

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.