahead on the sidewalk through the windshield.

It's her?

Han Zhifan didn't hesitate to slam on the brakes.

The car stopped as he threw his phone aside. He pushed the car door open and ran over to the sidewalk.

The pale-faced Cheng Weiwan was motionlessly lying on the ground with her eyes shut.

Han Zhifan bent over and reached out to slap her little face. Seeing as her eyelashes didn't even show signs of quivering, he hurriedly picked her up and ran back to the side of the car. He pulled the door open then shoved her in. Without even putting on her seatbelt, he grabbed the steering wheel and rushed to the nearest hospital.

Just as he was about to head to the hospital, Han Zhifan heard his friend's voice coming from the phone he chucked onto the front passenger seat. "Master Han? You're messing with me, right? Master Han,

are there people like you who wake people up in the middle of the night and not say a word? What's the meaning of this? Master Han?!"

Han Zhifan constantly watched the unconscious Cheng Weiwan sitting in the back seat through the rearview mirror. He picked up his phone and replied in annoyance, "Shut up."

"What the f*ck! Master Han, you're the one who called me and you're telling me to shut up..."

He drove to the hospital and parked his car in a random spot. Then he carried Cheng Weiwan and stepped into the A&E building.

After twenty minutes of fussing around, Cheng Weiwan was sent to a patient room.

The doctor said she was fine; she just hadn't had much rest lately and fainted from fatigue. After putting her on an IV drip, she would be discharged the next day.

Han Zhifan didn't say anything but nodded gently as if to say he understood.

The doctor left with the words: "If there's anything you need, press the call button," Then the doctor left the patient room.

Han Zhifan stood on the spot for a while then turned his head and glanced at Cheng Weiwan, who was still unconscious on the hospital bed.

He pulled out his phone, wanting to give his housekeeper a call to tell her to take care of Cheng Weiwan before he killed that thought just as he was about to unlock the screen. After he put his phone away, he walked over to the window and stared out at the night sky.

The room was so quiet that he could hear the dripping of the IV drip.

He counted every drip. When he lost count around the hundredth drip, he turned his head and glanced at the IV bag.

There was still over half a bag left. He averted his gaze then gazed at her face and lingered there against his will.

Her eyelashes were still so long, but her eyebags were dark and a little heavy.

He remembered how she didn't have dark eye bags in the past. She often proudly worked all-nighters writing her scripts and he proudly told her that someone as naturally beautiful as her, who didn't get dark eyebags after staying up, was very, very rare.

From what he remembered, her lips were a very pretty pale red, but now, her lips were always pale.

She had really become a lot skinnier, and her wrists were so thin that he could snap them if he exerted some force.

Han Zhifan didn't realize just how long he had been staring at Cheng Weiwan; he only withdrew his gaze when he heard her phone ringing. He scanned around the room for it then walked over to the bedside table, opened her bag, and pulled out her phone.

It turned out to be an alarm.

She hadn't changed her habit of waking up in the middle of the night to write stories?

Han Zhifan casually turned her alarm off then threw her phone back into her bag. He saw a pack of pills there.

Chapter 976: Backing Down (1)

He recognized it as the box of pills she pulled out outside his apartment building.

There were many words on the box and they weren't emergency contraceptive pills as he thought.

Han Zhifan wasn't familiar with medicine, so he wasn't particularly sure of the name of the medication and what it was used to treat.

He just thought she had been unwell lately. He casually picked up the box of pills and read the basic information on the back.

When he read the line describing the purpose of the medication, he found the key usage: Clinical Depression.

This... is medicine to treat clinical depression?

Han Zhifan's mind instantly turned blank. Without knowing it, he stared at the words on the box for a long while before he slowly raised his head and looked over at Cheng Weiwan as she slept in the bed.

She... has been taking medicine for clinical depression all this time?

For how long? Is it minor or major depression?

Han Zhifan squeezed the box with his fingers as thoughts flashed across his mind. He couldn't help but slowly strengthen his grip.

It was no wonder that when he saw her lately, she had blank stares every now and then. It was like her soul had left her body and for a long time, she wouldn't come back to her senses.

He thought she just had things on her mind. Now, it seemed like he was wrong to think she was daydreaming...

He remembered that in the past, she was very quiet but she was the peaceful type of quiet. Now, she seemed quiet but rather lifeless.

He thought it was because her personality changed after giving birth. He never imagined that it was actually clinical depression...

A faint voice was suddenly heard in the silent room. "Hanhan... Hanhan..."

Han Zhifan snapped back to reality. His gaze was transfixed on the tears pouring out from the corners of Cheng Weiwan's eyes.

"Hanhan... Hanhan..." she repeatedly muttered those two words.

More and more tears fell until she started to sob very quietly while still unconscious.

She cried for a while before she suddenly started to murmur, “Hanhan, you can’t leave mummy... Hanhan...”

“...Hanhan, you can’t leave mummy. They all left mummy... you can’t leave mummy again... Hanhan... Mummy only has you...”

As she said this, she must’ve really wanted to cry out loud from the immense pain, but even in her dreams, she wasn’t able to cry freely.

Han Zhifan stared at the stifled and struggling Cheng Weiwan with something stuck in his throat. It bobbed up and down, making him choke painfully.

He didn’t know just how much time had passed before he came back to his senses. By now, she had quieted down. Her eyelashes were wet and there were still teardrops in the corners of her eyes.

Her IV bag was empty.

Han Zhifan gulped then put the box back into Cheng Weiwan’s bag. He straightened up and pressed the call button above the bedside table.

The nurse quickly rushed in and helped take the needle out of Cheng Weiwan.

After the nurse left, Han Zhifan stood by the bed for a short while. Then he turned around, walked out of the room, and left the hospital.

It was already late at night. Han Zhifan stood on the sidewalk, lit a cigarette, and called the same friends he woke up earlier. After he hung up, he lit another cigarette and put it out after smoking just half. He got in the car and headed back home.

Han Zhifan woke up early the next morning.

The housekeeper had breakfast ready. When she saw him coming downstairs, she immediately pulled out a chair for him at the dining table.

After he sat down, Han Zhifan reached out to take the bowl of congee from the housekeeper. He took just two gulps when he had a sudden thought and stopped.

Chapter 977: Backing Down (2)

He stared at the bowl of pork congee for a moment like someone who didn’t care about a thing. He turned and looked at the housekeeper standing beside him. “Give her a call and tell her to remember to go to the hospital today.”

The housekeeper was stunned for a moment before she realized who Han Zhifan meant by “her.” She hurriedly cried “yes,” and ran into the living room in a hurry to grab the home phone and make a call.

Han Zhifan went to the hospital first. The doctor had already given Cheng Han a physical examination. After Han Zhifan arrived, he signed some papers and was taken to the operating room where they sent Cheng Han soon afterward.

Cheng Weiwan arrived not long after the doors to the operating room closed.

“Where’s Hanhan?” she asked.

After the housekeeper explained the situation, she didn’t say anything.

She must’ve not wanted to stand too close to him, because she chose to stand in front of the window. The window was further away from the tightly shut doors of the operating room that she was glaring at.

A call came in – it was the company calling. Han Zhifan suddenly remembered he had a contract to sign today and hurriedly picked up the call.

He spoke on the phone for a long time with the business partner of that project.

After hanging up, he glanced at the window and saw Cheng Weiwan’s dazed gaze outside the window.

Han Zhifan put his phone away for a moment then stared at Cheng Weiwan for a while before he put it back into his pocket.

When it was almost noon, Cheng Han came out of the operating room.

“The young master is finally out...” The housekeeper muttered to the wet nurse next to him then ran over to the operating room doors.

Cheng Weiwan, who was standing dazed in front of the window, quickly looked back at Cheng Han on the hospital bed. Then she immediately strode over to him.

Cheng Han was wheeled into the isolation unit.

Because there were professionals taking care of him, family and friends were stopped outside the patient room.

Dr. Luo took off his mask and gave Han Zhifan a brief summary of his condition. After he finished, he was just about to leave when Cheng Weiwan stopped him. “Can I go in to see Hanhan?”

Dr. Luo looked hesitant.

Standing in front of him was Han Zhifan, who lowered his head slightly and glanced over at Cheng Weiwan. He looked as though he was contemplating something. After a while, he looked up at Dr. Luo and nodded silently.

With Han Zhifan’s approval, Dr. Luo gulped back his rejection. “You can, but before you go in, please wear the hazmat suit.”

Perhaps it was he had been given an anesthetic during the operation, but Cheng Han was fast asleep.

Beside the bed, Cheng Weiwan watched over Cheng Han without blinking.

Han Zhifan stood outside, looking in through the window, and clearly saw her facial expression. She no longer looked dazed the way she was when she was standing in front of the window earlier, but she now looked warm and affectionate.

That was when he realized that Cheng Weiwan hadn't really smiled in the past few days unless she was in front of Cheng Han.

Han Zhifan stood in the hallway for a while then headed downstairs and smoked two cigarettes in the garden.

When he headed back to the building, Cheng Weiwan had already come out of the patient room.

She had her head lowered and was flipping through things in her bag. She didn't notice him.

Soon enough, she grabbed the box of pills he saw last night and put a few in her mouth.

She moved naturally as though she had been taking them for some time... Which meant she had actually been clinically depressed for a long time?

Han Zhifan didn't walk over to Cheng Han's hospital room and headed back to the elevators instead.

He walked out of the hospital building and stood beneath the sun for a moment. He pulled out the car keys, opened the car door, stepped on the gas and left the hospital.

Chapter 978: Backing Down (3)

Han Zhifan wasn't actually sure where he was headed. After getting on the main road, he followed the traffic and drove ahead aimlessly.

He didn't know just how long he had been wandering for. It wasn't until there were more and more cars on the road, he moved increasingly slower and traffic became intense to the point where he couldn't move any further that he finally realized it was rush hour in the evening.

The car was about to run out of gas. Han Zhifan left the main road at the closest exit then turned into a gas station by the road.

After filling up the tank, Han Zhifan didn't head back onto the road. Instead, he looked left and right for a while then stepped on the gas. He drove about two meters ahead and stopped outside an office building.

The lights of the office building were lit.

Through the tall, wide windows, he could see people walking back and forth.

Perhaps many people thought they could beat the heavy traffic during rush hour by working overtime.

Han Zhifan hadn't consciously thought about coming here, so he didn't know what to do now that he was there. He sat in the car, smoking one cigarette after another, because he was torn about wanting to leave and not wanting to leave at the same time.

Night was gradually approaching and the sound of car horns on the road died down. One light after another started to turn off in the office.

When there were only a few countable lights left in the entire office building, a familiar figure emerged from inside.

It was Lin Muqing, Cheng Weiwan's best friend.

Han Zhifan stared at her for a while through the car window as she grabbed her phone. She must've wanted to call a taxi. Just as she approached the front of the car, he unexpectedly pressed the car horn.

Perhaps the horn came too suddenly because Lin Muqing jumped in fright. She almost dropped her phone on the ground.

Because the car window was tightly shut, he couldn't hear what she was saying outside. However, from the shape of her moving lips, he could tell she was calling him crazy or something of the sort.

Han Zhifan didn't mind and pressed the horn again.

Standing at the head of the car, Lin Muqing impatiently turned her head and looked over.

Their eyes met through the windshield.

In two short seconds, Lin Muqing's face immediately turned furious.

Lin Muqing didn't want to stay a second longer as she glared at him menacingly. She didn't even bother calling a taxi anymore and strode off to the sidewalk.

Han Zhifan hurriedly pushed his car door open and got out. Then he quickly rushed over to Lin Muqing.

Lin Muqing vaguely sensed he was catching up to her, so she sped up. Since she was in heels, she couldn't compete with his speed. She was probably tired from walking, because she suddenly came to a stop. Turning her head, she said with a fed up voice, "Mr. Han, you've already used me to force Wanwan to give you Hanhan. Now that you've come to see me, what do you want? Don't tell me you're still unwilling to let Wanwan go? Do you really have to make her pressured to death before you give up?!"

Han Zhifan furrowed his brows slightly as he got a little angry at Lin Muqing's impolite attitude. There was a flash of annoyance in his eyes.

Seeing him like this, Lin Muqing's anger simmered down.

She was a little afraid to drag Wanwan down...

Lin Muqing gulped and spoke in a quieter voice. "Mr. Han. I'm begging you! Could you not use me to do over-the-top things to Wanwan? If you continue to do this, I can't even be friends with Wanwan... I already feel sorry for her. Do you know her apartment is above mine? I haven't dared to see her for several days now..."

Chapter 979: Backing down (4)

Lin Muqing was an impatient person. She sped up as she spoke and became even more agitated as she spoke. However, before she could finish, Han Zhifan suddenly cut in after not saying a word since he appeared before her. "Is she really in a bad state right now?"

Lin Muqing was stunned for two seconds then nervously said, "What do you mean by this? What happened to Wanwan?"

How would I know? Don't tell me Wanwan deliberately kept it from me?

With that thought, Lin Muqing quickly grabbed her phone and starting flipping for Cheng Weiwan's number.

Han Zhifan didn't wait for her to call Cheng Weiwan and said, "I was referring to her health..."

Her health? Wanwan's sick?

Lin Muqing furrowed her brows and didn't hesitate in the slightest to press a key on the screen.

"...Clinical depression." Han Zhifan continued to say.

Lin Muqing suddenly stopped making the call.

Clinical depression... how does Han Zhifan know Wanwan was clinically depressed? What's more, wasn't Wanwan's depression cured over a year ago?

Lin Muqing didn't catch on for a moment before she raised her head and looked over at Han Zhifan.

Han Zhifan thought she didn't want to admit it, so he spoke out again. "I saw her take antidepressants with my own eyes."

"With your own eyes?" Lin Muqing's eyes shot wide open. "By this, you mean Wanwan has been secretly taking medicine all along? Her clinical depression came back?"

And?

The corners of Han Zhifan's lips pursed tightly. "She's had clinical depression before?"

Han Zhifan's question made Lin Muqing instinctively raise her hand and cover her mouth.

In the heat of the moment, I let the cat out of the bag? Wanwan told me not to tell anyone about her dark past!

Han Zhifan didn't know why he was so curious at that very moment. He wanted to know about Cheng Weiwan really badly. Seeing as Lin Muqing didn't reply, his voice sounded a little hurried. "What really happened?"

"I'm not sure..." Lin Muqing shook her head as she was about to run away. "...Mr. Han, if there's nothing else, I'll be on my way."

With that said, Lin Muqing turned around and was about to run off.

But after just two steps, Han Zhifan pulled on the straps of her handbag.

He was forceful and dragged her right back to his side. "What the hell is going on? How did she get clinical depression before? And why is it back now?"

"My relationship with Wanwan is great, but I really don't know. All I know is that she's had clinical depression in the past..." Lin Muqing was naturally afraid of Han Zhifan, but she pushed down the fear in the bottom of her heart and pretended to be crazy.

“Quit trying to trick me. Did you think I would believe you? She was willing to put my son under your name, so what do you not know?” Han Zhifan gradually tightened his clutch upon Lin Muqing’s bag as his voice sounded even harsher. “It’s fine if you don’t tell me. Did you think I can’t investigate her?”

Investigate?

Upon hearing this word, Lin Muqing’s heart was suddenly on fire. “If I don’t tell you then you’ll find out the reason? Who’s willing to let other people find out their most embarrassing secrets?”

“I know it’s because Wanwan sees me as family and to her, you’re a whole other person! For you to investigate her past, that’s like sprinkling salt on the wound!”

Chapter 980: Backing Down (5)

“Have you not made her suffer enough? Just how much must you make her suffer until you give it up already?!”

“You want to know why she’s clinically depressed? Let me tell you! Let me tell you! You don’t have to investigate! Alright?!”

“She’s depressed because of you! After you and she broke up, there was a period of time when she lingered outside your apartment building every day. That was because, at that time, she already had depression! She couldn’t sleep at night, so she lingered there to feel a little better. But I don’t know what happened. One day, she came back and completely stopped talking and stopped going out in the sun. She shut herself in her room without eating, drinking, crying, or laughing. She was no different from a zombie!”

“You see how tall and lovable your son is right now, but you don’t know just how she almost died giving birth to him! She almost left this world!”

“Hanhan saved her life. Hanhan’s arrival revived her and she put all her heart into that child. She got better day by day. If you hadn’t appeared in her life again, who’s to say she wouldn’t be able to get a publishing deal for her latest book and take Hanhan to live her life out in a mountain resort in Europe by now?!”

“I may not have known her depression was back, but I know you must be the reason why it’s back! It’s because you stole Hanhan, causing her to crumble into her current state!”

“Mr. Han, didn’t you chase her back then just to get revenge? I may not know the details or whether your deep desire for revenge is real or fake, but I can tell you that you’ve succeeded! Cheng Weiwan is about to die by your hands! Are you particularly satisfied right now? Particularly happy?”

After Lin Muqing finished venting the anger in her heart, she forcefully yanked her bag from Han Zhifan’s fingers. Then she strode over to the sidewalk without so much as a glance at him.

Han Zhifan didn’t stop her. It wasn’t until her silhouette disappeared that Han Zhifan blinked and slowly came back to his senses.

She got depression after I drove her away from me? She only appeared outside my apartment building every day because she was sick?

Now that I stole our son from her, the depression came back?

Didn't I always think I was too lenient on her?

Her father killed Lili, but I let her go.

I never imagined she would be tortured by this illness because of me.

Before Lin Muqing left, she questioned me so harshly — Are you satisfied? Are you happy?

Yeah, I should be satisfied, I should be happy, I should call Cheng Weiguo and tell him, "You killed my sister, and I've tortured your daughter to the point where she's barely alive..."

She should also be really happy... After all, she's still alive and she has a protective friend like Lin Muqing. However, my sister, Lili, died long ago.

In contrast to my sister, her circumstances aren't bad. I don't need to feel guilty and I should feel gratified. However, not only did he not feel the least bit overjoyed, but he was even more unhappy.

From the moment he learned she was Cheng Weiguo's daughter, he felt like God had arranged everything between them.

...And everything that happened was under his control. However, in the end, he didn't know what to do.