

Chapter 381: Why Does Cotton Candy Taste Like Alcohol (1)

He was the only person in this world who knew just how alluring she was to him.

He didn't need to try to seduce her or purposefully lure her, nor did he need to rack his brain over tricks. With just a look, a smile and a step towards him, it was enough to make him utterly helpless.

What's more, at this very moment, she was disheveled and the room was filled with a sensual air. And he had been clinging to her for just how long now...?

With that thought, He Jichen felt his blood boil. He quickly shut his eyes, tightened his lips, and restrained the desire that simmered inside him. Then he took a step back and pulled himself away from her fingertips.

Only god knew just how much strength he used to lift his feet off the floor.

After he stepped away, he didn't dare to glance at her; he hurriedly turned and headed right for the door.

But he hadn't even taken two steps before he caught a glimpse of her near-naked body from the corners of his eyes through the black mirror behind her.

He Jichen's entire body stiffened, his breath became stifled, and his footsteps came to a stop.

She looked disoriented. If he left just like that, he didn't know just how long it would take for her to come to her senses.

She had so much to drink that if she really slept disheveled like this on the floor, she would definitely get sick.

At the very least, since he felt uncomfortable helping her himself, he could ask a trusted person to come over after he left the room... But Ji Yi wasn't clothed and her body was covered in kiss marks. He was afraid that it would be inevitable for the helper to gossip or make comments. The more he thought about it... even the most trusted people couldn't be trusted entirely.

He Jichen contemplated this for a few seconds then took a step back. He used all his strength to force himself not to look at her. Then he swiftly bent down and picked up the bathrobe that fell to Ji Yi's feet.

When he pulled the bathrobe up to her waist, he felt resistance and couldn't pull it any higher.

He Jichen furrowed his brows slightly and glanced down. Ji Yi was standing on the end of the robe with her fair legs.

He Jichen tugged slightly but couldn't pull the robe out from underneath her. Instead, it made Ji Yi, the drunken mess that she was, sway and fall to the side.

He Jichen reached his hands out reflexively and caught Ji Yi's collapsing body.

Just like that, her soft and fair skin fell back into his arms.

The unique, sweet, and clean scent of her body instantly filled his nostrils and enveloped him entirely.

He Jichen's pupils turned pitch-black and his breath grew hurried.

He shut his eyes and took two hard breaths before he swiftly picked up the robe from the floor and finished covering up Ji Yi's body.

Just as he was about to lift her up, he had the sudden thought to carry her over to the bedroom.

Since they were already like this, he might as well take her to her bed before leaving...

With that thought, He Jichen walked to the bedroom door and kicked the door open.

Just as he raised his leg, he felt Ji Yi's little head shift gently as it rested against his shoulder. Her lips and nose happened to meet his earlobe and neck.

Her soft breaths puffed against his skin, making his ears numb.

He suddenly tightened his grip on her body and his footsteps became a little unsteady.

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He held his breath and forced himself to imagine that he was just holding a balled-up comforter in his arms. His gaze was transfixed straight ahead as he swiftly walked to the side of the bed. Without a moment's hesitation, he put her down on the bed.

He didn't dare linger there any longer as he pulled the covers over her body messily and prepared to leave.

But just as he turned around, she started to make gagging sounds.

It sounded like she was going to vomit. He was afraid she'd choke since she was lying on her back, so he instinctively turned around.

She raised her head slightly and coughed twice before she quietly laid back down on the pillow.

After that false alarm, He Jichen let out a quiet sigh of relief. Just as he was going to withdraw his gaze, Ji Yi suddenly flipped over on the bed.

Because he set her down a little close to the edge of the bed, it caused Ji Yi to fall over the edge.

Without even thinking about it, he lunged over to the bedside and caught her falling body.

Though the bed wasn't very high, Ji Yi still felt some pain from slamming right into He Jichen's chest.

He Jichen drew two breaths and waited for the pain to subside a little before reaching his hand out to stroke her face. "Were you hurt anywhere?" he asked in a quiet voice.

Ji Yi felt his touch. She lifted her little head and looked over at him with her drunken, hazy eyes.

She looked obedient and cute like she had no idea just how alarmed he was a second ago.

He Jichen knew it was pointless in asking, so he manually checked her body with his hands. He only relaxed after he made sure she wasn't injured anywhere.

Just as He Jichen wanted to carry her, Ji Yi started to sit up. At his touch, she looked up at him and suddenly lunged forward like she was tired. Her little head nestled right into his neck.

Her hair rubbed against his lower jaw and her breaths happened to blow her hair. As her hair fluttered back and forth, it tickled his skin every time. Her hair softly pricked his skin with every waft and fanned the flames within him again.

He Jichen's body instantly tightened up. He wanted to take the opportunity to quickly throw her onto the bed and make love with her before he could control himself.

It was a shame that before that thought could register, Ji Yi suddenly raised her hand to his mouth and used her soft fingertips to caress the outline of his lips.

He Jichen's breathing was stifled once more; he turned his head swiftly to look over at Ji Yi.

The woman's gaze was transfixed upon his lips with a piercingly bright light jumping in her eyes.

Does she know that she's playing with fire...?

He Jichen felt her fingertips moving towards his mouth. He instinctively grabbed her little hand and let out a low grunt, "Xiao Yi, quit it..."

As she was drunk, how could she understand what he was saying? All she knew was that she wanted to pull her hand from his grasp and trace his lips again.

But how could she have the strength to resist him? She struggled hard twice to no avail, so she raised her head from where it was resting on his neck. Then she drew close to his lips, reached her tongue out and gently licked them.

He Jichen let out a low grunt and clearly felt his body start to change.

He spoke again with a light, hoarse voice, "Xiao Yi, quit messing around..."

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This time, she heard what he said. As she raised her head, she shot him a silly smile, pouted her lips and said with dissatisfaction, "Heyyy I-I-I'm not messing around! I-I just think they look good..."

With that, she lowered her head then violently lunged at his lips and kissed him hard twice.

He Jichen's fingers around Ji Yi shivered slightly as his gaze locked upon her eyes instantly became scorching hot.

But being as heavily drunk as she was, she didn't sense the incoming danger and continued to foolishly examine He Jichen's lips. Then she kept praising them, saying they "looked good" as she pouted and kissed his lips again.

She made noises with her mouth as though she was tasting a sweet treat. Eventually, she mumbled quietly, "It tastes real good... soft..."

"Like..." She tilted her head and donned an expression as though she was contemplating something. After some time, an innocent and cute smile appeared on her face. "...Cotton candy!"

It hadn't even been three seconds when Ji Yi started to shake her head. "That's not right. Not cotton candy... cotton candy tastes sweet, but you don't..."

Ji Yi looked like she had an answer but then lowered her head and kissed him on the lips again.

This time, she kissed him slowly and carefully, which to He Jichen, was undoubtedly the most agonizingly cruel form of torture.

He felt a ball of fire inside burning every cell of his body. He also saw his rationality and self-control being destroyed, bit by bit.

Completely oblivious to this, Ji Yi continued to ponder: "...But, it tastes like jasmine... Mhm..."

She hesitated for a moment then unexpectedly said with all seriousness, "...Maybe it's cotton candy without any added sugar..."

With that, she lowered her head and bit his lips.

He knew she was just rambling drunkenly and she was actually biting his lips like one would bite into cotton candy. The force of her bite didn't hurt – in fact, it was nothing worth complaining about and was more playful than anything.

"Eh..." She suddenly looked like she realized something. All of a sudden, she used the tip of her tongue to carefully taste his lips.

Every move of hers made his body tremble violently.

Just when he couldn't hold it in anymore, she started to mumble, "... That's strange. Why does cotton candy taste like alcohol..."

Aren't you just tasting the alcohol you left on me?

As that thought drifted across He Jichen's mind, he suddenly thought back to how they kissed passionately and intensely in the living room earlier.

All of a sudden, his breathing grew unsteady and his chest started to heave.

No, if they continued like this, something really would happen...

With that thought, He Jichen raised his hands and grabbed the edge of the bed, lifting himself up a little.

As he did this, Ji Yi slid down his chest slightly and her bottom happened to push down on his body, below his abdomen.

He Jichen couldn't help but let out a low moan.

Just as he was going to get up, Ji Yi's eyebrows suddenly furrowed and she started to mumble in confusion. "That's so strange, what is this..."

As she said this, she even started to shake her little butt. It felt like He Jichen was shocked by electricity as his entire body shivered. He couldn't help but blurt out, "Xiao Yi, stop moving..."

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But why would she listen to him? Instead, she moved even more frantically as she said something that tempted him to think wild thoughts: "Why do you keep fighting me...?"

"Xiao Yi, don't move!" He Jichen's voice was stern from holding himself back with so much restraint and enduring so much torture.

"Why are you getting angry?!" Ji Yi glanced at He Jichen, dissatisfied. She simply refused to obey what he said. On the contrary, she moved even more erratically. "Who do you think you are? You tell me not to move, so I'm just going to stop moving? Just how little face do you think I have? Whatever, I'm gonna move..."

As she said this, it looked like this wasn't exciting enough for her. She actually reached her little hand out and aimed below He Jichen's abdomen.

"Xiao Yi!" He spoke out sharply to stop her, but before he could physically block her, her fingers had already touched his lower body.

He didn't hesitate in the slightest to grab her hand.

She clearly got what he meant, and she knew that he wanted to stop her. She didn't hesitate either to tighten her grip on his body.

His abdomen twitched all of a sudden. Then he loosened the strength in his grip on her hand.

He suddenly felt a little parched and the air in the room seemed incredibly dry.

He instinctively reached towards her again with balled-up fists. Because he was trying his hardest to control himself, he heard the cracking of his knuckles.

After some time, he finally spoke in an intensely tender voice: "Xiao Yi... Let go..."

As he said this, a tinge of anticipation rose from his heart. He hoped she could listen to what he said, let go, and leave him. The further away she was, the better... His self-control was better than most, but in his heart, she was his deepest craving. What's more, in this very moment, he felt like the ball of fire was about to explode inside!

But in the end, his hopes came crashing down. With no idea what He Jichen was thinking, Ji Yi replied with a crisp "No!" then put more force in her fingers.

He Jichen choked a little as he tried to suppress a pained expression from emerging on his devastatingly beautiful face. He pursed his lips tightly and waited for the electrical current generated by Ji Yi's tight

grip to subside. Then he said with an unusually weak, hoarse voice: “Xiao Yi, I’m going to hurt you if you don’t stop...”

To him, she was an endless pursuit. Once he started, there was no other way for him to stop.

He wanted to take advantage of the rationality still left in him and stop what was going to happen. He wanted to allow their story to stop now while they still had a beautiful friendship.

In her drunken state, how could she understand what he really wanted? All she knew was that he wanted her to let go. Under the influence of alcohol, her rebellious nature intensified. She shook her head like a rattle-drum and consecutively said “No!”

Ji Yi felt really hot. She could feel a layer of dense sweat in her palms and she couldn’t help but rub it on the bathrobe in hopes of rubbing the sweat away.

Her actions happened to rub against He Jichen. She stimulated him with one rub after another, leaving him on the verge of completely losing his rationality and self-control.

In the end, he overestimated his self-control and underestimated her sex appeal.

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Without even noticing that she was in danger, she continued to mumble, “Ehhhh?! Why so...”

Before she could say the word “hard,” He Jichen’s gaze intensified suddenly; his arm that was reaching over to block Ji Yi’s hand turned around to grab her neck. He grabbed her neck hard, sealing off her windpipe and forcing her to swallow the words back.

He had wanted her ages ago in the living room. In this very moment, he lost control completely and the sleeping beast within him instantly took control. He kissed her with astonishing urgency and craving. He wound his lips around her mouth and kissed her violently.

Soon enough, he had kissed her until she was one big mess, slumped weakly onto his body.

His lips fell to her neck as he tossed the comforter on the bed over to an empty space on the floor. Then he hoisted her onto the bed.

Her bathrobe was tied loosely, so with just one toss, it fell off her body.

He stared at her body filled with his kiss marks all over as faint red flames started to jump from his eyes.

He raised his hands, casually removed his own bathrobe and tossed it aside. Immediately after, he turned around and impatiently pressed her body down.

Her skin was icy cold while his body was scolding hot. The moment they touched, they both shivered at the same time. Then his skin hugged hers tightly.

His slender fingertips trailed from her ears to her neck, her collarbone, then slid down.

He could feel her convulse gently as he moved.

He couldn't stop himself from lowering his head and sealing her lips for the umpteenth time. However, this time, he kissed her more deeply than before as he forcefully inhaled her scent. His kiss was fierce like he wanted to swallow her alive.

Even though he knew this was wrong, he still dove headfirst like a moth to a flame.

This was just like four years ago. He knew she liked his older brother, but he still chose to continue to love her regardless.

There were some things that could never be stopped once they started.

For example, the thing that was happening at this very moment in time...

Just when He Jichen kissed Ji Yi to the point where she was about to suffocate, he firmly and decisively charged into her world.

Four years. It had been four years – more than one thousand, four hundred days and nights – since the first time they were this intimate together...

In this very moment, He Jichen felt like it was all a dream, similar to a dream he had just yesterday.

He stopped everything he was doing as he took in the throbbing ecstasy of the moment. After he noted it in his mind, he finally realized it was real.

He moved slowly and gently. An odd sensation engulfed him, wave after wave.

His breathing was in disarray, and hers was chaotic. With no planning at all, they moved in synchrony together.

The curtains to the bedroom were open and the window was slightly open, so the night's breeze gently wafted into the room with the scent of the Huangpu River.

They became more intensely entangled. As the sounds of his gasps grew, her seductive moans fell gently.

The temperature in the room rose higher and the atmosphere was gentle and enchanting...

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For a long, long time, his sweat-drenched rugged body was spread out over her delicate body, and the room finally fell silent.

It wasn't clear just how long his heart had been racing until it finally calmed down. He sat up and reached out to grab a tissue from the bedside table. He wiped the sweat from both their bodies. Still gasping for breaths, Ji Yi laid on the bed.

He held her in his embrace and gently stroked her hair, filled with an intense feeling of love and affection.

Barely able to keep her eyes open, she relished his tenderness and sank into his embrace.

Her affectionate actions tensed his body up and restarted his wild feelings.

His fingers entangled in her hair couldn't help but slide down to her glossy, fair skin. With that, his fingertips touched hers, causing him to gulp and press her down with his body again.

She was obviously exhausted, but she couldn't fight his allure. Not long after, her breathing started to grow urgent.

She was moved and his desires became more intense. As their breaths travelled in the room, she instinctively grabbed onto his shoulders as she pleaded weakly.

He moved increasingly faster. She felt like she wasn't herself anymore.

The breeze that came in from the window grew stronger as it blew the curtains wildly in all directions. It stirred the atmosphere in the room into a mess, reflecting the state of their hearts.

He was now in a state of desperation like before as he kissed her lips hungrily. Then they felt both their bodies tremble and fall harshly into the clouds. In that very second, it was like there was just the two of them left in this boundless universe.

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After He Jichen calmed down and carried her to take a shower, there wasn't an ounce of energy left in his entire body.

Maybe he was just overly attracted to her, or maybe it had been too long since he touched a woman that made him act so obscenely animalistic. With a sudden burst of energy, he couldn't help but take her violently again under the shower.

After doing it three consecutive times, Ji Yi finally felt the last ounce of energy leaving her body. After they finished, she leaned against his shoulders and fell asleep.

He cleaned her up and wiped her body down with a towel. Then he carried her back to the bed.

He was actually really tired too – so tired that he didn't want to think about or reflect on what happened tonight.

In bed, he tenderly held her in his arms, inhaled the scent of her body, then shut his eyes.

The second he was about to fall asleep, he turned his head slightly and kissed the top of her head. Then as though he was talking in his sleep, he said, "Xiao Yi, I love you..."

She was incredibly still after drifting off to sleep ages ago.

He hugged her tightly in his arms before following her into a deep sleep.

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Time turned back to eleven in the evening, in the hall for the end-of-production party for "Three Thousand Lunatics."

Today, Han Zhifan should have been on a flight to America, but he got a call from He Jichen. He figured that Cheng Weiwan was going to be at the party for "Three Thousand Lunatics." He thought about how



work had been hectic lately, which meant he hadn't spent much time with her, although he had been sending a bouquet of flowers to the set for her everyday. He figured that he might as well call his secretary to postpone the flight to America by two days and travel from Beijing to Shanghai.

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It was monsoon season in all of southern China, so it rained heavily non-stop. Having originally booked a flight for ten in the morning, Han Zhifan waited in the VIP lounge of the hotel till one in the afternoon without any updates on his delayed departure.

The end-of-production party was booked for seven in the evening, so there were only six hours left. Han Zhifan made a mental calculation and he didn't know just how much time he would continue to waste at the airport. He was afraid he wouldn't make it to the party.

Han Zhifan thought about it for a moment then ordered the driver to get the car started. He also asked his secretary to book a ticket for the high-speed train.

The train station was quite some distance away from the airport. As there were too many flights on standby, a lot of flight passengers were now trying to get to the high-speed train instead, so there was more traffic on the roads than usual. When Han Zhifan reached the train station, it was already three in the afternoon.

At a quarter past three, Han Zhifan got on the high-speed train.

He wasted practically a whole day at the airport. He still had a lot of work to attend to, so Han Zhifan took out his laptop and started to get busy.

It was already dark outside when he finished his work. He glanced at the time to find that it was already half past seven. The end-of-production party had already started, and he was still about two hours away from Shanghai.

At half past nine, the train arrived on time. The doors opened, and as soon as Han Zhifan stepped out, he saw the driver arranged for him by the Shanghai branch.

After he got into the car, he didn't wait for the driver to ask where he was heading and beat him to the chase with: "Head right for Starlight."

Han Zhifan was afraid he wouldn't be able to make it before the party ended, so he urged the driver to step on the gas throughout the entire journey as he checked the time constantly.

At ten o'clock, the car reached the entrance to the Starlight lobby. Han Zhifan ordered the driver: "Take my things up to room 1002" then ignored the doorman's polite greeting. He strode into the revolving doors and headed right for the elevator.

As he stepped out of the elevator, Han Zhifan saw many people in uniforms coming out from the hall, one after the other.

She... couldn't have already left, right?

Han Zhifan naturally walked faster while muttering “Excuse me” as he hurriedly threaded through the crowd and into the hall.

The lobby was empty. Aside from a dozen or so hotel attendants, there was barely anyone else there.

Han Zhifan scanned the large hall carefully, but after he confirmed that Cheng Weiwan was nowhere in sight, he suddenly felt a deep sense of annoyance.

After hurrying over, I still wasn’t able to get here on time?

Han Zhifan raised his hand and tugged on his collar a little. He let out a few stifled breaths of air before turning around and walking out of the hall.

In his rush over to the hotel, Han Zhifan hadn’t even gotten a chance to use the restroom. Before he headed up to his hotel room, he happened to notice a restroom sign and walked right in.

As he came out of the stall, Han Zhifan was about to walk over to the sink when he heard the sound of vomiting nearby.

He instinctively lifted his eyelids and glanced over. Through the mirror, he watched as a familiar silhouette came into view.

Han Zhifan’s footsteps stopped for a moment as he stared at the woman, who was vomiting non-stop with her head lowered, for some time. Then he silently backed away, gestured for a nearby attendant, and asked her to get a bottle of water.

Soon enough, the waitress brought over a bottle of water to him.

Han Zhifan gave his thanks then popped the lid of the bottle open and stepped back into the restroom.

He walked over to the sink. After waiting for the woman to finish throwing up, he put the bottle of water down before her eyes.

Just as she was about to turn the tap on to rinse her mouth out with cold water, Cheng Weiwan suddenly froze when she saw the bottle of water in front of her.

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After about five seconds, she slowly turned her head and glanced from the bottle of water all the way to Han Zhifan’s handsome complexion. Stunned, Cheng Weiwan’s lips twitched, tempted to ask: Why are you here? All of a sudden, she felt her stomach turn. The sensation made her hastily put her head down and throw up again.

Han Zhifan quickly put the bottle of water on the counter and reached his hand out to gently pat Cheng Weiwan’s back.

He waited until after she finished vomiting to put the bottle of water close to her mouth again and said, “Rinse your mouth first then drink some water. You’ll feel a little better.”

Cheng Weiwan didn’t say anything and followed Han Zhifan’s instructions obediently.

After the mildly cold water flowed down her throat and into her stomach, it was just as he said – it really did make her feel a lot better.

Lowering the bottle, she turned the tap on and washed her face. Then she grabbed a towel to wipe her face and hands dry. She finally straightened up, faced Han Zhifan, and gently said, “Thank you.”

This guy... He doesn't usually talk, but when he does, he says romantic words. He sounds more emotional than me, who writes romantic novels for a living...

With a tense look on her face, Cheng Weiwan said, “I don't feel so well, so I'm going to head upstairs to get some rest first.”

She didn't wait for him to reply and added the words “Goodbye.” Then she turned around and headed for the restroom door.

She was wearing a gown and high heels for tonight's party. On typical days, she mostly wore flat shoes, so she wasn't used to wearing heels and right now, she was drunk. Although she wasn't a drunken mess, she was still a little tipsy. As she took a single step forward, her foot went flying. She almost fell to the ground, but luckily Han Zhifan had fast reflexes and grabbed her arm from behind.

“Which one is your room? I'll take you.”

Cheng Weiwan hesitated for a moment then told him her room number.

When Cheng Weiwan almost tripped up, she accidentally twisted her ankle. Even though Han Zhifan supported her as she walked, she felt a piercing pain in her leg with every step.

Her father, Cheng Weiguo, was always busy with work, and her mother passed away when she was young, so she would often be home alone from the age of thirteen. Maybe she was too used to being independent for so many years that she never thought about asking people for help. Even though she twisted her ankle, she didn't tell Han Zhifan.

After getting into the elevator and reaching Cheng Weiwan's floor, her leg couldn't help but go limp from the pain in her ankle. Han Zhifan felt her weight shift, lowered his head slightly then saw that her fair, slender ankle was red and swollen.

“You twisted your ankle. Why didn't you say anything?” Han Zhifan's tone of voice sounded like there were hints of blame and annoyance.

Cheng Weiwan lowered her eyes without saying a word.

Han Zhifan stared at her for a moment then suddenly bent over and lifted her off her feet.

Having never been touched so intimately by a man before, Cheng Weiwan looked flustered. She instinctively tried to struggle out of Han Zhifan's arms.

“Don't move!” Han Zhifan tightened his grip and said with a concealed threat: “If you move again, trust me when I say I'll kiss you right here in the hallway!”

“You—” Cheng Weiwan only managed to blurt out one word when she saw Han Zhifan really drawing closer. She swiftly turned her head then quieted down.

Cheng Weiwan tensed her body in fear as she still wasn't quite used to being carried by a man.

He opened the door. After Han Zhifan put her down on the sofa, Cheng Weiwan silently let out a sigh of relief.

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Cheng Weiwan thanked Han Zhifan then found some red flower oil from the medical kit on the coffee table. She poured it into her palms and rubbed her red, swollen ankle.

Han Zhifan knew she studied medicine before, so seeing as she didn't call for a doctor, he figured that she knew it wasn't sprained and could take care of it on her own.

Without talking any nonsense, he took a seat beside her and stared at her as she rubbed her ankle.

Her fingers were really beautiful. She probably typed away on a keyboard all year round and students of medicine probably had a little OCD, so she didn't have long nails like other girls. Her hands were completely clean and easy on the eyes.

Han Zhifan couldn't help but glance at her as she poured the red flower oil into her palms again. When she lifted her head, he looked at her face and quietly asked, "Why did you drink so much?"

Cheng Weiwan stopped what she was doing. "I had to entertain some people so I had to drink, but it was also my fault because I can't really take my alcohol. I throw up after just a little drinking."

"A woman out by herself must be careful. Don't drink if you can help it."

Han Zhifan's tone of voice was lighthearted, but he managed to suddenly stop Cheng Weiwan from rubbing her ankles for a moment.

Maybe he's right... Ever since I was a kid, nobody ever said such caring words to me...

Cheng Weiwan lowered her eyes and stared at her swollen ankles quietly for a moment. Just as she was going to give Han Zhifan an "Mhm," he spoke again. "But, that being said, there's another way for you to not have to drink."

Cheng Weiwan swallowed the words on the tip of her tongue and turned to look over at Han Zhifan.

Han Zhifan smiled. "Be with me. My woman doesn't need to entertain other people."

How did the conversation end up this way...

Cheng Weiwan chose to ignore him and continued to rub her ankle with her head lowered.

After Cheng Weiwan finished caring for her ankle, she went into the bathroom to remove her makeup. Han Zhifan was afraid she'd trip on the way, so he accompanied her all the way to the bathroom.

When Cheng Weiwan brushed her teeth, Han Zhifan was leaning against the door, staring at her with his arms crossed.

When she was rinsing her mouth, Han Zhifan suddenly asked, "Let me give you a suggestion."

His words came all of a sudden. Cheng Weiwan thought he was serious, so after she spat the water out, she asked in return, "What suggestion?"

Han Zhifan looked into Cheng Weiwan's eyes and said with complete seriousness, "Be with me."

"You——" That was the third time Cheng Weiwan heard Han Zhifan say those words that night. She let out just one word, but couldn't quite come back from it. She stared menacingly at Han Zhifan then looked away like she was annoyed at his incessant attempts. She continued to rinse her mouth even more fiercely.

After she put down the cup, Cheng Weiwan limped over to the bathroom door. When she passed by Han Zhifan, he suddenly reached out and scooped her up.

"Han Zhifan, put me down! What do you want to do?!"

Han Zhifan walked straight towards the bed as though he hadn't heard Cheng Weiwan. He put her down on the bed, and before she could react, he leaned over. With his hands by both her ears, he hovered over her body.

"Do? What do you think I want to do? After all, I'm in your room..."

Han Zhifan's face was no more than ten inches away from Cheng Weiwan's face. The warmth of his breath sprayed all over her face, making Cheng Weiwan's heart flustered.

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When she spoke again, she sounded even more agitated, "Han Zhifan, get out! Get out of my room!"

Han Zhifan ignored her and slowly pushed his head down lower. As his lips drew closer to hers, Cheng Weiwan nervously shut her eyes and tears fell from the corners of her eyes.

Just when she thought her first kiss was going to be stolen by him, he suddenly stopped about an inch away from her lips.

Cheng Weiwan waited for a moment but the sensation she was expecting never arrived. That was when she slowly lifted her eyelids.

She was caught off guard by Han Zhifan's deep gaze.

Their eyes met for about ten seconds. Then, with a uniquely arrogant and serious voice, he said, "I lied. I, Han Zhifan, never force women."

As he said this, he continued to stare at her eyes for some time. Then he slowly raised his left hand to her head and gently stroked her hair, messy from her struggles against him. "I really do want you, but most importantly, I want you to do this willingly."

As he said this, Han Zhifan lowered his head and left a gentle peck between Cheng Weiwan's brows. Then he added a "goodnight," swiftly retreated and took a few steps back. Under the soft, pale yellow lights, he spoke again with a tender voice, "Sweet dreams." With that, he really did leave her room without looking back.

Cheng Weiwan blinked and came to her senses a long time after he left.

She stared at the ceiling quietly for some time before she raised her hand gently and touched the spot between her eyebrows.

It seemed as though his breath and warmth were still lingering there. Her fingers suddenly trembled for a moment before she hurriedly hid under the covers.

...

As Han Zhifan stepped out of the room and shut the door, he had a cold expression on his face.

He stared at the empty hallway and stood there in silence for a moment. Then he strode over to the elevators.

When he reached his own floor, he waited for the driver to hand him his room key and saw the driver off. He took out a cigarette, walked over to the tall windows and watched the night view out the window. He started to smoke.

As the sky grew darker, there were fewer and fewer boats out on the Huangpu River. When the neon lights dimmed one after the other, Han Zhifan seemed to have made some kind of decision. He pulled out his phone from his pocket and made a call. "Lin Sheng, have you arranged what I asked?"

"Mr. Han, it's all ready." The man's voice over the phone stopped for a moment and said, "Are we going to run with the plan?"

"No..." Han Zhifan answered bluntly. About two seconds later, he spoke again. "...bring it up to next month."

"So soon?" Lin Sheng was a little shocked.

Han Zhifan let out an "Mhm," lowered his head and took a drag of his cigarette.

The man was silent for a moment then Lin Sheng spoke again with a sluggish voice: "Mr. Han, are you sure? After all, Cheng Weiguo was in the wrong, not his daughter, Cheng Weiwan. What's more, Cheng Weiwan probably knows nothing about her father, she..."

"Say no more. I've decided and I won't change my mind. She can't complain; she has only her father, Cheng Weiguo, to blame!" Han Zhifan didn't wait for Lin Sheng to reply and firmly cut him off.