

Beauty 1261

Chapter 1261 Jia Qiulian, You Are An Ungrateful Person!

If Han Cihui did not show up, would not Jia Qiulian sign the one million yuan contract?

After signing a million yuan contract and the news of her divorce came out; at that time, everyone would surely look down on her.

After Han Cihui did this, Director Li or any directors would not dare to look down on Jia Qiulian. Even now, despite the impending divorce, Han Cihui was still very protective of her.

Liang Zixuan was not the only one who understood this logic. Jia Qiulian herself also knew it.

She bit her lip and suddenly said in an exasperated tone, "I don't know why he did this. He was the one who started it, and he himself said that after the divorce, he would be freer and more unattached. Which relieved him a lot."

"Idiot!" Liang Zixuan could not help but sigh. "How can you not know Cihui? If you want to divorce him, he would not fall on his knees and beg you even if he was beaten to death! Instead, he would straighten his back, puff out his chest, and say, "If you want to go, then go. Don't think the earth will stop spinning just because you are gone!"

"But the truth? When he said those words, only he knew how much his heart ached!"

Jia Qiulian did not know how hurt Han Cihui was when he said that. She only knew that she was hurt when she heard it.

She was not someone who would divorce just because she had a few disagreements. Never would she threaten Han Cihui with a divorce.

But because of the matter with Zhao Kang, there was a knot in Han Cihui's heart. She felt that she could not get rid of it from his heart no matter what. If being with her would only aggravate his suffering, it would be better if she let him go.

Liang Zixuan suddenly stood up and walked over to pat Jia Qiulian on the shoulder. "Qiulian, I would still be saying the same things. If you still decide to divorce Cihui when I come back later, I will support you."

"En!" Jia Qiulian closed her eyes and took a deep breath. "Alright, I'll wait for you to come back."

Jia Qiulian and Liang Zixuan talked for two hours. When Jia Qiulian returned to her own floor, it was time for everyone to get off work.

The people in the office had already packed their things and were waiting for six o'clock to arrive. They all got up and scrambled to get out of work.

Jia Qiulian went to her seat and sat down. With a flick of her fingers, she opened the script. At that moment, she heard the assistant's cold voice.

"Jia Qiulian, you really cannot wait to leave Director Han. Right after you signed the contract with Director Li, you gladly followed him back to his office. What are you doing here again? Your office is already set up. When are you planning to move out?"

Jia Qiulian knew that the assistant did not like her at the moment, which was why he mocked her every time. She did not want to lower herself to his level, so she kept quiet. Originally, she wanted to work overtime to write more, but now it seemed that she could not work overtime in peace.

She closed the script and then turned off her laptop.

Others were not allowed to take the company laptop home, but Jia Qiulian could. This was the pass Han Cihui had specially arranged for her.

She put the laptop in her bag and was about to get up with her bag when the assistant suddenly came to her and pushed her back.

"Jia Qiulian, who do you think you are? If it wasn't for Director Han, would you have achieved what you have today? What, you started looking down on people here after you climbed the high branches? Who are you looking down on?!"

Jia Qiulian was finally furious. No matter how kind she was, it was impossible for her to tolerate someone like him.

She forcefully placed her bag on the desk and suddenly stood up. "Just who did I look down on to make you hate me so much? Yao Au, I have always been good to you, and I have never looked for a fight with you. Do you really have to do this now?"

"I just can't stand a bitch like you! Treating everyone like a pawn and leaving it to you to play with!"

"Who do I see as a pawn? Who am I messing with?!" Jia Qiulian could not tolerate it any longer. She raised her voice and angrily questioned the assistant with a furrowed brow.

There were some who were still not out of work. After hearing the argument between the two of them, their legs felt like they were filled with tin and they could not move.

They stood there watching Jia Qiulian and the assistant quarrel with interest. They did not say anything to reconcile them.

At that moment, Han Cihui opened the office door. He was about to stop Yao Au when he heard Yao Au's angry question. "You're treating our Director Han as a pawn! Don't think we don't know that. Now that you're famous and have found a better way, you think you don't need Director Han anymore. You want a divorce, you want to leave him. Leave our team!"

Jia Qiulian frowned. She wondered how Yao Au knew she wanted a divorce.

She felt someone's gaze on her. She turned around and saw Han Cihui standing there, looking at them. She could not help but think, "Did Han Cihui tell Yao Au?"

Apart from Liang Zixuan, Qin Yu, Han Yuanjun, Liang Jiahao, and Han Cihui, no one else knew about this. Qin Yu had not been to the company for the past two days and was busy preparing for her trip to the United States.

Liang Zixuan and Han Yuanjun could not possibly tell anyone about this, especially not Han Cihui's small assistant.

Therefore, she believed that Han Cihui must have told Yao Au about this!

Jia Qiulian slowly turned her gaze back and her cold gaze landed on Yao Au's face. She sneered, "Whether I divorce or not and whether I go to another team or not is my own problem, what does that have to do with you? Stop being a salty radish and busybody with other people's business. Mind your own business first!"

Jia Qiulian pushed Yao Au, picked up her bag from the desk, and walked away determinedly.

Yao Au was not convinced and shouted at her. "Jia Qiulian, you are an ungrateful person! You have no conscience!"

Jia Qiulian suddenly stopped and laughed sarcastically without turning around. "How much is your conscience worth? Can you eat it?"

Chapter 1262 You Really Pushed Me Into The Fire Pit!

Yao Au was so angry that his body was trembling. Jia Qiulian was becoming more and more presumptuous!

Before this, even though she was Han Cihui's wife and was considered someone of high status on this team, she had never said any harsh words to anyone. But now that she had climbed a high branch, she was planning to leave just like that?

Just as the assistant was about to run after her, a hand suddenly fell on his shoulder. He turned around in surprise and saw Han Cihui. His face suddenly turned red. "D-director Han..."

Han Cihui took a deep breath and patted the assistant's shoulder with his hand. "Yao Au, you really pushed me into the fire pit. Even if Jia Qiulian doesn't want to divorce me, your words will only make her more determined!"

It was no exaggeration to say that Yao Au was the God of Pushing Hands.

Just as Han Cihui said, when Jia Qiulian rode the elevator down, if it was not for the fact that there were many colleagues in the elevators, she would probably be crying bitterly there.

But now, she could only hold back her tears with reddened eyes.

Even so, others could see at a glance that she had suffered terribly.

How could Jia Qiulian not feel wronged?

Even though the divorce was between the two of them, but it had to do with the Han Family. Han Cihui actually brought this matter to the company. She even wondered if the entire team already knew that she was going to divorce him.

Originally, it was only Jia Qiulian's idea to get divorced. When she went to Liang Zixuan's office, she also felt that Han Cihui still seemed to have feelings for her. But now, she would not think like that anymore.

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If Han Cihui really loved her, how could he tell others that they were getting divorced?

What would people on the team think of her?

What would the others think of her?

Just like what Yao Au did. As soon as he opened his mouth, he put all the blame on her. As soon as he opened his mouth, he scolded her, causing her to feel irritated. She did not want to step on that floor again!

Normally, Jia Qiulian would go home with Han Cihui, but today, she went straight to the first floor and left the company entrance. She stood on the platform and waited for the bus.

Fortunately, the villa Zhang Xiuying had bought for them was not far from here. She could arrive after seven or eight stops.

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After Han Cihui finished talking to Yao Au, he went to find Jia Qiulian.

He took out his cell phone and called her. He called her several times, but she did not answer.

He tossed his phone aside glumly and sat in the driver's seat. He suddenly felt very sad.

He left work alone, came home alone, and slept alone...

This kind of life was worse than hell!

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Jia Qiulian just stood there for a moment before getting on the bus. Suddenly, someone recognized her and greeted her with a smile. "Jia Qiulian, why did you take the bus today? Don't you always go home with Director Han?"

Jia Qiulian looked toward the source of the voice and found it familiar. However, she couldn't remember where she had seen this person before.

With the Han Group being so big, and so many people working there, she would meet many different faces every day. If it weren't for the fact that they were familiar with each other, Jia Qiulian would definitely not be able to remember them.

But this person seemed to know her. He smiled and said, "I'm from the 38th floor. I've been to your place to discuss cooperation with Director Han before."

The 38th floor was the manager's floor. Before Han Cihui shot the movie, he needed to talk to a lot of managers. After all, there were so many actors who needed to be confirmed before the movie could start.

Jia Qiulian just smiled and nodded at him as a form of greeting.

This person was separated from her by two people. When he saw Jia Qiulian, he pushed his way through the crowd and joined her in a friendly chat.

"Jia Qiulian, I heard that you signed a contract with Director Li as a screenwriter. Uhm, can you recommend me to him?"

Jia Qiulian was taken aback. She had just signed a contract with Director Li in the afternoon, how could the news spread to the 38th floor?

Heh... It seemed like there really were no secrets within the Han Group!

Then would everyone in the company know about her divorce with Han Cihui tomorrow?

Jia Qiulian smiled politely. "I don't know Director Li very well, this is my first time working with him."

"Aiya, Qiulian, don't be so modest. Everyone knows that the salary Director Li offered you was 1 million, but you signed the contract for 3 million! How can you say you don't know him? Aiya, Qiulian, please help me. Just introduce me to Director Li. You don't need to do anything after that!"

Jia Qiulian bit her lower lip in frustration. What was she supposed to do now?

This was practically asking her to beg Director Li with her own face!

She was just a small screenwriter. She had no right to decide which actor to choose. All this was decided by the director. However, this person asked her to recommend him?

Would Director Li agree with her?

Han Cihui had made it clear that she was protected by Liang Zixuan.

If Director Li didn't agree, wouldn't that be like slapping Liang Zixuan in the face?

But Director Li agreed, then where should she put her face?

Jia Qiulian did not feel like arguing with this person anymore. As soon as the bus stopped, she pushed her way through the crowd and headed for the door. "Sorry, this is my stop."

She did not respond to the person's words and just pushed her way through the crowd out of the bus.

She had just taken two stops. There were still five stops to go.

Most of the people on this bus were employees from the Han Group. She did not want to run into them again, so she could only walk to her home.

Chapter 1263 A Farewell Dinner

It was winter. Jia Qiulian was walking down the street as it got dark. She sighed as she looked at the brightly lit street.

She just wanted to live and work well. Why was it so difficult?

Originally, she could have taken a cab to go home, but she suddenly wanted to walk alone through the familiar and unfamiliar streets of this city.

If it had not been for Han Cihui, she probably would not have come back for the rest of her life.

In the past, she had a father and a mother. If she left Han Cihui now, she would be alone.

Loneliness was really a scary thing. It caused one to become more and more confused and made people less and less hopeful...

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Han Cihui drove home and stood outside. Seeing the darkness in the house, he knew that Jia Qiulian had not yet returned.

He stood in the doorway and was suddenly afraid to open the door and enter.

If Jia Qiulian did not return, would he not be twice as lonely living alone in this big house?

After standing there for a while, he finally opened the door and entered.

Zhang Xiuying said that he was like an old man at home who did not do any house chores. Jia Qiulian never even drank a cup of tea that he brewed himself.

Thinking of this, Han Cihui went to the kitchen. He opened the refrigerator and saw that it was full of ingredients. He smiled.

Since he had never done something like this before, he did not know if he could start now.

Han Cihui had never cooked rice before, but he knew how to cook noodles. In this aspect, he was a little better than Han Yuanjun. He did not know how to stir-fry vegetables, but when he was on the set, he had seen the middle-aged woman in charge of food stir-fry tomatoes and eggs as well as vegetables.

He took out the ingredients and began to cook.

Jia Qiulian finally arrived home after nearly an hour. When she opened the door, she felt her legs go soft.

When Han Cihui heard the sound of the door opening, he quickly took out the juice he had squeezed. "Qiulian, I just squeezed a juice. You drink it first. Dinner will be ready soon."

Jia Qiulian looked at Han Cihui in surprise. She did not know why he was suddenly so attentive.

One must know that Han Cihui never did the house chores with his ten fingers before. Don't even talk about cooking. You had to do it yourself even if you wanted to drink a glass of juice!

Han Cihui put the glass of juice on the coffee table and ran back to the kitchen in a panic without looking back at Jia Qiulian.

Jia Qiulian changed her shoes and walked inside. She gloomily looked at the kitchen before sipping the juice on the table.

Yuck!

It was so bitter!

This was indescribable suffering!

She wondered if Han Cihui had squeezed the orange juice along with the peel.

Otherwise, how could it be so bitter?

Jia Qiulian put down the glass and walked around the coffee table, taking out the laptop from her bag.

She could not write much all day. She wanted to work overtime at the company, but because of an uninvited company, she now had to take the laptop home and work overtime here.

As soon as she finished writing the script, Han Cihui came out with the dishes.

"Qiulian, dinner is ready. Go wash your hands first."

Jia Qiulian looked up and looked at Han Cihui again in surprise. It had been a long time since she had heard him speak to her so diligently.

His voice was not so cold, just like the old couple's, and it was also quite pleasant to listen to.

Jia Qiulian stood up and actually went to wash her hands. After washing her hands, she walked to the dining table and saw the tomato scrambled eggs on the table.

The eggs were all fried black. The vegetables were stir-fried and lying lifelessly on the plates. The color was also very hard to describe. The only thing that was nice was the plate of potato filament. It was yellow and looked very clear.

"Don't just stand there. Sit down and eat." Han Cihui put a bowl of noodles in front of her.

Jia Qiulian sat down and picked up her chopsticks to pick up the potato filet. As she bit into it, she suddenly regretted it...

Han Cihui looked at her nervously. "How does it taste? Is it good?"

The corner of Jia Qiulian's mouth twitched a little. She wanted to say 'delicious', but she could not lie to her conscience. She spat out the potato she had eaten. "It's not cooked yet."

Han Cihui frowned and took one before putting it in his mouth. He bit into it and quickly spat it out. "It's not cooked yet."

He pushed the scrambled eggs with tomatoes and vegetables in front of her. "It's all right. You can eat these two. They have to be cooked!"

Of course, Jia Qiulian knew that these two dishes were cooked. Not only were they cooked, but they were also blackened!

When Han Cihui saw that she still had not touched her chopsticks, he understood what was going on in his heart. The color of the dishes he cooked was different from Jia Qiulian's. So it was normal that she could not eat it.

"Forget it." Han Cihui brought back the two dishes and stood up, "Stop eating, I know it's horrible."

Jia Qiulian did not know what she was thinking, but she suddenly reached out her hand to stop him. "It's okay, I can eat them. I'm hungry."

She took back the plates and began to eat casually.

It was really terrible!

Jia Qiulian had never eaten such a disgusting meal in her life. Not only were they salty, but they also had to be eaten with noodles.

She was not a pampered girl. She had already suffered and also starved before.

When she was helping Zhao Kang collect money, she did not even eat for two days, so now she could eat whatever she had.

Zhao Kang also let her starve and let her be poor. He also managed to make her feel lost and desperate. At least Han Cihui had never let her go hungry.

Thinking of this, Jia Qiulian began to devour the food on her plate even more.

Her way of eating made Han Cihui uncomfortable. He did not know why Jia Qiulian was suddenly acting this way. He just had the feeling that... She was perhaps the only one in this world who could eat something that did not taste good.

Jia Qiulian quickly finished the noodles and dishes on the table. She took out a tissue and wiped the oil from her mouth.

Han Cihui hadn't eaten anything from the beginning. He just sat there and watched her eat. When Jia Qiulian raised her head after wiping her mouth, she happened to meet Han Cihui's gaze.

She put down the tissue and laughed softly. "Is this a farewell dinner? Hehe ... It's delicious, and thank you for making it."

As soon as she said that, Jia Qiulian stood up and walked towards the sofa.

Han Cihui stared at her back. A voice suddenly shouted from his chest. "No! This isn't a farewell dinner! I want to cook for you!"

But Han Cihui didn't say those words in the end. He just looked at the empty plates on the table and his heart gradually turned cold.

Why did he suddenly want to reconcile with Jia Qiulian?

Why did Jia Qiulian think he wanted a divorce from her?

He really did not understand. Why?

Han Cihui sat there for a long time, long enough for Jia Qiulian to bring the laptop upstairs, and he still had not recovered from his grief.

Finally, when it was already late at night, he got up stiffly and cleaned up the table.

When he returned to the bedroom, Jia Qiulian was already asleep on the bed. On the sofa was a blanket that had been prepared for him.

Chapter 1265 Do You Have Any Plans For The Future?

Jia Qiulian's eyes turned red when she saw this message. She sniffled in grievance and typed on her phone. "I am at home."

Not long after, Han Cihui's reply came. "Why did you come home?"

The more Han Cihui asked, the more Jia Qiulian felt wronged. As she was alone, she did not hold back and let her tears fall.

“I didn’t feel well, so I went home.”

“Not feeling well? Where do you feel uncomfortable?”

Jia Qiulian did not answer. She put her phone aside and lay down on the sofa. She began to cry sadly.

She felt uncomfortable.

Very uncomfortable!

She did not like being the center of attention. She did not like people pointing at her and scolding her wherever she went.

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What was her fault?

Why did she have to endure all of this?

Half an hour later, Han Cihui returned.

When he saw Jia Qiulian lying on the sofa with red eyes, his anxious heart suddenly became sad.

When he arrived at the company today, he received many strange looks from everyone. Their eyes all seemed to be looking at him sympathetically.

It was the same for Han Cihui. He felt very uncomfortable with all these looks. One could imagine what Jia Qiulian was going through today.

Han Cihui did not say anything. He just poured a glass of warm water and put it next to Jia Qiulian’s laptop. Then he quietly went into the kitchen.

Jia Qiulian stared sullenly at the glass of water. Slowly, she took the glass and held it in her palm.

Warmth spread from her fingertips to her heart. Suddenly, she felt her eyes heat up and tears almost fell from her eyes again.

After taking a sip of water, Jia Qiulian felt calmer. Hearing the sound of running water in the kitchen, she got up and went into the kitchen.

“Let me do it.” After taking the vegetables from Han Cihui, she stood by the sink with her head down and started preparing dinner.

Han Cihui did not leave. He stood at the kitchen door and looked at her. This was the first time he noticed how gentle she looked when she cooked.

It was not an exaggeration to describe Jia Qiulian as someone who always worked in the kitchen. She was different from the young madam of other families. She was simple and knew how to do all the household chores.

Many of Han Cihui's friends had complained to him more than once. "Wanting to eat a meal cooked by my wife is more difficult than ascending to heaven. She doesn't know how to cook at all!"

"My wife's hands are so delicate. Let me tell you, she never touched the spring water and made me drink!"

"Sigh, even though I don't want her to do the house chores, I sometimes want to eat the food she cooks herself. If I can eat it, it will be the happiest thing in my life."

It was only at this moment that Han Cihui realized that he had always lived a happy life.

The happiness that others long for was within his grasp.

"Qiulian..." Han Cihui suddenly said in a low voice, "Do you have any plans for the future?"

Jia Qiulian suddenly stopped washing the vegetables, but it was only for a moment, then she got busy again.

"No, I'll just take one step at a time. If I cannot work at Han Group anymore, I'll resign and find another job."

Han Cihui knew what Jia Qiulian meant. After divorcing him, there was definitely a lot of gossip in the company. They were not divorced yet and many people were already talking about it, especially about her.

No one could stand the negative energy, and no one wanted to be ostracized by the people around them.

No matter how well she wrote the script, no matter how well she acted, she could not bear such ridiculous accusations and ridicule.

"I ..." Han Cihui suddenly choked after saying that one word. The following words got stuck in his throat and he could not say them.

Seeing that, Jia Qiulian sneered. She put the vegetable basket aside and cut the meat.

"I will not go to the company for this period of time. I will work at home."

Han Cihui felt very sad when he heard this. He tried for a long time, but still could not say what he was thinking.

After a while, he helplessly left the kitchen.

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The next day, as Jia Qiulian said, she did not follow Han Cihui to work.

She worked alone at home.

Han Cihui had a gloomy face all day after he arrived at the company. He was like a storm that could come at any moment. The entire floor was full of people with their tails between their legs. They did not even dare to speak loudly.

It was only when Han Cihui left his office and entered the elevator that they seemed to breathe a sigh of relief.

“Damn, I’m suffocating!”

“Me too! I feel like the whole atmosphere has changed today. I don’t even dare to speak loudly.”

They all immediately surrounded Yao Au.

“Yao Au, why do you think Jia Qiulian didn’t come today?”

Yao Au’s expression didn’t look good either. He looked at Jia Qiulian’s desk and was so angry that his eyes bulged. “How should I know!”

“Shouldn’t you know? Didn’t you have the best relationship with Director Han? Hey, did Director Han tell you that they were getting a divorce?”

“No!” Yao Au instinctively denied it.

Although Han Cihui had a good relationship with him and never treated him like a subordinate, Han Cihui still wouldn’t tell him about his personal matters.

When the people around him heard this, they were immediately shocked.

“What, Director Han didn’t tell you? If so, how did you know they were going to get divorced?”

These words directly silenced Yao Au. He could not possibly say that he had guessed it himself, could he?

Very humiliating!

His face turned red. He suddenly stood up and said angrily, “Can’t you tell?!”

“Right, right. I can tell.”

The remaining people still could not help but want to gossip. Even though Yao Au had already left, they still surrounded his desk to gossip about Jia Qiulian and Han Cihui.

“I see that Jia Qiulian and Director Han’s relationship has become so bad. Did you notice that she didn’t come to our team today? Maybe she has already gone to Director Li’s team.”

“No!” Someone shook his head and said fairly, “I have a friend on Director Li’s team. I asked him, and he said that Jia Qiulian didn’t go there either.”

“What?” Everyone was shocked, “Then Jia Qiulian didn’t come to work at all? Why?”

At this moment, Han Yuanjun also asked the same question. “Jia Qiulian didn’t come to work? Why?”

Chapter 1266 Can I Not Get The Divorce As Long As I Don’t Want It?

Han Cihui sat in Han Yuanjun’s office with a dark face. It was obvious that he was in a bad mood. “The news that I’m divorcing her spread around the company yesterday. I think it’s because she heard a lot of unkind words.”

Han Yuanjun tapped his finger lightly on his desk and smiled at Han Cihui's dark face. "Isn't she the one who wants to divorce you? How did it become that you're the one who wants to divorce her?"

Han Cihui stared at Han Yuanjun gloomily. "Isn't it the same?"

"How can it be the same?" Not only was Han Yuanjun in no hurry, but he also had a carefree expression on his face, "She divorced you because she wanted to leave you. You divorced her because you wanted to leave her. So how can it be the same?"

Han Cihui already felt terrible in his heart. Now that his cousin said that, he became even more worried. He angrily kicked Han Yuanjun's desk. "I'm already like this, and you still want to make fun of me?"

"Even if you're angry, don't take it out on my desk!" Han Yuanjun snappily looked at Han Cihui and stopped making fun of him. He became serious. "I also heard about this yesterday. I've already instructed Yao Xiu to send an official statement to everyone. It'll be sent to everyone's mailboxes soon. Don't worry, no one will talk about this again in the future. Go make Jia Qiulian come back to work."

Han Cihui came to see Han Yuanjun for this reason. He didn't expect Han Yuanjun to have already done that.

He sighed and said gratefully, "Third Brother, thank you."

"We're brothers, what do you have to be thankful for?" When Han Yuanjun saw Han Cihui was about to leave, he suddenly called out to him, "Hui, do you really want to get a divorce?"

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Han Cihui stood still and sadly lowered his head. "Can I not get the divorce as long as I don't want it?"

"Of course!" Han Yuanjun was disappointed at Han Cihui's stupidity. "Marriage and divorce are two people's affairs. As long as you don't want to leave, then fight for it. To whom do you want to show your stinking face all day? Is it for Jia Qiulian to see?"

It was not that Han Cihui did not know about this main principle, he was just very confused now. There were some words he wanted to say, but he did not know how to say them.

He forced himself to smile. "Big brother, you once said that I am someone who cares a lot about my face. Will Jia Qiulian give me a face if I beg her? I... I really don't want to stick my hot face to her cold butt!"

"Just do it!" Han Yuanjun shook his head, feeling helpless toward Han Cihui. "How did our Han Family give birth to a thin-skinned person like you? Look at your brother, then look at me. Who among us is not shameless enough to go coax our wife to be happy? If you cannot coax her, you'll just have to kneel down! No matter how angry she is, how could she not be coaxed by a kneeling person?"

Han Cihui felt his knees ache when he heard Han Yuanjun's words.

In the year that he and Jia Qiulian had been married, he had never knelt before her.

Besides, Jia Qiulian had a good temperament. She would not randomly cause trouble or get angry.

“Third Brother, if kneeling can solve problems, there will not be many divorces in this world.” Han Cihui said before he left Han Yuanjun’s office.

Han Yuanjun rolled his eyes speechlessly. “There are many people in this world who get divorced because men insist on their dignity. If they were all willing to kneel to their wives, the world would have been harmonious long ago.”

He picked up his phone and looked at the time. It was still night in the United States, so he sighed and cursed Han Cihui in his heart. If it was not because of this pair of husband and wife, how could his baby be hiding in the United States?

When Han Cihui returned to the floor, the entire office fell silent. He gave them an indifferent look and went into his office.

As soon as he sat down in his chair, he opened the mailbox and saw the official email that had just been sent to him. It was from the company’s personnel department.

When he opened it, he saw that the higher-up had strictly ordered that no one was allowed to talk to his colleagues about other people’s affairs. If this got out, the parties involved would be fired immediately!

From then until the end of work, Han Cihui did not hear anyone talking about him or Jia Qiulian. Not even one dared to say anything. It was as if the workload for everyone in the company had suddenly increased and everyone was very busy.

When he arrived home, he saw that the table was already covered with dishes. He put his bag down and headed to the kitchen.

Jia Qiulian heard footsteps and scooped soup from the pot. “Go wash your hands first. The food will be ready soon.”

Han Cihui looked at her deeply. Just like every time before, Jia Qiulian would tell him to wash his hands before eating.

As soon as he sat down to eat, Han Cihui acted as if nothing had happened and said, “You can go to the company tomorrow. Today, Special Assistant Yao sent an official statement to all employees. From now on, no one dares to talk about this matter with others in the company.”

Jia Qiulian ate a mouthful of rice. When she heard Han Cihui’s words, her face did not change at all. She still maintained her cold expression. “No need. I will work from home. It will be quiet.”

Han Cihui raised his gaze. He glanced at her and then lowered his gaze again. “You still need to discuss the plot with Director Li. If you write everything yourself, you may have to change a lot later.”

“No.” Jia Qiulian spoke while picking up the vegetables as if what Han Cihui said was irrelevant. No matter what she said, her tone was indifferent.

“Every day, after I finish writing, I will send the written content to Director Li. If Director Li has any objections, he will explain them to me by video call. It’s the same as me going to the company.”

“Oh...” Han Cihui was a little discouraged. He just said that to ease the tension between them. He did not expect Jia Qiulian to be as cold as usual.

Their relationship had been cold for half a month. Except when he came home to have dinner with her, he had no other chance to talk to her. When he said something to her, she would reply coldly as if they had never had anything to do with each other.

Han Cihui also felt that he did not go home, but entered the hotel. He came back from work only to sleep. This house had lost its former warmth.

Chapter 1267 Keep It or Not?

Since Jia Qiulian did not come to work for half a month, although no one dared to gossip about it openly, many people still secretly guessed whether she and Han Cihui had already divorced.

It was mainly because Han Cihui's expression never became clear.

Today, when Jia Qiulian woke up, Han Cihui had already left for work. For some reason, she had always been sleepy lately. No matter how early she went to bed, she always woke up very late in the morning and was always tired.

Jia Qiulian rubbed her blurry eyes and looked out the window at the sun, which was already high in the sky. Then she took a deep breath.

The alarm clock of the phone on the bedside table suddenly rang. Jia Qiulian picked up the phone and looked at the memo that appeared on the screen. "Jia Qiulian, is your auntie here?"

Jia Qiulian was shocked when she saw this. Subconsciously, she lifted the blanket to look underneath her.

Oh no, she was a whole week late for her month.

Normally her period was very accurate, and she did not miss a single day of the thirty-day cycle. But this month, when she found out she was not coming, she wrote a memo. The date was set for seven days later to remind her to check to see if her period had come.

And ... she had not come.

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In the absence of Qin Yu and Liang Zixuan, Jia Qiulian was embarrassed to go to the hospital alone. She took advantage of the time she was buying vegetables to go to the drugstore to buy three pregnancy test sticks.

She bent over in the bathroom and watched as the pregnancy test stick slowly turned into two red lines. Her whole body almost collapsed.

"This can't be happening! It's impossible, right?"

Jia Qiulian could not believe it, so she tried the second test. There were still two red lines in the same position.

Jia Qiulian still could not believe that she was pregnant. After all, she was going to divorce Han Cihui soon, and getting pregnant was not a good thing for her!

With an anxious heart, she tried the third test. When two red lines proudly appeared on the test, she almost collapsed.

How could she get pregnant?

Why was she pregnant?

Jia Qiulian came out of the bathroom in a daze and sat lifelessly on the bed.

She loved children, especially Han Yingzhe, Liang Zixuan's son. She liked him very much. Whenever she went to Liang Zixuan's place, she would hug Han Yingzhe and play with him. Even though Han Yingzhe could already walk on his own, she still liked to carry him.

She liked the tender feeling of a child. She liked the innocent smile of a child. She loved the feeling of holding a child in her arms, it was like holding a blissful world.

And now she was pregnant, she would have her own child. But she would divorce Han Cihui. So this child ... Will she keep it or not?

Jia Qiulian was originally a writer, so she always had a lot of wild ideas in her head. Sometimes she could invent several different stories with just a few words.

Now that she was alone at home, many strange scenes suddenly came into her mind.

Whenever a story appeared in the writer's mind, it would automatically form an image.

She sat there, staring blankly at a certain place, thinking that a year later, when she would give birth to this child, she would be taking care of him alone.

She thought of the possibility that was closest to reality, and that was that she had left the Han Group. In order to continue living and earn money to buy powdered milk for her child, she had no choice but to return to her previous job and write at home.

Every day when she went out to buy vegetables, she would carry her child with plastic bags in her hands.

Even bathing the child would be done by herself. There would be no one to help her.

With her painstaking efforts, she finally succeeded in raising her child to kindergarten. At last, she could finally breathe a sigh of relief. She no longer had to take her child everywhere, but one day, the child came home from kindergarten, his body dirty and his clothes ragged.

The child tugged at the hem of her dress and cried. "I am not wrong! They called me a wild child and said that I have no father, that was why I fought with them!"

At the thought of this, Jia Qiulian's eyes, which had been completely red for a long time, suddenly filled with tears. She hugged her knees and bit her lower lip as she wept softly.

When the child grew up a little and began to understand what was going on, he would no longer ask why he had no father or who his father was, and where his father was.

But every time they went out, her child would look enviously at the other children who were carried by their fathers.

At that time, when she saw her child's envious but persistent look, she would hug him sadly. "It's okay that you don't have a father. You still have me."

The child sensibly wrapped his arms around her neck, but after a while, he thrashed out of her arms. "Mommy, don't hug me anymore. I am big and very heavy. You cannot carry me anymore."

Really, how could she have strong arms and legs like a man? How could she have the pride and security that a man would give a child?

She was just a woman, a woman without strength.

Suddenly, another scene appeared in Jia Qiulian's mind. She was holding her child's small hand and walking down the street of Imperial City. Suddenly, a happy family came towards her.

The man's face was one she would never forget in her life. Han Cihui.

Next to him was a wife who was beautiful and delicate, warm and gentle. He held her hand in such a cute way, and in his arms was a child that looked like his own.

Her child stared at them blankly for a few moments before suddenly turning around and asking, "Mommy, why does that child look so much like me?"

How was she supposed to tell such a small child that his father did not want them? That his father was no longer his father, but someone else's father...?

"Wuwuwu..." Jia Qiulian could not bear her sadness any longer. She hugged her knees and cried loudly.

No, she did not want that!

She did not want this child to be born. She did not want her child to have no father. She did not want her child to grow up in contempt and ridicule!

She looked like she was in shock as she jumped out of bed. She quickly cleaned herself up and hurried out of the room with her bag.

When taking out the test stick, Jia Qiulian was not as excited as Qin Yu was at that time. She just felt sad.

With difficulty, she walked step by step toward the consulting room.

"Doctor, this child... I don't want it."

Chapter 1268 This Matter Really Cannot Be Blamed On Me!

The doctor looked at Jia Qiulian with a cold gaze. She was used to this kind of situation, and even her tone was cold, without a hint of warmth. "Are you sure about your decision? Have you consulted your husband?"

"There's no need to discuss it." Jia Qiulian sighed deeply. She felt every word she said like a needle piercing her heart. "We are going to get divorced soon."

"Very well." The doctor nodded. "Take this test and then draw some blood. Wait until tomorrow before you come to the hospital for surgery."

“Okay.” Jia Qiulian walked out of the consultation room with a piece of paper the doctor had given her. It was evening when the examination was over. When Jia Qiulian came out of the hospital, she coincidentally received a call from Director Li.

“Jia Qiulian, have you finished writing for today?”

Jia Qiulian raised her head to look at the cloudy sky, her heart was already cold. She opened her mouth and her voice was very soft and hoarse. “I’m sorry, Director Li. I have something to do today, so ...”

“It’s okay, it’s okay!” Director Li chuckled and said, “You can write it tonight and give it to me tomorrow.”

“Tomorrow ...” Jia Qiulian’s eyes gradually turned red. She was choked with sobs. “I have things to do tomorrow as well.”

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Director Li did not know how to laugh anymore. “Jia Qiulian, the shooting will start soon. How am I supposed to do all this if there’s no script? You are only making things more difficult for me!”

“I know.” Jia Qiulian sniffled and tried hard to sound normal, “I’ll go back and write it tonight. Then I’ll write some for tomorrow too. I’ll give it to you the day after tomorrow. What do you think?”

If it was anyone else, Director Li would definitely have said no. However, this person was Jia Qiulian. Although the news of her and Han Cihui’s divorce had spread like wildfire, they had not yet divorced. How could Director Li show Jia Qiulian an expression at this time?

He had always been a shrewd person. If the situation was not on his side, he knew how to change things. So he heaved a sigh of relief. “All right. Then you’ll have to work hard and write some tonight. We’ll talk about it after I see it the day after tomorrow.”

“Yes, thank you, Director Li.”

After hanging up, Jia Qiulian stood at the bus stop waiting for the bus. As she watched the crowds and vehicles come and go, she suddenly felt that her life had become difficult.

Truly, there was no life more difficult than her life.

Not only had her parents died, but she had met a bastard who had cheated her out of all her money and even made her drop out of college.

When she finally met a good man and felt that this was her happiness after all the hardships she experienced, their relationship in the end broke up because of some trivial matters.

After the divorce, her life would probably return to its original state of confusion. Why was life so difficult?

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When Han Cihui arrived home, he put down his bag and went inside. He first looked around the kitchen, but he did not see Jia Qiulian. Then he walked around the living room again, but he still did not see her. Finally, he went upstairs and opened the bedroom door.

As soon as he opened the door, he heard the sound of a keyboard. He saw a small table on the bed and Jia Qiulian sitting cross-legged on the bed doing her work.

Hearing the door open, Jia Qiulian did not look up at all. She stared straight at the computer screen and said coldly, "I don't have time to cook today. You can make your own dinner."

No time to cook?

Han Cihui felt even more upset and angry for no reason. He was not angry because Jia Qiulian did not cook for him, but because she said she did not have time!

She worked at home all day and is still working now. She did not have time to cook or rest. Director Li had really put too much pressure on Jia Qiulian!

Back when Jia Qiulian was still working with him, she was never this busy!

Han Cihui did not say anything. He closed the door and went to the first floor. He took out his phone and dialed Director Li's number.

As soon as the call was connected, he angrily said, "Director Li, you're really a great director! Your directorial airs are so big!"

Director Li was completely taken aback by Han Cihui's words. He gasped for air before panicking, "Director Han, what are you talking about? When did I show off my directorial airs? I am always humble..."

"Heh..." Han Cihui sneered. His cold words pierced Director Li's heart. "Really? Then why is Jia Qiulian still busy until now and has no time to rest?"

"This... This..." Director Li thought of his phone call with Jia Qiulian this afternoon and felt a little guilty. At that time, he had spoken rather sternly... But his tone was still polite.

"Director Han, listen to my explanation first. Although I told Jia Qiulian that my show was on schedule, but I did not ask her to hurry up..."

He suddenly thought of something and hurried to say, "This matter really cannot be blamed on me. Jia Qiulian said on the phone that she had something to do during the day, and I gave her the freedom to write tonight and give me the script tomorrow, but she said that she also had something to do tomorrow. She herself said to write at night and give it to me the day after tomorrow. I did not force her to write the script!"

Han Cihui was shocked. At first, he thought Jia Qiulian had worked all day and was very angry. He thought Director Li had troubled her, but from what Director Li said, Jia Qiulian had something to do during the day?

And tomorrow too?

What made Jia Qiulian so busy that she left her work?

He had been with her for a long time and knew her well. Unless it was something very important, work always took priority in her heart.

As long as it was not important, she would finish her work first before doing anything else.

Director Li waited for a moment, but he did not hear Han Cihui's voice. He checked his phone, but the call was still connected. Cautiously, he called out, "Director Han?"

Han Cihui came back to his senses. "Director Li, I hope you will not pay any attention to the rumors in the company."

"Yes, yes, I understand!" Director Li had a cold sweat on his forehead. He smiled and said, "Don't worry. Jia Qiulian's work schedule depends entirely on her. If she's busy, let her rest for two days before writing again. I... I am not in a hurry."

Han Cihui knew that once shooting was placed on the agenda, follow-up work would have to follow. Otherwise, it would waste manpower, resources, and financial resources.

"En!" Han Cihui said lightly, "In short, I hope you will take good care of her during the time she is on your team."

"Of course, of course!"

After hanging up the phone, Han Cihui felt a little disappointed. What important matters did Jia Qiulian need to take care of? She had to keep herself busy for two days in a row, and.... She did not even mention a word about it to him.

Thinking of Jia Qiulian who was still busy upstairs, Han Cihui walked into the kitchen and cooked two bowls of noodles.

Perhaps the only cooking he could do all his life would be noodles.

Chapter 1269 Is It Because She's Unreasonable, That's Why She Can't See How Good I Am To Her?

Han Cihui found a tray and put the noodles on it. Then he carefully went upstairs with the tray. When he reached the bedroom door, he held the tray in one hand and opened the door with the other.

"Qiulian, let's eat noodles." He placed the tray on the coffee table and poured two cups of hot water.

Jia Qiulian finally raised her head and looked at the noodles on the coffee table. She had been in a bad mood all day and had not eaten lunch.

Although she was not in the mood, she still had to work. It might be too late, but if she did not eat, she would not have the energy to finish her work.

She got up from the bed and walked over to the sofa and sat down. Then she took the chopsticks and began to devour the food.

She ate as if she wanted to pour the whole bowl of noodles into her mouth at once.

Han Cihui felt his heart ache for her as he pushed the cup toward her. "Eat slower, no one will steal your food."

Jia Qiulian did not even raise her head. "I am in a hurry."

Han Cihui's heart ached, but he still pretended that nothing had happened and said, "You don't have to rush. You don't have to finish it today. You can finish it tomorrow. You can finish it in a day's time."

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Jia Qiulian stopped eating the noodles with a bitter taste in her mouth. She put down her chopsticks, picked up a cup, and took a sip of hot water. "I want to write as much as I can."

Han Cihui's probing had failed and he felt even more uncomfortable. Jia Qiulian could have told Director Li about it, but she didn't want to tell him.

Han Cihui looked at Jia Qiulian and his eyes gradually turned red. He didn't know when he had started talking to her less, or even when ... She started keeping secrets from him.

Han Cihui wanted to ask Jia Qiulian what had happened to her during the day, but his wish was interrupted when Jia Qiulian put down her chopsticks and got up to go back to bed.

Han Cihui did not ask about it at the end. He looked at the noodle soup in front of him, which he did not eat at all. Suddenly he found it hard to swallow and lost his appetite.

Jia Qiulian worked until midnight before turning off the light to sleep.

Han Cihui did not sleep well for several days. He did not sleep well tonight either. When someone had something on his mind, not only did he not have an appetite, but he also slept poorly.

When Han Cihui woke up in the morning, he looked very lethargic, as if he had lost a lot of weight.

He went to the bathroom and looked at Jia Qiulian who was washing her face there.

Jia Qiulian had finished washing her face. When she raised her head, she saw Han Cihui's face in the mirror. She pursed her lips and walked past him without saying a word.

Han Cihui's heart was already filled with holes from Jia Qiulian's ferocity. He stood at the entrance of the bathroom with a blank stare, and for a moment, he felt that his life no longer had any meaning.

No matter how much he showed Jia Qiulian his lethargic side, she remained indifferent to him and did her own thing. Han Cihui had no choice but to go to work.

When his car had just left the villa, Jia Qiulian had also left with her bag.

The last time she accompanied Qin Yu for a checkup, Jia Qiulian had seen many pregnant women going to the hospital alone to get checked. At that time, she felt very sad and thought of how sad it would be if she did not have a husband to accompany her in such a matter.

But now she actually wanted to abort the child in her womb. If one wanted to talk about sorrow ... Perhaps she was the saddest.

Riding the bus was no more convenient than driving her own car. Jia Qiulian always rode in Han Cihui's car, so she did not know that there was a bus stop near her house.

It was rush hour once again. Jia Qiulian rode the bus for an hour and a half before arriving at the hospital.

After the procedures were completed, she took the surgical clothes and sat on the seat outside. She watched as the women who had come earlier were called into the operating room one by one.

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Han Cihui was in a bad mood. He was not in the mood to work. He sat in Han Yuanjun's office, staring at him with two black eyes that looked like national treasures.

Han Yuanjun was helpless. "Hui, why are you looking at me like that? You can't possibly want me to get down on my knees in front of Jia Qiulian for you, right?"

"No." Han Cihui felt wronged. "Third Brother! Right now, she's starting to keep a secret from me. She won't tell me anything, but she can talk about it with an outsider like Director Li!"

Han Yuanjun's patience was almost exhausted by Han Cihui. If it was not for the fact that Han Cihui was his own cousin, he would have called the security guards to kick him out long ago.

"Cihui, you really can't blame Jia Qiulian. You're the one who is seeking death! Is there anyone in this world who is disappointed in your attitude and would divorce you, but still wants to talk about everything with you?"

This was the truth, but Han Cihui was sad. He sighed and sighed again as if he had a lot of grievance in his stomach. No matter how much he sighed, he felt it was not enough.

"It's not my fault!" He stubbornly refused to admit defeat. He braced himself and said, "I feel like my attitude has gotten much better lately. Is it because she's unreasonable, that's why she can't see how good I am to her?"

"Hah...Haha...Hahaha...." Han Yuanjun laughed mockingly three times in a row. Suddenly, he picked up the tissue box beside him and threw it at Han Cihui. "You are courting death!"

"Third Brother, what are you doing!" Caught by surprise, the tissue box hit Han Cihui in the face. He rubbed his face and said very discouraged, "Third Brother, sister-in-law isn't here. You have to help me with this matter!"

"Help you, my ass!" Han Yuanjun really could not take it anymore. He pressed his finger on the company's internal phone.

Han Cihui saw this and quickly stood up, grabbing the phone. "Third Brother, don't be like this. After all, I'm your cousin, you should save some face for me."

"Can the face be served as a meal?" Han Yuanjun gritted his teeth in anger and asked sternly, "Cihui, I'm asking you. Do you still remember why you fought with Jia Qiulian and became like this?"

Why?

Suddenly, Han Cihui could not remember.

It was as if his brain had experienced a short circuit. He could not remember why he had fought with Jia Qiulian.

Seeing Han Cihui's dumbstruck expression, Han Yuanjun knew that this brat had almost forgotten about it. He pointed at him with even more anger and said, "You don't even remember why you fought with Jia Qiulian? Are you sick? Serves you right to be haggard. Serves you the right to die. Hurry up and get out of here! I don't want to see your ugly face!"

Chapter 1270 Say Goodbye To Your Unborn Child!

It was really depressing, even Han Cihui himself felt that his existence was very miserable. But he didn't want to leave. So he just stayed there like a scoundrel. "I'm not leaving! Third Brother, I have no one left to talk to."

"Cihui, I still have to work! There are so many documents I need to approve. Do you want everyone to be buried and starve to death together with you?"

Han Cihui felt wronged, but he refused to leave. In front of Han Yuanjun, he was like an immature child. He looked at Han Yuanjun with reddened eyes. "Third Brother, I feel very uncomfortable"

He raised his hand and pointed to his chest. "It hurts here!"

"You deserve to die from the pain!" Han Yuanjun was really frustrated with Han Cihui. "You won't leave, right? Fine, I will leave if you don't!"

"Third Brother, don't! Accompany me a little longer. Let's chat for five more minutes." Han Cihui stood up and held onto Han Yuanjun, refusing to let go of him no matter what.

The two brothers were in a stalemate, neither yielding to the other.

At this moment, Han Yuanjun's phone rang. Han Cihui immediately felt very happy. He picked up the phone himself and handed it to Han Yuanjun. "Third Brother, let's continue chatting after you answer the call."

Han Yuanjun looked at him with a headache. He took the phone forcefully and walked towards the window.

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"Zhang Feng, what's the matter?"

"Third Brother! My dear brother!" Zhang Feng's shrill voice coming over the phone made Han Yuanjun's eardrums ache.

"Why do I get goosebumps every time you call me brother?"

"Hehe, dear brother, this time you'll definitely get goosebumps!" Zhang Feng smiled wickedly, "Little Qing has an appointment with an obstetrics and gynecology doctor at the First People's Hospital today for a checkup. Who do you think she saw outside the operating room?"

These words gave Han Yuanjun goosebumps. He frowned and asked softly, "Who?"

"Who else? Your sister-in-law, Jia Qiulian!"

Han Yuanjun immediately looked at Han Cihui, then whispered, "Are you sure it's her?"

"Of course, it's her. How could Little Qing be mistaken? At that time, she also asked the nurse, and the nurse herself told her that Jia Qiulian went to get an abortion! Third Brother, let me tell you, Jia Qiulian is waiting outside now. Maybe she'll be in the operating room in a minute, you guys ..."

Han Yuanjun couldn't be bothered to listen to Zhang Feng's nonsense. He immediately walked towards Han Cihui with big steps. He grabbed Han Cihui's hand and pulled him towards the door.

"Jia Qiulian is now at the First People's Hospital. Zhang Feng's wife saw it with her own eyes. The nurse there also confirmed that she was there for..."

Han Yuanjun suddenly stopped and looked at Han Cihui. "She wanted to have an abortion!"

"W-what?"

Han Yuanjun nodded at Han Cihui. "Zhang Feng's words can't be wrong. If you keep wasting your time with me, Cihui, then say goodbye to your unborn child!"

Before Han Yuanjun could say anything else, Han Cihui pushed him away and ran out of the office like a madman.

The First People's Hospital was quite far away from the Han Group. If there was no traffic jam, it would take at least half an hour to get there.

As Han Cihui drove his car out of the parking lot, his luck was really unlucky. Every time he encountered a red light, he wasn't only unlucky but also stuck there.

He stared unblinkingly at the red light at the intersection in front of him. The only thought in his mind was, "Jia Qiulian is pregnant!"

Han Cihui really wanted to slap himself twice. How could he let Jia Qiulian think of aborting the child?

That was their child!

When Han Cihui was on the verge of madness, the road suddenly got better. There were no cars in front of him and no annoying red lights to interrupt his journey.

Han Cihui drove his car like he was driving a rocket and sped toward the First People's Hospital. His car stopped in the parking lot of the hospital. With the engine still running, he pushed open the car door and jumped out.

"Hey, sir, your car door is still not closed!" A security guard in the hospital parking lot shouted loudly.

Han Cihui didn't care if his car door was closed. His thoughts were centered on Jia Qiulian and his child. He had no time to wait for the elevator and ran up the stairs.

Where was the door to Jia Qiulian's operating room?

Han Cihui had called Jia Qiulian many times on the way here, but she hadn't answered. Now when he saw that she was no longer in the waiting room, his legs suddenly became weak and he continued to kneel down.

Was he too late in the end?

Just when he was about to collapse and had almost lost hope, Jia Qiulian walked out of the operating room with a pale face and her hands covering her stomach.

"Qiulian..." Han Cihui looked at her and two streams of tears fell from his eyes.

He got up from the floor and stumbled, then pulled Jia Qiulian into his arms. "I'm sorry, Qiulian. I'm sorry. I'm so sorry."

Jia Qiulian was like a soulless puppet being embraced by Han Cihui. Other than pain, she had no other expression on her face. Her eyes were lifeless. No one knew where she was looking. She just let Han Cihui hug her without saying anything.

"Qiulian, I was wrong, I really know I was wrong, can you forgive me? I don't want you to divorce me, I don't want you to leave me. Just thinking about it makes my heart ache. Qiulian, don't leave me, okay?"

Jia Qiulian didn't say anything. She covered her stomach with her hands, indescribable pain covering her face.

After a while, Han Cihui wiped the tears from his face and carried Jia Qiulian while walking step by step to the elevator.

When they arrived at their house, Han Cihui took Jia Qiulian directly to their bedroom and carefully placed her on the bed. Seeing her pale face, he felt extremely pained.

Han Cihui gently caressed Jia Qiulian's pale face and said in a hoarse voice. "Qiulian, you lie down first. I will make chicken soup for you."

Since Han Cihui and Jia Qiulian often went on business trips, Jia Qiulian was afraid that when they returned home, they would have no food in the refrigerator, so she would fill up the refrigerator every time before they left.

Han Cihui liked to eat meat. He did not like to eat vegetables. Any meal without meat, he would not be able to eat it. So the refrigerator was filled up with pork, beef, and chicken.

Han Cihui found the chicken and put it in the sink to thaw. Since he had never cooked chicken soup before, he pulled out his cell phone and searched the Internet for the menu.

After cooking the chicken, he suddenly thought of something and got the milk out of the refrigerator. After heating the milk, he took it upstairs.

When he left the bedroom, Jia Qiulian was just sitting on the bed in a daze. He had been busy for so long, and when he came back, she was still sitting there in a daze. Her posture did not change at all.