

Chapter 1011: Departure (1)

“Yeah. What is there to do? He’ll definitely make me go...” After one of the maids finished speaking, Cheng Weiwan followed by quietly murmuring, “...But that’s okay. I never had hope from the beginning, so now, I’m not really disappointed. It’s alright. It’s alright...”

Cheng Weiwan repeated “It’s alright” a few times before going completely silent.

Laying beside her, Cheng Han thought she was telling the story. Even though he didn’t understand, he still watched with wide eyes as he anticipated the latter part of the story.

Cheng Weiwan didn’t say anything. She stared at the storybook with a slightly stunned gaze.

The maid in the sunroom beside them didn’t know Cheng Weiwan was eavesdropping on their conversation, so she continued chatting away.

“I heard the housekeeper say that Mr. Lin introduced that woman to Mr. Han, and Mr. Han and that woman got together two years ago.”

“Come to think of it, Mr. Han likes that woman... I actually thought Mr. Han was interested in Miss Cheng...”

“Mummy, mummy...” Lying in bed, Cheng Han waited for a while. Unable to keep waiting for Cheng Weiwan to finish reading the story, he couldn’t help but cry out in impatience for the rest of the story.

Cheng Weiwan snapped back to reality and murmured to Cheng Han quietly, “Wait a minute for mummy.” Then she got out of bed, walked over to the door of the baby’s room and softly shut the door.

By cutting out the sounds of the two maids’ voices, Cheng Weiwan opened the storybook like nothing had happened. Then she continued reading from where she left off.

Midway through the book, Cheng Han finally couldn’t hold back his desire to sleep and shut his eyes.

Cheng Weiwan lowered her voice as she read the story until Cheng Han fell asleep completely then she stopped.

Normally, she would put the storybook away, climb out of bed and leave, but this time, she turned and stared out the window in a daze.

It took a long time before Cheng Weiwan snapped back to reality. She put the book of fairytales down, pulled the covers over Cheng Han then stared at his sleeping face for a while. She lowered her head to kiss the middle of his forehead like she couldn’t bear to say goodbye and repeatedly stroked Cheng Han’s soft face for a long time. Then she pulled away, got up, and silently left the baby’s room.

After she took a shower, Cheng Weiwan laid in bed but couldn’t fall asleep no matter what.

There were some things she wasn’t willing to think about and was afraid to think about, so she sat up and watched television.

The finance channel was on – the same channel Han Zhifan often watched. Cheng Weiwan had no interest, so she grabbed the remote control and turned to the variety show channel. In the end, she kept changing channels until she saw a familiar looking person on TV.

It was her father... Cheng Weiguo, having an interview.

The father she saw on TV was wearing a full suit. He often paid attention to fitness and health, so his figure looked great and he looked rather young.

Come to think of it, this must be the first time she had seen her father in practically three years... Three years... Wrinkles were faintly creeping in the corners of his eyes, but her father looked no different from before. In fact, he looked even younger and more vigorous.

He still spoke slowly and clearly, and he sounded like an academic full of theories.

When the host spoke, he looked seriously at her father with a smile on his lips.

Chapter 1012: Departure (2)

Cheng Weiwan couldn't help but secretly praise her father's eloquence. The host himself couldn't stop complimenting her father.

Mid-interview, the host suddenly asked Cheng Weiguo an off-topic question. "Mr. Cheng, when we spoke earlier backstage, you mentioned you'll be going to Beijing to give a lecture next week?"

"Yes, I expect it will be held next week at Beijing University. It will be on Wednesday at two in the afternoon..."

Beijing... Beijing University...

Upon hearing those words, Cheng Weiwan's eyes couldn't help but light up.

Her father was coming to Beijing on business... Did this mean she would finally be able to see the father she hadn't seen for several years now?

With that thought, Cheng Weiwan pulled her phone out and gave Cheng Weiguo a call.

Just like the day of her birthday, nobody picked up, so she sent a text instead. "Dad, I saw in a television interview that you're coming to Beijing next week. Which hotel will you be staying at and when do have time for me to see you?"

...

Han Zhifan had a business dinner and he drank a little too much.

After it was over, he and Lin Na sat in the car as she glued herself to his body, sending him endless hints.

He knew Lin Na wanted to go back home with him, but he pretended not to understand as he gave the driver Lin Na's address.

Lin Na pouted in dissatisfaction as she pulled a tantrum all the way there. In the end, she saw that it was no use and she pushed the car door open in frustration. Without even saying goodbye, she stomped away in her high heels.

The driver didn't ask him where he wanted to go. Just like the past few days, he drove Han Zhifan in the direction of the office.

Han Zhifan drank quite a lot of alcohol, so he was a little thirsty. He opened the lid of a water bottle and drank half of it then rolled down the window as the night wind blew in.

He stared out at the endlessly retreating night out the window. He vaguely remembered when he bumped into Cheng Weiwan while picking up the file at home that afternoon.

He knew she saw Lin Na.

When he passed the baby's room, he specifically glanced at her face a few times. She wore a very blank expression on her face and didn't show any change in her emotions.

Her current state was much worse in comparison to when he wanted to break up with her two years ago, judging by how she stared right at him in tears.

But Han Zhifan didn't know what was with him. The picture of her emotionless face stayed on his mind all night.

The more he hesitated, the heavier his heart felt.

Did that emotionless expression of hers mean she doesn't care what I do with other women?

With that thought, Han Zhifan couldn't help but raise his hand and pull hard on his tie.

In the car, they were about to reach the office. Han Zhifan's chest felt heavy and he wanted to unburden himself. "Did I tell you to go to the office? When was it ever up to you to take matters in your own hands? Go back home!" he exclaimed in a disgusted tone of voice.

The driver was so frightened that he slammed on the brakes. He didn't even dare to reply to Han Zhifan as he hurriedly turned the car around at the road ahead and drove to the villa.

Drunken Han Zhifan didn't let the driver support him as he staggered and swayed into the house. He removed his shoes and walked upstairs.

He pushed the door open, but before he stepped inside, he first heard the words: "Cheng Weiguo."

The alcohol made him a little sluggish as he froze for two seconds. He first glanced at Cheng Weiwan, who was sitting on the bed, watching TV. Then his gaze turned towards the television on the wall.

Chapter 1013: Departure (3)

When Han Zhifan caught sight of Cheng Weiguo on TV, his lips suddenly pursed.

Is she watching her father's interview?

As that thought flashed across Han Zhifan's mind, the host started to compliment Cheng Weiguo. "Mr. Cheng isn't only a talented individual, but you've also contributed greatly to the medical field. I hear Mr. Cheng also created a trust fund for the impoverished. It can't go unmentioned that Mr. Cheng, you're truly extraordinary and worth everyone's admiration..."

A talented individual? Extraordinary? Worth everyone's admiration?

Han Zhifan looked like he heard a hilarious joke as his lips raised into a cold smile.

Cheng Weiguo was a hypocrite. Everything he portrayed and represented to everybody was all fake. Behind his fake act, the real him was dark, dirty, and inhumane!

The image of Lili in a pool of blood at the hospital and the image of Lili's diary flashed endlessly in Han Zhifan's mind. The host repeatedly saying "Mr. Cheng" coupled with the sound of Cheng Weiguo's voice suddenly ignited another fire which blazed hotter and hotter in Han Zhifan's heart.

The cameras panned onto Cheng Weiguo once again. When he put on a warm and elegant smile, Han Zhifan finally couldn't take it anymore and walked up to the TV, reached his hand out, and yanked out the plug.

Cheng Weiwan hadn't noticed a thing because she was focusing on sending her text to Cheng Weiguo. Just then, she sluggishly realized Han Zhifan was back.

She waited a long time for Cheng Weiguo's reply. While she was in the middle of sending Cheng Weiguo another text, she stopped typing, raised her head and looked over at Han Zhifan.

His facial expression looked unusually drab as the green veins on his forehead jumped out like he was seriously suppressing some kind of fiery rage.

Han Zhifan stared dead at Cheng Weiwan for a while then strode closer to her one step at a time.

Cheng Weiwan instinctively clutched her phone in fear. She gulped and didn't dare to speak a word. As Han Zhifan drew closer, she instinctively backed up.

However, she only managed to back up an inch when Han Zhifan suddenly reached out and snatched the phone from her fingers.

He lowered his head and glanced at her phone screen. After reading the texts she sent to Cheng Weiguo, his pupils started to dilate and contract as the rage within his entire body unleashed and the flames roared higher.

It wasn't that Cheng Weiwan had never seen Han Zhifan angry before, but his current state left her trembling in fear. She didn't know what he was going to do next, so her first thought was to turn around, climb out of bed and run to the bedroom.

Her attempted avoidance of him angered Han Zhifan even more as he suddenly raised his hand and slapped Cheng Weiwan's phone to the floor. After that, he then grabbed Cheng Weiwan's ankle and dragged her to him.

He didn't know if he was mad because of Cheng Weiguo, or if it was because she tried to escape. Anger rushed into his chest and wouldn't dissipate no matter what.

He wanted to vent but he didn't know how. His furious eyes stared at her for a long time, and under the influence of alcohol, he suddenly pushed her down with his body. He viciously bit her lips and forcefully tore off her pajamas.

Chapter 1014: Departure (4)

Han Zhifan never imagined that with his fury, he would actually do such a thing to Cheng Weiwan.

He hated Cheng Weiguo and that hatred was deep-rooted enough to drag her, Cheng Weiguo's daughter, into it.

He personally saw her watching her own father's interview late at night, and he saw the messages she sent to her father, so he should've smashed her phone and thrown her out of his villa. In fact, he could've torn her up with his bare hands and sliced her into a million pieces to pacify the hatred in his heart. In his mind, he thought up many ways to use her to get revenge. However, he stared and stared at her in anger then decided upon a solution even he found unbelievable.

He woke up the instant he put his lips on hers. He wanted to stop, but the softness of her lips made him instinctively unable to help himself.

He clearly felt his s**ual desire quickly replacing all the anger in his body. It filled his chest and caused the blood to course through his entire body.

In actuality, he wasn't short of women, but he'd only ever been with her. Before he came home, Lin Na tried her hardest to seduce him, but he wasn't interested. In fact, he even thought of her as a little annoying. No matter if it was then or now, Cheng Weiwan was the only one who could easily get him excited.

Since he let her live in his house, he hadn't touched her once. However, when they slept in the same bed, he often got excited and had to stop his urges.

Perhaps he wasn't torturing her because he was angry. Moreover, perhaps it was because he truly wanted to get intimate with her, so he used his anger and alcohol to quench the thirst in his heart.

Han Zhifan knew he couldn't stop, or maybe he just didn't want to stop. He hovered over her lips then forcefully spread her lips and teeth and started to kiss her wildly.

She fought back, but her strength was nothing compared to his. He easily tore the clothes off her body. He stared at her pale skin and red eyes as one of his hands traveled up her body. His lips couldn't help but trail down from the corner of her mouth, onto her neck.

She fought frantically. While drunk, Han Zhifan's patience was terrible. He held both her wrists with one hand and kept them on top of her head as his face explored her body even deeper.

She twisted her body, still trying to avoid him. However, it made him even more impulsive as he couldn't help but quickly strip off his clothes and use his hand to spread her legs.

Having not uttered a word all along, she started to plead for him not to do it. He furrowed his brows slightly. Under the influence of alcohol, he entered her body neither roughly nor gently. Perhaps he hurt her because he heard her let out a grunt before she instantly fell silent.

She probably felt there was no use in fighting back and pleading with him. She didn't let out another peep nor did she fight back in the slightest.

How could this count as s**? At most, only one person was in ecstasy – him. But that was it. However, by the time it ended, he still felt an immense joy.

He felt like it wasn't enough. In no hurry to pull out from her body, he laid on top of her in a daze for a while. After he got excited again, he continued to penetrate her, regardless of whether she was willing or not.

It wasn't clear just how many times he came; maybe it was three times or maybe it was four times.

Chapter 1015: Departure (5)

It wasn't clear just how many times he came; maybe it was three times or maybe it was four times.

All in all, he only extracted himself from her body when he was in complete bliss.

In utter exhaustion, he resisted his tiredness and walked into the bathroom to take a shower. When he returned, he glanced at her silently curled up in bed and lifted his half of the covers. He slipped into bed, shut his eyes and fell asleep.

Han Zhifan didn't wake up until it was light out.

The result of his drunken s**ual antics was an exhausted body and a splitting headache.

Han Zhifan rubbed his temples and tightly furrowed his brows for a while before forcing himself to wake up.

Han Zhifan sat upright then swept a glance at the empty half of the bed. The silhouette of Cheng Weiwan was gone.

He furrowed his brows slightly but didn't think too much of where Cheng Weiwan could be. He just figured she must be with his son. He picked up his phone and glanced at the time. It was nine in the morning and he had a meeting at ten at the office. Han Zhifan removed the covers and walked into the bathroom barefoot.

After freshening up, Han Zhifan wrapped himself in a bathrobe and walked up to the vanity mirror. He grabbed the hairdryer and was just about to blowdry his hair when he caught the silhouette of Cheng Weiwan in the corner of his eye.

She was wearing a long white dress, and she was standing against the balcony railing with her head up, staring at the bright sunlight. Who knew what she was looking at.

She looked frail from behind as the wind blew her dress and long hair wildly in every direction.

Han Zhifan paused his finger on the hairdryer button. He stared at Cheng Weiwan for a short while then put the hairdryer down.

She turned her head and looked at him as though she heard his movements..

When her eyes met his, she gently bit her lips. She then lowered her gaze and slowly turned around to face him.

“You finished taking your shower?”

To Han Zhifan’s disbelief, she actually spoke first. Confusion flashed in his eyes, but after a while, he gently nodded at her.

She didn’t speak.

He turned on the hairdryer and dried his hair.

The whooshing sound traveled to every corner of the bedroom.

Halfway through, Han Zhifan turned the hairdryer off and blurted out to Cheng Weiwan, who had been staring at him all along: “Is there something you need?”

“Uh huh...” Cheng Weiwan gently responded and looked as though she was thinking about how to put her thoughts into words. After a moment of silence, she then moved her lips again. “...Hanhan is fine now. He’s stopped taking the prescribed medicine now, and Dr. Luo will come to the house to check up on Hanhan every day. He’s more or less completely recovered. I think... I should move out of your place now...”

Han Zhifan’s fingers around the hairdryer tensed up.

After coming to my house, the first thing she took the initiative to tell me was that she wants to move out?

Those were words he should’ve said to her... But now, they were actually coming from her mouth...

Han Zhifan didn’t know if he was mad that she beat him to suggesting that she leave, or if he was mad that she even wanted to leave. All of a sudden, his line of sight dropped.

“I’ve packed up everything. I’m just letting you know that I’ll be leaving in a while after I see Hanhan and after he’s had his afternoon nap...”

“Leaving?” Before Cheng Weiwan could finish, Han Zhifan suddenly threw the hairdryer on the dressing table. “Have you repaid what you owe me? You want to leave already?”

“Don’t forget the deal between us from back then. If you sleep with me once, I’ll let you stay by my son for one day. Repay what you owe before getting out!”

Chapter 1016: Departure (6)

With that said, Han Zhifan didn’t continue drying his hair and walked right into the changing room.

When Han Zhifan came back, he re-emerged in a suit and an elegant aura. As he smoothly fixed up his tie, he swept a glance at Cheng Weiwan, who was still on the balcony. It looked like his anger hadn't subsided as he spoke in a menacing manner. "Don't worry. Once our debt is repaid, I won't let you stay even if you wanted to!"

While Han Zhifan spat out those words, he gave his tie a fierce tug. Then he grabbed his wallet and phone. Without glancing back, he strode right out.

...

From that day on, Han Zhifan started coming back home again.

Things were different from the last time he used to come home every day, and he and Cheng Weiwan reverted back to being strangers. The two of them not only didn't speak to one another, but they didn't even exchange glances. It was like the other person didn't exist at all. In the evening, when it was silent, Han Zhifan and Cheng Weiwan did intimate things, but although their skin touched, they were so quiet that they didn't let out a single sound. She always shut her eyes and never glanced at him. After it ended, they immediately parted and the two of them slept together with a massive gap between them in bed.

The maids sensed there was something wrong with the two of them, but nobody dared to ask.

In the next few days, Cheng Weiwan kept contacting Cheng Weiguo. Just like on her birthday, no matter how she called and texted Cheng Weiguo, he never replied to her.

Cheng Weiwan didn't know about his situation until the following Tuesday when she checked Cheng Weiguo's Weibo.

He reached Beijing at ten in the morning and was staying at the Four Seasons Hotel.

After eating breakfast and coaxing Cheng Han to sleep, Cheng Weiwan went back into the bedroom and changed into a pretty dress. Then she headed downstairs.

The housekeeper was sitting in the living room, watching television. She was a little surprised to see Cheng Weiwan, who never left the house, all dressed up. "Miss Cheng, you're going out?"

"Uh huh." Cheng Weiwan gently nodded then grabbed the only pair of high heels she brought with her to Han Zhifan's house from the shoe cabinet.

"Would you like the driver to drop you off?" asked the housekeeper.

"No thank you." Cheng Weiwan shook her head.

"Then take care. If anything happens, call home at any time," said the housekeeper who chose not to push Cheng Weiwan too far.

Cheng Weiwan didn't say anything but smiled back at the housekeeper. She pushed open the door and walked out.

When she walked up to the gates of the villa, Cheng Weiwan pulled out her phone and called a taxi.

The taxi was close, so it quickly picked her up.

Traffic in the afternoon was considerably smooth. In twenty minutes more or less, they reached the Four Seasons Hotel.

Cheng Weiwan got out of the car as she paid the fare with her phone.

Cheng Weiwan didn't know which room in the Four Seasons Hotel Cheng Weiguo was staying in, so after she stepped into the lobby, she walked right up to the front desk and asked. "Miss, may I ask which room Mr. Cheng Weiguo is staying in?"

Cheng Weiwan was attended to by a young woman. After she heard Cheng Weiwan's question, she apologized and shook her head. "Apologies madam, we cannot reveal the information of our guests."

"I'm not a reporter nor am I his fan. I'm his daughter..." Cheng Weiwan was afraid the lady at the front desk wouldn't believe her, so she pulled out her ID and residence ID.

After the lady at the front desk took her IDs, she looked at them for a while with a little hesitation. "If you are Mr. Cheng's daughter, why would you not know where he's staying?"

That question made Cheng Weiwan's expression turn somber.

Chapter 1017: Departure (7)

Yes. I'm Cheng Weiguo's daughter, yet I don't know my own father's schedule...

The lady at the front desk didn't dare let Cheng Weiwan go up to Cheng Weiguo's room. She noticed Cheng Weiwan hadn't said a word and thought of a compromise. "How about this? I'll give Mr. Cheng a call. If he wants to see you, I'll ask someone to escort you upstairs. Would that be okay?"

Cheng Weiwan hurriedly nodded. "Thank you."

"You're welcome." The lady at the front desk replied to Cheng Weiwan with a smile then picked up the mouse and clicked a few times. She then picked up the phone beside her and made the call.

Cheng Weiwan could tell by the numbers the lady at the front desk pressed that she was calling Cheng Weiguo's phone number.

The phone rang twice before it was picked up. The lady at the front desk politely said, "Mr. Cheng. Hello, it's the front desk of the hotel."

I called him so many times, but he never picked up. Now an unfamiliar landline number called, yet he picked up so quickly...

After hearing what the lady at the front desk said, Cheng Weiwan's fingers couldn't help but clutch her sleeves tighter.

She didn't know what Cheng Weiguo said over the phone, but the lady at the front desk spoke again. "It's like this, Mr. Cheng. There's a woman called Cheng Weiwan at the front desk and she says she's your daughter. She wants to see you, so I'm calling you to ask if we should have a member of staff escort Miss Cheng upstairs for you?"

Cheng Weiguo must've said something over the phone as the smiling expression of the lady at the front desk became astonished. She looked like she couldn't believe it. After a while, she replied, "Alright, Mr. Cheng. Understood."

"Sorry to disturb you, Mr. Cheng."

"Goodbye, Mr. Cheng."

With that said, the lady at the front desk hung up.

The lady at the front desk looked torn about something as she hesitated for a while. Then she raised her head and looked at Cheng Weiwan. "Miss Cheng, Mr. Cheng said he doesn't want to see you."

Doesn't want to see... I'm already downstairs at the hotel he's staying in, yet he doesn't want to see me?

Cheng Weiwan bit her lips but didn't say anything.

"Mr. Cheng even said he's here on business. He doesn't want you to give him any trouble."

Give him any trouble... I'm his daughter. We haven't seen each other for over three years – not even once. Don't tell me meeting up would be considered giving him trouble?

Cheng Weiwan's eyes dropped as she tried to contain the bitterness in her eyes. She forced a smile for the lady at the front desk. "Oh," she cried then turned around and walked right out.

Emerging from the big doors of the hotel, Cheng Weiwan walked up to the sidewalk before she came to a stop.

She lowered her head then stared and stared at her feet as a single tear crashed down from the corner of her eye.

...

Han Zhifan had a meeting with a client today at the first-floor cafe of the Four Seasons hotel to talk business.

Mid-conversation, the client had to step out for a phone call.

The call was quite long. Bored of waiting, Han Zhifan stared out at the people walking by the window to pass the time.

When Cheng Weiwan appeared in his field of sight, he initially thought it was an illusion.

He blinked hard but realized it really was her. His gaze started to follow and encircle her subconsciously.

The cafe was surrounded by glass, so he could see her walking into the hotel lobby and to the front desk.

Why did she go to the hotel? To book a room?

Han Zhifan furrowed his brows then stared transfixed at Cheng Weiwan.

Because he was quite far away, he didn't know what she said at the front desk.

However, he saw that after the lady at the front desk grabbed the phone, Cheng Weiwan looked like she suffered a serious blow. Her expression turned desolate and lifeless.

Chapter 1018: Departure (8)

The client finally finished their call and had returned.

However, Han Zhifan couldn't shift his focus back to business. Every now and then, he glanced at Cheng Weiwan through the window as she stood on the sidewalk.

She had her head down. He had no idea what she was looking at.

He didn't know if it was just an illusion, but he felt like the silhouette of her back was really lonely and pitiful.

The client spoke for quite a long time, but Han Zhifan didn't respond. Eventually, the client couldn't help but say, "Mr. Han?"

Han Zhifan snapped back to reality and apologized then signaled the client to repeat what he said.

At first, Han Zhifan listened carefully to what the client said, but midway through, his thoughts started to wander over to Cheng Weiwan, who was still standing by the road.

He saw the silhouette of her back shuddering gently... His fingers on the coffee mug couldn't help but tighten.

Is she crying?

What did the front desk staff say to actually make her cry?

"Mr. Han?" repeated the client to snap Han Zhifan out of his daze.

Han Zhifan apologized again but didn't signal the client to repeat what he just said. Instead, he continued by saying, "I'm terribly sorry. I have some urgent business that needs to be tended to. About our cooperation, if you're interested, we can find a later date to talk more about it in detail..."

As he said this, Han Zhifan got up and called the waitress for the bill.

"Mr. Han?" The client was a little dissatisfied with Han Zhifan's sudden departure.

It seemed like Han Zhifan didn't notice. He handed the waitress a couple of notes then without even collecting his change, he said "Goodbye" to the client. He then strode out of the cafe in a hurry.

Han Zhifan didn't head right out of the hotel to find Cheng Weiwan on the sidewalk, but instead, he walked up to the front desk.

The lady Cheng Weiwan just spoke to was checking in a guest, so Han Zhifan didn't disturb her. He waited until she finished her work then walked up to her. "Miss Cheng Weiwan just passed by, didn't she?"

Han Zhifan was a frequent guest of the Four Seasons Hotel, so the lady at the front desk knew him. Seeing as he asked, she answered honestly, "Yes, Mr. Han."

"What was she doing here?"

"She came to find Mr. Cheng Weiguo."

Han Zhifan furrowed his brows at the sound of those words: "Cheng Weiguo."

The lady at the front desk sensed something was wrong with Han Zhifan and continued to tell him what she knew. "But Mr. Cheng Weiguo didn't want to see her."

Didn't want to see her?

Han Zhifan furrowed his brows even tighter.

He's her biological father. Why did he not want to see her?

The lady at the front desk saw that Han Zhifan was confused, so she replied with equal confusion. "I'm not sure why Mr. Cheng Weiguo didn't want to see Miss Cheng. They're father and daughter, but I feel like they're more like strangers. Right after Mr. Cheng Weiguo took my call and heard that his daughter was looking for him, he said he wasn't going to see her without any hesitation at all. Then he told me to tell Miss Cheng that he's here on business and he hopes she won't give him any trouble."

"And then?" asked Han Zhifan as the lady at the front desk stopped mid-story.

"Mr. Cheng had nothing to say after that. Then I passed the message on to Miss Cheng. Miss Cheng looked really upset then she left."

So Cheng Weiwan came here to see Cheng Weiguo? And she was so upset when she left because Cheng Weiguo didn't want to see her?

Doesn't Cheng Weiguo treat his only daughter like she's precious?

Chapter 1019: Departure (9)

Three years ago, didn't Cheng Weiguo mention his daughter in an interview? At the time, his expression looked full of affection and happiness like a compassionate father who loved his daughter very much...

Why would he come to Beijing and not want to see the daughter he loved so much, even when she came to see him?

Han Zhifan seemed puzzled by this enormous riddle. No matter how he thought about it, he couldn't figure it out.

The lady at the front desk noticed Han Zhifan didn't respond for a long time, so she thought he had more questions. "Mr. Han? May I ask if there's anything else you need my help with?" she asked quietly.

Han Zhifan snapped to reality and shook his head at the lady. Then he stood on the spot for a moment before quickly walking over to the hotel entrance.

He ran over to the spot by the sidewalk where Cheng Weiwan had just been standing. Her silhouette had long disappeared. Han Zhifan looked left and right, but he only saw unfamiliar faces.

Having caused an episode like that, Han Zhifan was in no spirit to go back to the office and continue working, so he figured he would ask the driver to take him back home early.

The housekeeper heard the sound of the door and figured Cheng Weiwan had come back. On her way out of the kitchen, she cried Cheng Weiwan's name as she ran. "Miss Che--"

Before she could finish saying "Cheng," the housekeeper saw Han Zhifan quickly changed her tune. "...Mr. Han..."

Han Zhifan let out an "Mhm" then removed his shoes and stepped into the house.

Since he heard the housekeeper starting to call Cheng Weiwan, so before he walked upstairs, he casually asked, "She's not at home?"

The housekeeper knew Han Zhifan was referring to Cheng Weiwan when he said: "she." "After lunch, Miss Cheng put the young master to sleep then she went out and hasn't come back since."

"Oh," said Han Zhifan. He didn't say anything else and headed right upstairs.

First, he went into the master bedroom to change into his house clothes then he went over to the baby's room to sneak a peek. Cheng Han was still fast asleep. Han Zhifan headed back downstairs.

He sat on the sofa, grabbed a random magazine, and flipped through it.

After turning just two pages, he raised his wrist and checked the time.

Soon enough, night fell. The sun had already set, but Cheng Weiwan hadn't returned.

Han Zhifan gradually started to feel uneasy. He often glanced out the window.

Dinner was ready but Cheng Weiwan still hadn't come back home yet. Finally, Han Zhifan threw the magazine, got up, and walked over to the window.

The housekeeper called Han Zhifan to eat, but he ignored her. He reached for a cigarette and lit it up.

The housekeeper could tell Han Zhifan had things on his mind, but she couldn't guess what he was thinking.

The housekeeper shook her head and first replied to Han Zhifan's question. "No. Miss Cheng didn't say anything."

After her reply, the housekeeper noticed Han Zhifan didn't say anything, so she added, "Mr. Han, it's so late, yet Miss Cheng isn't back. Could something have happened to her? Should I give Miss Cheng a call?"

Han Zhifan didn't give the housekeeper a reply.

The housekeeper couldn't figure out Han Zhifan's temperament, so she was afraid to get yelled at for calling her without permission. "Mr. Han, it's almost nine. Miss Cheng..." she continued.

“She hasn’t come back, so go ask her. Why do you keep on talking to me about it?!” exclaimed Han Zhifan in a terrible mood as he saw the housekeeper dawdling for a long time without actually making the call.

I still ended up getting yelled at... Having been shouted at, the housekeeper put her head down in annoyance. Then she ran over to the home phone and gave Cheng Weiwan a call.

Chapter 1020: Departure (10)

The phone rang many times, but no one picked up. The housekeeper hung up the phone then continued to enter Cheng Weiwan’s phone number again. Just like before, nobody picked up. That was when the housekeeper put the phone down. “Mr. Han, Miss Cheng’s not picking up the phone.”

No one’s picking up?

Han Zhifan furrowed his brows. In the next second, he strode right over to the housekeeper. He grabbed the phone the housekeeper just put down then pressed eleven buttons in one go, giving Cheng Weiwan another call.

It was just as the housekeeper said. After he made the call, it rang many times, but nobody picked up.

Why isn’t she picking up the phone?

Han Zhifan’s brows creased even more fiercely.

The image of her standing by the sidewalk with shuddering shoulders from earlier that afternoon while he was sitting at the cafe suddenly came to mind.

She looked really hurt. She can’t be hiding away by herself to cry, right?

With that thought, the image of her crying under a tree in the garden while he was out for a cigarette one night flashed across Han Zhifan’s eyes.

His heart suddenly ached. The next second, he hung up the phone and walked out the door.

“Mr. Han, your shoes!” The housekeeper instinctively cried out when she saw that Han Zhifan had walked out without shoes.

Han Zhifan ignored the housekeeper and immediately pulled his car door open. He entered and started the car up then slammed on the gas and sped out of the courtyard.

After Han Zhifan left, the housekeeper gave Cheng Weiwan several more calls. Still, no one answered.

Night gradually fell. When it was almost midnight, the sound of a car was heard outside the house.

The housekeeper hurriedly ran out, thinking it was Cheng Weiwan returning home. Who knew that when the car door opened, it would actually be Han Zhifan?

The car hadn’t come to a complete stop when the housekeeper ran out in front of the car. Han Zhifan just opened the door when the housekeeper couldn’t help but cry out, “Mr. Han, did you find Miss Cheng?”

After getting out of the car, Han Zhifan heard this and paused for a moment. "Is she still not back yet?"

"No..." The housekeeper shook her head. "...I just gave her a call. Her phone was turned off."

Turned off? Did her phone run out of battery or did something happen?

Although crime is low, it's still a little unsafe for a woman to be out by herself...

He went to all the places he knew she frequented. He even went to Lin Muqing's house to look for her, but he couldn't find her, so where did she go?

She had depression. Although things seemed to have been getting a lot better lately, he didn't know if she would take things too hard after being provoked by Cheng Weiguo.

As that thought drilled into Han Zhifan's mind, he suddenly pictured Cheng Weiwan jumping from a building, resulting in a pool of blood.

Han Zhifan's heart suddenly skipped a beat. Then he pushed past the housekeeper and rushed into the house. He picked up the phone and called Lin Sheng.

Lin Sheng must've been asleep as his phone rang several times but no one picked up. He pressed the button to hang up then called Lin Sheng's home number.

The phone rang several times until it was finally picked up. The sound of Lin Sheng's heavily groggy voice came from the other side. "What?! Did something happen? Calling in the middle of the night..."

Before Lin Sheng could finish speaking, two words escaped Han Zhifan's mouth. "It's serious!"

Lin Sheng, who hadn't quite woken up, instantly woke up. He sluggishly got up. "What happened?"

As his words fell, Han Zhifan heard the rustling sound of clothes from the other side.