

## Sir, How About A Marriage?

Chapter 15: Love

Song Ning stared at Mu Chen intently and solemnly asked, "Do you really want to be with me?"

Mu Chen nodded. "Yes!"

Song Ning lowered her eyes, causing her long lashes to fan out under her eyes, as she said, "But I don't know how to be a loving partner."

She had always been up to her neck with her matters, working tirelessly like a spinning top. Fu Le, who had always been her life, would have fun on his own when she was busy. She did not care about what he did when she was not with him. When she had time, she would eat or watch movies with him. That was about the summary of their relationship.

Fu Le was the man her mother had chosen for her, and Aunt Yun Yao vouched for him as well. Perhaps, it was due to these reasons that she did not expect such a tragedy to happen to her like those from the previous generation. She felt she had messed as well. She was not affectionate, or perhaps, she did not know to be affectionate, leading to the current mess.

Mu Chen chuckled before he said reassuringly, "I don't know much either. Why don't we take our time and try to fall in love with each other? Let's interact with each other in the way that we're most comfortable with"

'Fall in love with each other?' Song Ning's eyes widened imperceptibly as realization dawned on her. Perhaps, this was the reason she and Fu Le separated. Then, she said decisively, "Alright! Mu Chen. I'm willing to give this a try. However, if one day you decide we're not compatible, you have to promise to be honest with me..."

Mu Chen looked at her earnestly as he interjected, "Don't worry, I won't cheat on you or betray you. I promise you in the name of my beloved Grandma!"

Song Ning was slightly taken aback when she saw how serious he was. When she regained her senses, she said, "Alright, Mu Chen. Let's date! I'm willing to be with you!"

After he inserted the key into the ignition, he ruffled Song Ning's hair again. "It's a promise then."

With this, Song Ning's racing heart gradually calmed down.

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When Song Ning and Mu Chen arrived at the bank, a staff led them to the safe and left them for privacy.

When Song Ning found the safe according to the number given to her, she was dumbfounded. She had expected a small safe, but the safe in front of her was even taller than her. Flustered and at a loss, she looked at Mu Chen.

Mu Chen gently took the key from her hand and opened the safe for her.

The safe opened, revealing four huge camphor boxes.

Mu Chen reached out and brought a box out before placing it on the ground.

Song Ning touched the copper clasp on the box as she gently said, "This is the dowry my grandma gave to my mother. In my mother's hometown, camphor trees are planted in the yard when a baby girl is born. When the daughter gets married, the parents would use the camphor trees to make a camphor box to store the dowry they prepared for their daughter."

Mu Chen asked in slight confusion, "Dowry? That's a very old tradition. Do people still do that nowadays?"

Song Ning's gaze softened as she explained, "You're right. It's a very old tradition. When my mother was born, my grandparents had already moved to the city. However, they asked their relatives in the countryside to help them plant a camphor tree in the courtyard of their old house."

Jiang Nan thought to himself, 'As it turns out, her grandparents are from Jiangnan. No wonder she carries the grace and temperament of Jiangnan women.'

After a moment, he urged her, "Open it and have a look..."

She unlocked the brass clasp and gently lifted the lid.

As the scent of camphor wood permeated wafted in the air, Song Ning saw a white dress lying in the box. It was a wedding dress.

Mu Chen gently prompted her, "Why don't you pick it up and have a look?"

She nodded slightly in response. With Mu Chen's help, she carefully took the wedding dress out.

Mu Chen was 1.88 meters tall so it was easy for him to show her the entire dress when he held it up.

Tears welled up in her eyes as she reached out and gently stroked the wedding dress. Her voice quivered as she said, "This was sewn by my mother. I know this for sure because I recognize my mother's sewing technique. I don't know when she made this for me..."

Upon hearing her words, he looked down and discovered the wedding dress had exquisite embroidery. The threads of the embroidery were similar to the wedding dress. He could not identify the flowers, but each of the flower stamens was carefully embroidered with small pearls. When he held the dress higher, the movement made the pearls shimmer. Due to their similar colors, it looked as though the dress itself was shimmering. He could not help but sigh in admiration. How ingenious!

When he looked at Song Ning again, a smile gradually appeared on his face as he imagined how beautiful she would look in this wedding dress.

Meanwhile, Song Ning reached out and clutched the dress against her chest as she whispered, "Mom."