

Stealing Your Heart Chapter 1006

Zong Yanxi stiffened as she furrowed her brows. She turned to look at Jiang Youqian and questioned, "What do you mean?"

"My brother hurt his head, so he remembers nothing of his past. He doesn't even know who I am. Only the surgery can help him now. Please come up with a decision for us, or just visit him. Please," Jiang Youqian pleaded.

Shock only took Zong Yanxi for a moment. She soon returned to her usual calm self. "Good then. It'll save me the trouble of having to deal with his constant harassment. Both of you, don't come to me ever again."

At that, she entered the house and shut the door mercilessly.

Jiang Youqian sighed in defeat, "Is her heart made of stone? My brother's already in this state, but she's completely unconcerned."

Nan Cheng sighed as well. "It's good in a way. We tried. Let's go."

He then entered the car as Jiang Youqian trailed behind him. "What are we going to do next?"

Nan Cheng fell silent to think for a moment. "Why don't we go back to B City first? We're more familiar with that city, and we'll be able to take President Jiang to a few more hospitals for further opinions. This way, we'll feel more confident with our final decision."

"What if we still have to do the surgery?" Jiang Youqian asked.

Looking at him, Nan Cheng inquired, "Have you ever thought it's good that President Jiang has forgotten his past?"

Jiang Youqian immediately flew into a rage. "What are you thinking about? Are you planning to overtake the company while he's still an amnesiac?"

"Do you think everyone's like your mom?" Nan Cheng did not wish to mention that, but Jiang Youqian's words upset him. *How can he think of me as someone like that?*

Jiang Youqian fumed. He knew about his mother's greed and her ill-treatment of his brother, but that was still his mother. He could think badly about her in his heart, but he still felt irritated to hear it from someone else.

Not wanting to argue with him, Nan Cheng softened his tone. "You heard Zong Yanxi. She has no signs of feeling bad about President Jiang's state. It's extremely unlikely that she'll go back to him."

"What are you trying to say?" Jiang Youqian questioned.

"If President Jiang's memories come back, he'll only feel sad and remorseful about the past. He'll keep trying to get Zong Yanxi back to him despite knowing it's impossible. If that's the case, isn't it better for him to forget about it?" Nan Cheng confessed.

Jiang Youqian's brows knitted. "What do you mean? Do you mean we shouldn't let him recover?"

"The treatment has its own risks. But by not recovering, he won't need to go through those risks, and he won't need to feel upset about Zong Yanxi. If he gets to meet someone else in life, isn't it better for him to spend the rest of his life with that person instead?"

Jiang Youqian still felt uncomfortable with Nan Cheng's thoughts. He felt they did not have the right to make the decision; only Jiang Mohan had the right to decide for himself.

"Let me think about it."

He then started the car and drove off.

Jiang Mohan rested in the hospital for two days. The entire time, Nan Cheng kept talking about the company to him, hoping to familiarize him with the matters as quickly as possible.

On the third day, they returned to B City.

When Nan Cheng brought him to B City's hospital for a checkup, Jiang Youqian went home to inform their parents about his situation. The younger man hoped their parents could advise him to the correct decision.

However, the moment they heard about it, Qiu Mingyan straightened her back. "What did you say? Jiang Mohan lost his memories?"

Jiang Youqian nodded. "Yes. His head was hit hard in C City. Although he's not in any danger, he has forgotten everything. The doctor told us it's a risky surgery, but without the surgery, he won't remember anything."

"Why should he undergo the surgery? If anything goes wrong, his life will be in danger." At the same time, Qiu Mingyan thought, *This is the best news I've heard so far. I thought I wouldn't have any chances anymore.*

Now, a window of opportunity has shown itself to me.

"Is that so?" Jiang Youqian looked at his mother. "You're still nice to my brother, aren't you? You're concerned about him."

Qiu Mingyan's expression seemed unnatural as she gave him an awkward smile.

She did not agree to the surgery because she felt that she would have the chance to make the amnesiac Jiang Mohan agree to let Jiang Youqian into the company. On the other hand, suggesting that he have the surgery was a risky move. Things would be fine for her if he died during the surgery. However, if he recovered, her son would never succeed.

"Dad, what do you think?" Jiang Youqian turned to Jiang Jun.

Jiang Mohan's previous indifferent attitude frightened Jiang Jun, so he also felt that Jiang Mohan losing his memories was good news. "I think your mom's right."

Jiang Youqian furrowed his brows. "But he doesn't remember anything of his past. Will he lead a complete life?"

"Not all memories are necessary." Jiang Jun then wheeled himself into the room.

Meanwhile, Jiang Youqian wanted Jiang Mohan to regain his memories. Even if they were bad ones, those were the times he had gone through; the memories were part of his life.

"Mom, you're afraid of the surgery risks, and that's why you think it's better for him to not go for the surgery, right?" Jiang Youqian gazed at his mother. "Mohan lost his own mother at an early age. Can you be nicer to him? Don't keep thinking of setting him up. He's actually really nice to me."

Qiu Mingyan groaned in her heart. All she could think was, *I've won against the first wife and turned from the mistress to the wife. Why is my son such a coward?*

"Youqian, you have a different mother from him. Why are you being so nice to him?"

"But we share a father," Jiang Youqian replied. "We have the same blood in us, and he's my brother. You can't say that I'm wrong about that, can you?"

Qiu Mingyan could not win the verbal arguments. It seemed impossible for him to compete for Jiang Mohan's assets in broad daylight; she had to find another way. Holding her son's hands, she solemnly said to him, "You're right. I've been reflecting upon my actions, and I've come to realize I was wrong back then. From now on, I'll change. But this time, I'm really doing this for him. You heard your dad. The surgery is risky. It's best not to have it. As for the company, aren't you around? Help him more often. He's your brother after all."