

# Stealing Your Heart Chapter 961

In response, Qiu Mingyan squinted her eyes in annoyance.

Jiang Jun looked away and shut his mouth.

“Well, since Mohan has finally come home to spend time with us, let’s make it count, okay?” Jiang Youqian loaded their plates with the roasted pork ribs, stir fry vegetables, and braised eggplants.

“Thanks son,” Qiu Mingyan said, smiling from ear to ear. It was a smile distinctly different from that fake smile she gave Jiang Mohan just moments ago.

“Let us toast to our family’s reunion!” Qiu Mingyan exclaimed, going off to get a bottle of wine.

She poured a glass for Jiang Mohan first.

“Hey Mom, he hasn’t recovered fully yet. I don’t think you should make him drink that.” Jiang Youqian pushed Jiang Mohan’s glass to the side.

Qiu Mingyan’s fake smile turned stiff. “How rude of you! This is for your brother.”

“He’s injured.” Jiang Youqian was not giving in.

Qiu Mingyan blinked. This fool!

Still keeping up her fake smile, she uttered awkwardly, “Alright then... “

Jiang Youqian held up the glass of wine Qiu Mingyan had poured, and said, “It would be a waste to pour this away, so I’ll drink it.”

Before anyone could react, he began gulping down the wine.

“Youqian, what are you doing?”

Jiang Youqian raised an eyebrow. “What’s wrong?”

“No, nothing,” Qiu Mingyan stuttered, but still took the glass of wine away. “If your brother is not drinking, let’s just not have any wine today.”

Jiang Youqian’s brows furrowed deeper. “But it’s such a waste!”

“Hah... Alcohol is not good for you, son,” Qiu Mingyan laughed creakily, as she began keeping the bottle of wine.

Jiang Youqian still seemed to be baffled by his mother’s odd behavior, but Jiang Mohan, who had kept his silence all that while, could immediately tell what was really going on.

Hmph. I wonder what she spiked that wine with. Or she wouldn’t have reacted like that when Jiang Youqian drank it.

His eyes turned even colder.

They definitely didn’t invite me for this meal to apologize or seek my forgiveness. So what is it that they want?

Despite having all those thoughts in his head, Jiang Mohan feigned ignorance.

On the other hand, Jiang Youqian was still thinking about the wasted wine.

“Okay, let’s eat. Dig in, dig in.” Qiu Mingyan sat back at her seat, and exclaimed, “It’s been so long since we last came together to have a meal as a family.”

“Yeah, I can’t even remember our last meal together,” Jiang Youqian sighed.

It’s been too long, so long that I can’t even remember.

“I had already eaten before coming over, you guys should go ahead,” Jiang Mohan said as he pushed himself away from the dining table. Hah... How can I eat your food after all that?

Jiang Jun was evidently displeased. "What are you trying to say? And what more do you want for us? It's not easy for us to gather round for a meal like this, why are you giving us an attitude?"

"Hey, hey, calm down. It's okay. Mohan said that he already ate before coming," Qiu Mingyan quickly stood up to comfort Jiang Jun. As she lightly patted his back, she turned to Jiang Mohan and said, "Mohan, please don't be mad, he's just concerned about you."

Jiang Mohan held back a chuckle. Showing concern by making that angry face of his?

By then, Jiang Youqian could also feel the tension in the air. Weren't we trying to make up with him?

He stood up and said, "I'm not hungry either."

"Oh, whatever!" Jiang Jun flung the chopsticks onto the floor before wheeling himself back into his room.

Qiu Mingyan cursed in her head. She was so disappointed by Jiang Jun's behavior.

"How about you come hang out in my room for a bit? I'll send you back later." Jiang Youqian pushed Jiang Mohan toward his room.

Jiang Mohan did not refuse the offer.

Jiang Youqian's room was in shambles, as always.

"It's a little messy," Jiang Youqian laughed, feeling self-conscious as he hastily stuffed his clothes into his closet.

Turning back to talk to Jiang Mohan, he said, "Dad's temper has become like that for a while, don't let it get to you."

I'm not bothered at all.

Jiang Mohan's heart had become stone-cold long ago. He knew what kind of person Jiang Jun was like.

"You should find a girlfriend." Jiang Mohan diverted the topic.

Embarrassed, Jiang Youqian began stuttering a little. "I... I haven't found a match."

"Oh, and how about you?" Jiang Youqian stared at Jiang Mohan, his expression all serious. "I can tell that Yanxi really loved you. It's a shame that the two of you broke up."

Jiang Mohan's grip on his wheelchair handles tightened as he tried to suppress his internal turmoil. "Why would you say that?"

"When she was still around, she once came to me to ask about the things that you like. She probably thought that I would know a thing or two since we grew up together. What a pity. She's such a well-mannered girl despite having been born into a wealthy family..." Jiang Youqian trailed off.

"I'm thirsty, get me some water," Jiang Mohan said.

"Sure."

Listening to the sound of the door of the room close, Jiang Mohan's face darkened. He loosened up his collar, gasping for breath as his heart throbbed in pain.

Everyone could tell how much she loved me.

Everyone, but me.

He closed his eyes, trying to hold back his emotions.

In the living room, Qiu Mingyan had just finished brewing a pot of tea, when she saw Jiang Youqian walk out of his room.

Jiang Youqian stared at the pot of tea in her hands, and asked, "You made tea?"

"Yes, I did. I thought that you guys might want to have some tea since you didn't eat anything just now," Qiu Mingyan replied, handing him the tray with the teapot and teacups.

"Yes, Mohan's feeling thirsty." Jiang Youqian took the tray.

"Oh really? Here you go." Qiu Mingyan smiled.

Without giving it a second thought, Jiang Youqian looked his mother in the eye, and spoke earnestly, "Mom, you might need to try even harder to get Mohan to forgive you. He's not a cold-hearted man, so he'll definitely give you a chance if you are genuine about it."

"Hah... yes." Qiu Mingyan put on a fake smile. Hmph. That's where you are wrong. He really is a cold-hearted man. My apology will never be enough. He remembers everything I've done to him in the past.

Even from the incident at the hospital, she could tell that acting all sincere and pleading to Jiang Mohan simply would not do the trick.

So...

"I will, son. Go on, bring the tea in. It's going to get cold," she urged her son.

As Jiang Youqian returned to his room with the pot of tea, Jiang Mohan quickly put on his calm, expressionless look.

Jiang Youqian poured them a cup each and handed one to Jiang Mohan.

"Hey, have you actually eaten?" I do remember that when I met you at your company, you had just gotten off work.

"Yes," Jiang Mohan replied without even looking.

Jiang Youqian took a sip of the tea, sighing. Though he was not a master of reading the atmosphere, he could tell that Jiang Mohan still had his reservations, and it would not be quite possible for them to make up so quickly. "If I had a choice, I'd want the two of us to be born from the same mother."

And live happily as a family. But maybe that's just too much to ask for.

"This is probably what they call fate," Jiang Youqian lamented.

As Jiang Mohan stared blankly at the floor, he felt that he could somewhat empathize with Jiang Youqian at that moment.

"Hey, aren't you thirsty? Don't you want to have some tea?" Jiang Youqian realized that Jiang Mohan had not drunk his tea at all.

Jiang Mohan finally came to his senses, gulped down the tea in one shot and said, "Yeah, thanks for the tea. I should get going now."

"Okay, I'll send you back." However, when Jiang Youqian stood up to push Jiang Mohan's wheelchair, he blacked out momentarily and wobbled around, all dizzy.

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“What... what’s going on?” Jiang Youqian rubbed his head.

Turning his gaze toward the teapot on the table, Jiang Mohan was struck by a realization. “Did you make the tea?”

“Mom did, what... ” Jiang Youqian fell to the ground, losing consciousness before he could complete his sentence.

“Jiang Youqian!” Panicking, Jiang Mohan shook Jiang Youqian’s shoulders.

He did not respond.

Jiang Mohan whipped out his mobile phone to call Nan Cheng – he needed to get out of that place as quickly as possible.

However, Nan Cheng did not pick up his call.

Jiang Mohan clenched his fists tightly as his vision began to blur.

Bang!

All of a sudden, the door of the room opened.

As Qiu Mingyan made her way into the room, she was not at all surprised to see her son collapsed on the floor. “Oh, son. I’m doing this for your own good,” she said, bending down to take a look at him.

She knew her own son pretty well. He could be childish and silly at times, but would never resort to underhanded means to fight for his family inheritance.

It’s alright, the drug simply causes one to pass out, with no side effects.

At that moment, Jiang Mohan's call finally got through. "President Jiang..." Nan Cheng's voice resounded in the room.

Before Jiang Mohan could even speak, Qiu Mingyan made her move and seized his mobile phone aggressively, ending the phone call.

That was the last thing that Jiang Mohan remembered as he too, passed out.

Qiu Mingyan tossed Jiang Mohan's mobile phone into the bin, scoffing, "Today, I'm the one in charge. Nobody can ruin my plans."

After carrying her son onto the bed, she called out for a woman who donned a mask.

"We'll have to move him elsewhere," Qiu Mingyan informed her.

Nan Cheng knew about their current location, so it would be too risky to stay.

"I know of a good place," Ling Wei replied, her face half-covered by the mask.

The two women had teamed up since the incident at the hospital after Ling Wei initiated a conversation with Qiu Mingyan directly. Qiu Mingyan, who had been mulling over how she could get a piece of the family inheritance, agreed to her offer without hesitation.

For Ling Wei, when she found out that Zong Yanxi had already left B City, she knew that it would be impossible to take revenge on her. It would be too risky for her to leave B City or show her true identity. That was why she decided to shift her focus onto Jiang Mohan.

Problem was, it would be suicide for her to take on Jiang Mohan on her own.

In the back of her mind, Lin Wei remembered Jiang Mohan's stepmother, who sought to take everything he had from him.

She also knew that Qiu Mingyan was probably facing similar problems as her, now that Jiang Mohan was no longer a helpless kid anymore.

With that, Ling Wei contacted Qiu Mingyan and proposed a deal, telling Qiu Mingyan that she would assist her in taking over Hengkang Group.

Of course, Qiu Mingyan was more than happy to take the offer.



After all, the enemy of an enemy would be one's friend.

Once they struck an alliance, they devised a plan. Additionally, Jiang Jun also got himself involved. Having had enough of Jiang Mohan's disregard for him, he was completely supportive of the plan.

"My house would be a safe place," Ling Wei said. Among the properties that she owned, there was one more that could be utilized.

One which nobody knew about.

"You sure about that?" Qiu Mingyan asked.

"Hundred percent," Ling Wei assured her firmly.

Shifting her gaze towards Jiang Mohan, she pursed her lips into an evil grin. "Jiang Mohan, you're mine."

"Okay, okay. Get going!" Qiu Mingyan said.

Ling Wei was rather cooperative. It was not a good time to be talking too much. Pushing Jiang Mohan's wheelchair, she said, "Let's go."

Qiu Mingyan nodded, after checking on her son once more.

...

In the span of an hour, the pair successfully transferred Jiang Mohan to the house that Ling Wei had mentioned.

On the way, Ling Wei pushed Jiang Mohan's wheelchair, while Qiu Mingyan covered for them.

...

As Jiang Mohan opened his eyes, he could distinctly feel the rough ropes tied around him, binding him to his wheelchair.

"Long time no see." Ling Wei stood tall before him. She had taken a shower and changed her clothes.

Jiang Mohan's eyes widened.

"Don't be too surprised," Ling Wei laughed, sitting herself down on the couch.

Jiang Mohan's eyes darkened.

Smiling creepily, Ling Wei began stroking his face. "All I wanted was the best for you, and yet you tried to kill me. What a heartless man."

"And that has not changed," Jiang Mohan spat in disgust. "Can you even recall me expressing the slightest bit of interest for you?"

Ling Wei's hands shook as she suppressed the rage surging through her veins. Trying to laugh it off, she said, "Hah... So what if you want me dead? Your life is in my hands now!"

"You can hate me all you want, but look at me, alive and kicking. The more you want to get rid of me, the closer I'll come to you," she hissed as she sat down on Jiang Mohan's lap. "You know what, after all these years, I finally feel somewhat gratified. Want to know why?"

Ling Wei came even closer to Jiang Mohan, almost pressing her lips onto his. "I can screw you anytime I want."

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"Have you got no sense of decency?" Jiang Mohan visibly turned displeased.

"Hah... " Ling Wei burst into uncontrollable laughter.

"Decency?" She sighed. "I wanted to act all decent and proper, but you, you made me this way. You're the one who turned me into a shameless woman."

A woman who has sold her soul and decency away, just for her freedom.

"Jiang Mohan, how did things end up like this?" Ling Wei shrieked hysterically.

"You, you are the one to blame for all this. If you chose to give me a hand back then, things would have turned out differently. I would rather die than live this way. Do you even know how I spent my days in prison?"

"You would rather die? Well, that's on you," Jiang Mohan replied dispassionately without trying to hide his loathing for her.

"Even if I can travel back in time, I will still choose not to save you."

Ling Wei felt her heart shatter into pieces.

The man whom I love most, wants me dead no matter what?

"You really hate me that much?" Ling Wei's lips were trembling.

"Yes, I do. I hate you very, very much." Jiang Mohan sounded eerily calm.

"If possible, I would choke you to death right now," he continued.

Ling Wei's eyes were bloodshot. "Because of Zong Yanxi?"

"Shut your mouth. Don't ever mention her name, you scum," Jiang Mohan cut her off coldly.

"Hah... " Ling Wei screamed with laughter. "How dare you... Who gave you the guts to anger me like this, with your life on the line?"

Meanwhile, Qiu Mingyan was hiding in a corner of the room, listening intently to what was going on.

She had planned on keeping her involvement in the kidnapping a secret, but Ling Wei's lack of productivity was starting to bother her.

Finally coming out of hiding, Qiu Mingyan said, "The papers! Get him to sign the papers for the transfer of shares!"

Ling Wei was not in the mood to listen. "Shut up!" She yelled.

Qiu Mingyan paused momentarily, startled, then shouted back, "You shut up! If not for me, you wouldn't even be standing here talking to Jiang Mohan!"

That was the last straw for Ling Wei. She felt her emotions going haywire and the next thing she knew she was slapping Qiu Mingyan brutally. "You think I want to team up with you? Look at yourself, a pitiful mistress ruining someone else's family. How dare you talk to me like that?"

Qiu Mingyan quickly covered her cheek which was burning from the slap.

Glaring at Ling Wei, she was so angry that she was at a loss for words.

"You... "

She could not believe that Ling Wei just slapped her.

"How dare you hit me?" Qiu Mingyan was no easy opponent. She grabbed Ling Wei's hair roughly, and growled, "You piece of trash, haven't you heard of who I am?"

The two who should have been working as a team were now in a heated conflict.

As they tugged at each other's hair and screamed at each other, they seemed to have forgotten about their plan.

Jiang Mohan simply watched on as they fought.

Half an hour later, the two women seemed to have finally calmed down due to the exhaustion from the fight. "What did we come here for again?" Qiu Mingyan said, panting as she wiped her forehead.

Ling Wei ignored her.

Not getting a response from Ling Wei, Qiu Mingyan decided to make a move. He knows that I'm involved now, so it doesn't matter anymore. She took the papers for the transfer of shares and placed them on the table before Jiang Mohan. "Jiang Mohan, you have been keeping much of the family business to yourself for so long. If you sign this, I'll let you off alive today, otherwise... "

"He's mine, get lost!" Ling Wei cut her off.

Qiu Mingyan raised her head to glare at her. "I will call the cops, if you try anything funny."

"You're threatening me?" Ling Wei gritted her teeth with a vicious look in her eyes.

"No. I want the shares, and you want him. Once he signs these papers, he's all yours. No need to get all aggressive, don't you think?" Qiu Mingyan had no interest in fighting Ling Wei again.

She knew that she had no chances of winning that way.

Furthermore, it would not be too late to call the cops after she got those papers signed.

It would be pointless to argue with a mentally unstable fugitive.

"Hmph, that's more like it." Ling Wei sat down.

Qiu Mingyan smirked. Just you wait. I'll teach you a lesson.

"Sign it," Qiu Mingyan spoke to Jiang Mohan.

Jiang Mohan ignored her.

“Jiang Mohan, don’t you understand the situation now? Your life is in my hands. I can kill you anytime I want. Once you die, all of your assets are mine to take.” She was starting to lose patience.

Ling Wei gave her a fiery glare, as if to say, “That’s not up to you.”

Jiang Mohan eyeballed the two standing before him. He knew how easy it was to break their alliance.

“Kill me then,” he said.

Qiu Mingyan jumped to her feet.

Ling Wei also stood up, and hissed, “Don’t you dare do it.”

“Are we a team or what?” Qiu Mingyan was flabbergasted.

“We are, but don’t forget the conditions. You want the money, and I want him. Don’t you dare lay a finger on him,” Ling Wei snapped back.

Qiu Mingyan felt her blood pressure rise. How am I supposed to get him to sign the papers if you don’t let me threaten him?

Qiu Mingyan’s behavior was also getting on Ling Wei’s nerves. An even more immoral thought crept into her mind. “Hold on. Do you want to know what would be a better threat than death for Jiang Mohan?”

“And what would that be?” Qiu Mingyan asked.

“There’s a certain someone he holds so dear to his heart, someone more important to him than his own self,” Ling Wei continued.

“Who?”

“Zong Yanxi.”

"Isn't she dead?" Qiu Mingyan furrowed her brows.

"Not quite. She has a new identity now, and calls herself Lin Ruixi."

The fact that Zong Yanxi was still alive was absolutely shocking for Qiu Mingyan.

But how's that going to help our situation now?

"If I were to die, I'd make sure to drag her to hell with me," Ling Wei snarled, looking into Jiang Mohan's eyes. "Whilst we can't be lovers in the living world, I'll die and live my afterlife with you. As for Zong Yanxi," she turned to Qiu Mingyan, and said, "Do whatever you want with her after he dies."

Ling Wei was the type of person who would try to convince others to do what she dared not do.

However, Qiu Mingyan was no easy target.

Filled with doubt, Qiu Mingyan sneaked a peek at Jiang Mohan.

Though he appeared to be calm, as she looked more carefully, she realized that his fists were clenched so tightly that his veins were popping out, as if he were restraining a vicious beast within him.

Ling Wei was oblivious to all of that, and continued talking, "Since Zong Yanxi is both his ex-wife and the most important person to him right now... "

"Ling Wei!" Jiang Mohan grunted. His face was as dark and turbulent as the ocean waters amidst a storm.

As Ling Wei walked closer to Jiang Mohan, she seemed to be unafraid. "Jiang Mohan, I'm never letting go of you. With my circumstances, I won't be able to get out of B City alive. And mind you, you're coming with me. Now sign those papers, so that we can get that annoying hag out of here. And then it'll just be the two of us."

She dragged the words "two of us" in a creepily suggestive way.

While Qiu Mingyan was feeling rather disgusted at Ling Wei's behavior, she knew that Ling Wei was helping her to achieve her goals too, so she kept it in.

“Jiang Mohan, do you really want Zong Yanxi to suffer?” Ling Wei asked provocatively, giving Qiu Mingyan a look.

Am I not making Jiang Mohan’s weakness obvious enough for you?

Qiu Mingyan immediately caught the hint and added, “Jiang Mohan, you shouldn’t be wasting our time now. If you don’t sign these papers, you wouldn’t even want to imagine what I’m about to do to Zong Yanxi.”

Pressing a pen into his hands, she said, “Sign it.”



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Qiu Mingyan placed the papers on Jiang Mohan's lap.

However, Jiang Mohan was unmoving.

Qiu Mingyan had lost all of her patience. "Do it now! Don't test my patience."

"You'd really think that it'll work out if I sign these papers?" Jiang Mohan retorted coldly.

"Yes, everything is going to work out if you sign them. Don't force me to go back to my old ways." Qiu Mingyan's expression was savage and ruthless.

Holding up a cup of water, she said, "Boiling hot water. You haven't forgotten about how it feels on your skin, have you?"

"Do you remember? The time when I poured hot soup onto you as a kid?" Qiu Mingyan gave a light chuckle. "I did it on purpose. Why else should our family of three take you in?"

Before she could continue, a loud sound reverberated in the room.

Bang!

The door of the room they were in was suddenly kicked open.

It was Nan Cheng and Jiang Youqian.

When Nan Cheng received Jiang Mohan's call but heard nothing but silence, he knew that something was amiss. Upon arriving at the Jiang family residence, the only person he found was Jiang Youqian who had just woken up.

He then checked the surveillance footage of Ling Wei and Qiu Mingyan leaving the neighborhood and finally found the place where Jiang Mohan was being held.

“Ling Wei!” Nan Cheng roared, furious that she dared to even show her face again.

Panicking, Ling Wei grabbed a knife from the tabletop. After taking a brief look at the people in the room, she held Jiang Mohan at knifepoint.

In that situation, Jiang Mohan was the easiest to hold as hostage because he was literally immobilized. Moreover, if anything were to happen to her, she could take Jiang Mohan down with her.

Jiang Youqian’s face was bitter and filled with disappointment. Frowning at Qiu Mingyan, he said, “Mom, it’s all a lie, isn’t it? When you told me that you genuinely wanted to apologize, you were lying to me, weren’t you?”

Upon hearing that, Qiu Mingyan quickly grabbed Jiang Youqian closer, and blurted out, “Son, I’m your true family, he’s not! Now is our chance. Get him to sign the papers, and his company is all yours!”

Jiang Youqian pushed her away. “Why are you doing this?”

“This is for your own good, my son.” Qiu Mingyan glared at him menacingly. “Are you an idiot?”

“Do you even know or care about what I really want?” Jiang Youqian was so agitated that he was on the brink of tears.

Qiu Mingyan ignored his words, and pulled him back toward her, saying, “This is our chance. With Jiang Mohan all tied up, if you join us, it’s three against one. We have the upper hand, and we can make this happen!”

“No way in hell!” Jiang Youqian yelled.

“You really are a fool, aren’t you?” Qiu Mingyan was quivering in anger. “It’s all or nothing. Do you really want to remain a good-for-nothing your entire life?”

“Even if I end up with nothing at all, I won’t steal from my own brother.” Jiang Youqian shoved Qiu Mingyan to the side, and pointed at Ling Wei, yelling, “Let go of my brother, or I’ll kill you!”

Ling Wei gave an annoyed look at Qiu Mingyan. “Is your son on our side, or what?”

Qiu Mingyan was irked too, it seemed like Jiang Youqian was turning his back on her.

Meanwhile, Nan Cheng simply stood behind them in silence, exchanging looks with Jiang Mohan.

The effects of the drug had ceased, and Jiang Mohan could feel some strength in his body again. As the others fought in the room, he was already trying to untie himself.

“Ling Wei, if you surrender now, I can go easy on you.” He spoke to Ling Wei on purpose to divert her focus.

“Go easy on me? Nan Cheng, I’m not an idiot,” Ling Wei laughed, “I won’t believe a thing that you say. Stop lying to me.”

As Qiu Mingyan stood there and watched them quarrel, she could not help but feel distressed. He hasn’t signed the papers, I can’t do this for nothing. “Ling Wei, get him to sign the papers this second!”

“Shut up!” Ling Wei shouted. Damn it. My plan is ruined, and I’m not getting out of this alive.

Knowing how badly things would end for her, she could care less about what Qiu Mingyan had to say.

Qiu Mingyan was not taking a no for an answer. “Don’t you forget about why you are even here! I can call the cops on you right now!”

“Call the cops? Do it then!” Ling Wei snapped back.

She had already planned for the worst back then when she decided to go on the path of vengeance.

“You... you...” Qiu Mingyan was almost getting a heart attack. “You’re the one who planned this... You...”

"Don't tell me that you want to shift all the blame on me now! How dare you say that you're not involved in this at all!"

Qiu Mingyan was at a loss for words.

"Nan Cheng, let me off this time, and I'll spare Jiang Mohan," Ling Wei bargained.

Nan Cheng scoffed, "It's not up to you."

As Nan Cheng uttered those words, Jiang Mohan finally untied himself and restrained Ling Wei's hand that was holding on to the knife. At the same time, Nan Cheng latched himself onto Ling Wei, pressing her arms down with force, so that Jiang Mohan could take the knife away from her.

"Urgh..." Ling Wei grimaced.

With the knife he took, Jiang Mohan cut off all of the ropes around his body.

"Let go of me!" Ling Wei struggled and kicked around.

Pressing the tip of the knife onto her face, Jiang Mohan snarled, "Ling Wei, it's over." Blood oozed down her cheek.

Ling Wei pursed her lips, and retorted, "So what if it's over for me? You have lost what's precious to you too, haven't you? Both Zong Yanxi and your kid are gone!"

"So you knew?" Jiang Mohan was a little shaken.

Behind him, Nan Cheng's eyes widened in confusion. His kid? What kid?

"Ling Wei, what the hell have you done?" Nan Cheng slammed her head onto the floor.

Ling Wei cackled hysterically as she looked into Jiang Mohan's eyes. "I knew about it long ago, before you even mentioned the divorce. She was not feeling well, and I accompanied her to the hospital. Well, her pregnancy was partly why I wanted her dead, you know? I was so, so worried that the two of you would reconcile because of the baby. Hmph. It's okay if I die now. It's still worth it. I'll have your dead kid down there with me after al-"

A shrill scream resounded in the room.

Jiang Mohan had cut Ling Wei's face.

Upon seeing the blood, Qiu Mingyan fell back onto the ground in fear.

"Kill me!" Ling Wei gritted her teeth.

"Don't worry, I will. But I won't let you die so easily," Jiang Mohan said, pressing the blade onto her other cheek, "Since this face is all that you have, let's see what happens if I destroy it."

Nan Cheng stole a glance at Jiang Mohan's face.

So he wanted Ling Wei dead, because of his child. Zong Yanxi was pregnant with his child!

While he was momentarily immersed in thought, Ling Wei bit on his arm, escaped his grip and ran off towards the window, yelling, "I won't let you imprison me again!"

I must not go back to prison! No more hiding, no more pain!

"Jiang Mohan, even if I die, I'll haunt you forever!"

Those were her last words before she jumped off the windowsill.

Nan Cheng ran over to grab her, but it was too late.

Looking down from the eighteenth floor, he could see a bleeding body on the pavement. There is no way that she survived that!

Nan Cheng gulped, and turned to talk to Jiang Mohan, "She's dead. I'll contact the authorities."

Flinging the knife onto the floor, Jiang Mohan nodded.

"I'll send you back first, then take care of the... "

"It's okay," Jiang Mohan interrupted Nan Cheng, and turned to Jiang Youqian. "Can you send me back?"

"Yes, yes. Of course," Jiang Youqian replied, coming over.

"You-" Qiu Mingyan glanced back and forth at her son and Jiang Mohan, still panicky over what had just transpired. "You should talk to the police," Jiang Youqian said, before pushing Jiang Mohan out of the room.

Qiu Mingyan was aghast. "Jiang Youqian, I'm your mother!" She squealed.

Jiang Youqian ignored her and left.

Exiting the building, they were met by many who were gawking at the bloody scene.

Jiang Mohan did not bother to look, but Jiang Youqian could not help but steal a glance.

A bloody pile of human flesh could be seen, splattered on the ground. He could not even tell that it was Ling Wei.

"Can you bring me for a walk?" Jiang Mohan said.

Jiang Youqian immediately agreed.

And so, they made their way down the streets. The two stayed silent the whole time.

After much deliberation, Jiang Youqian finally spoke, "I want to apologize on behalf of my mother. I... I'm not pleading on her behalf or anything, I just want to apologize to you."

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“I won’t pursue this matter, but you should have a chat with her. As for you, just like I’ve said before, you should go study so you can help me out at the company after you graduate.”

He had missed out on a lot of important things because he refused to let go of certain elements of his past. He didn’t want to repeat this mistake in the future.

Jiang Youqian pressed his lips together. He was deeply moved by Jiang Mohan’s words.

He didn’t speak because he was at a loss on how to respond to this generosity.

After taking some time to recollect himself, he finally said, “Thank you.”

He wanted to say many things but didn’t know how to put them into words, so he could only use these two simple words to convey his deepest and most heartfelt gratitude.

Jiang Mohan, however, didn’t respond. He had a vacant and unfocused look in his eyes.

They walked together for quite some time. Although not much was said, both of them did a lot of thinking.

After sending Jiang Mohan back, Jiang Youqian returned home.

Qiu Mingyan was fine. She was neither interrogated nor apprehended.

However, she was terribly afraid. Jiang Mohan must hate me to the core.

It looks like there are some tough times ahead.

Jiang Youqian ordered some food as he didn't know how to cook, and presented the dishes on the table.

"You're still in the mood to eat?" Qiu Mingyan snapped. If we seized the opportunity well today, we wouldn't have walked away empty-handed.

Jiang Youqian pretended not to hear her and brought Jiang Jun over to the table.

"Jiang Youqian!" Qiu Mingyan spluttered, "I'm talking to you! For all we know, we could be arrested tomorrow."

She was well aware of what she had done, and she certainly didn't think that Jiang Mohan would spare her.

All of a sudden, Jiang Youqian roared, "If you were going to be arrested, it would have been done long ago."

Baffled, Qiu Mingyan asked, "What do you mean by that?"

In truth, it wasn't that she couldn't understand what Jiang Youqian said; she simply couldn't believe it.

Taking a deep breath to calm himself down, Jiang Youqian said, "Come and eat."

Qiu Mingyan walked over and took a seat. However, she had no appetite. Turning to her son, she asked, "Youqian, do you have some kind of insider information? You have to help me. Whatever I did, I did it for you."

"You did it for me?" Jiang Youqian snorted, "You were really doing it for yourself, weren't you?"

"What? What are you talking about?" Qiu Mingyan exclaimed.

Staring at her, Jiang Youqian asked, "Have you ever asked me what I wanted?"

"In this society, only the rich and powerful are respected and recognized," Qiu Mingyan argued, "Everything I did was for your benefit. Don't you want to be rich and powerful?"



“Ha!” Jiang Youqian sneered, “You made this decision for me without even consulting me! So is this what I want, or what you want?”

Stumped, it took a while before Qiu Mingyan continued, “So, what is it that you want?”

“I want my mother to be a kind and gentle person...”

“What are you talking about?” Qiu Mingyan slammed the table in front of her and leaped to her feet. “Would I have landed myself in this sorry state if it hadn’t been for you?”

“You did it for me! You did it for me! You’re still saying that you did it for me! Those are all excuses!” An equally furious Jiang Youqian rose to his feet and looked her in the eye. “This has never been what I wanted! You’ve been projecting what you want onto me.”

“Mom, have you considered the fact that you might have made a mistake?” Jiang Youqian asked in a gentler tone.

“From the very beginning, you got involved with a married man and successfully elevated your status from mistress to wife. You mistreated your stepson and became the very definition of a wicked stepmother. Have you ever regretted your actions? Have you ever considered the fact that you might have made a mistake?”

“Watch your tone! You are in no position to say that. I’m your mother!” Her eyes, however, deliberately avoided his gaze. She was utterly humiliated to have been reproached by her own son like that.

“You’re right. I am in no position to say that,” Jiang Youqian said as he sat down, “Eat.”

Qiu Mingyan sensed that there was something very unusual about her son today. “Did Mohan threaten you or something? Tell me what he said. I’ll take full responsibility for my own actions.”

Jiang Youqian snorted, “How are you planning on doing that? How many mistakes have you made over all these years? And what you did this time was kidnapping! He could have sued you for deliberate assault. Are you prepared to go to prison for a couple of years?”

Unable to retort, Qiu Mingyan fell silent.

Jiang Youqian picked up his chopsticks and began eating.

Meanwhile, Qiu Mingyan just stared at him, thinking what a heartless son she had.

“Have some more, Dad,” Jiang Youqian said as he put some food into Jiang Jun’s bowl.

Jiang Jun, however, didn’t have an appetite. His son’s reproach towards his wife seemed to have been directed to him as well.

The only person eating at the table was Jiang Youqian. Jiang Jun and Qiu Mingyan just sat there watching him.

Putting another spoonful of food into his mouth, Jiang Youqian continued, “On the way back, Mohan said that he wanted me to study abroad and that he didn’t want to see my talent wasted. He still cares so much about me, even after how the both of you treated him when he was young...”

He began to choke on his words.

“Have the two of you ever wondered why I would rather wander aimlessly out there than come back to this house? I want to have a normal and loving family. Do you think this is love?” he scorned, “You have always loved yourselves only.”

“Youqian, I love you,” Qiu Mingyan insisted in a panicky voice.

“Whatever. If you say it’s love, it’s love. I’ll just pretend I grew up in a warm and loving family. Now, there’s something I want to tell both of you.”

“Go on.” At that moment, Qiu Mingyan was as meek as a lamb. She dared not speak too loudly. This was her only son and she didn’t want to lose him.

“In a couple of days, I’ll be studying abroad as per Mohan’s arrangement.” Lifting his gaze to look at his parents, Jiang Youqian continued, “He said that he’ll let me join the company when I return.”

Qiu Mingyan’s eyes bulged. “Really?”

She simply couldn’t believe what she had heard.

“Really,” Jiang Youqian affirmed.

"And he said that he won't be pursuing the matter anymore." With that, Jiang Youqian got up and left.

"Youqian," Qiu Mingyan chased and called after him, "Darling..."

Jiang Youqian turned to look at her. "Think very carefully about how you should act in the future. If you do something like this again, don't blame me for refusing to acknowledge you as my mother."

Once he finished, he opened the door and walked out.

"Jiang..." Qiu Mingyan turned to her husband.

Jiang Jun, however, had already wheeled himself back into his room.

Neither of them had eaten anything as they had completely lost their appetite after being scolded by their son.

After leaving home, Jiang Youqian paid Nan Cheng a visit to find out how the matter was being handled.

"She's dead. The police have taken over," Nan Cheng reported.

"That woman deserves to die," Jiang Youqian snarled.

Nan Cheng sighed. That woman did deserve to die. However, he couldn't help but feel melancholic.

"Do you have time for a drink?" Nan Cheng asked.

"Sure. I happen to be looking for you as well."

"You're looking for me?" Nan Cheng asked curiously. "President Jiang has already informed me that you'll be holding your mother accountable."

Other than this, he couldn't think of another reason why Jiang Youqian would be looking for him.

“That’s not what I wanted to talk to you about.” Jiang Youqian pulled Nan Cheng away. “Let’s find a place to sit down and talk.”