

I Regained 111

Chapter 111: Wedding Live Stream

Again, Song Yu urgently tugged on Wang Lan's sleeve, reminding her in a hushed voice, "Mom, remember, we're still live streaming!"

The idea of live streaming the grand wedding had been Wang Lan's. She had even hired professional journalists and equipped them with the best audio gear to broadcast how extravagant the Song family could be.

But she hadn't expected this to become her biggest obstacle.

Wang Lan took a deep breath and mustered a smile, her voice straining to stay soft. "No, no, of course not. The old master couldn't attend due to health issues, so the butler is here in his stead."

Zhang Hua covered her mouth in feigned surprise. "Really? I heard the old master has been quite healthy recently. Also, didn't he prefer Song Ling's ex-wife?"

Wang Lan's fingers trembled as she pointed at Zhang Hua, hissing, "Zhang Hua!"

Zhang Hua reveled in Wang Lan's visible struggle to contain her anger. She hadn't thought this day would come.

Just as it seemed a fight would erupt between Wang Lan and Zhang Hua, the organizer swiftly intervened to separate them.

Still, the excellent audio equipment captured every word, and the audience watching the live stream burst into excited chatter.

The live-stream viewers began an animated discussion in the comments section, their words scrolling like rapid-fire bullets across the screen.

“Who would have thought that even high-society ladies could bicker like this!” One comment exclaimed.

“My only concern is, does Old Master Song really disapprove of Jiang Yue? Why? She’s a nationally renowned dancer; she should be more than a match for Song Ling,” another viewer speculated.

“Bold of you to say, but you’re right,” chimed in another. “Jiang Yue is indeed worthy of Song Ling. And let’s not forget, Song Ling’s ex-wife was nothing but a country bumpkin. I can’t understand why the old man ever favored her.”

“I can’t fathom Grandpa Song’s taste either,” someone retorted. “I’ve heard that not only is Song Ling’s ex-wife from a humble background, but she’s also hideous. So ugly that even a pig would jump in fright!”

“No wonder Song Ling never took his former wife to any events,” a sympathetic comment appeared. “Just thinking about it makes me realize how pitiable he is. But no worries; once he marries our dear Jiang Yue, he’ll finally be able to proudly escort his wife to galas, capturing the attention of everyone in the room.”

Over at Gu Corporation.

Gu Dai turned her gaze from the scrolling comments on her computer screen to Meng Zhi. “Third Brother, is this ‘important matter’ you mentioned the wedding between Song Ling and Jiang Yue?”

Meng Zhi’s eyes narrowed as he fixated on the barrage of comments, his irritation escalating with each passing second. He couldn’t fathom it—these people had never even met Daidai, so why were they so quick to malign her based on hearsay?

Suppressing a disgruntled sigh, Meng Zhi quickly turned his attention to Gu Dai, offering words of comfort. “Daidai, don’t listen to them. You’re incredibly beautiful, my most beautiful little princess.”

Gu Dai handed Meng Zhi a glass of water and smiled. "I know, Third Brother, and you're underestimating me. I'm not affected by their words."

Meng Zhi looked at Gu Dai, his heart swelling with affection and pain.

Daidai, you've become strong because you've been through so much.

Thinking of this, Meng Zhi's resentment towards Song Ling intensified, as if he could barely resist the urge to tear the man to shreds. Only when he thought of the "grand gift" that he and his two brothers had prepared for Song Ling did a smidgen of that seething hatred subside.

His thoughts were interrupted when Gu Dai asked, "Third Brother, did you and our elder brothers secretly plan something for Song Ling and Jiang Yue's wedding?"

Meng Zhi snapped out of his thoughts, his eyes widening in disbelief. "How did you know? Did I accidentally spill the beans?"

Gu Dai sighed and shook her head. "Third Brother, you've never been good at hiding things. Plus, you suddenly invited me to watch the wedding. You must've arranged something."

Meng Zhi nodded seriously, making a mental note to improve his poker face so he wouldn't give himself away so easily next time.

Gu Dai's eyes fell on the live-streamed wedding venue, momentarily lost in thought. The opulence of this ceremony far outstripped what she had experienced three years ago.

Perhaps this was the difference between love and the absence of it..

Chapter 112: Noisy Music

Meng Zhi noticed the melancholy that clouded Gu Dai's face and looked at her with concern. "Daidai..."

Gu Dai's face turned a shade paler, but she forced a smile. "Don't worry, Third Brother. I'm fine. It's just that watching this wedding brings back memories of my own with Song Ling."

Meng Zhi regretted his timing. He should have turned on the live stream later, so Gu Dai wouldn't be reminded of her past at such an emotionally charged moment.

The master of ceremonies had already taken the stage. "Let's welcome the bride and groom!"

Gu Dai heard this and turned her head away. "Third Brother, I won't watch the next part..."

Before she could finish her sentence, an odd medley of sentimental, joyful, trendy, and catchy tunes erupted from the computer, creating a jarring cacophony.

Both Gu Dai and Meng Zhi were stunned.

They weren't the only ones. The guests at the wedding venue were also taken aback. Since they were physically present, the discordant blend of sounds was even more deafening.

"How could the Song family, who hold such a high standing, make such a basic mistake? Didn't they rehearse?"

"My ears, my ears are polluted! Had I known, I wouldn't have come. If my hearing is damaged, I won't let the Song family off the hook."

"Why isn't anyone fixing this?"

Song Ling approached the master of ceremonies with a livid expression. "What's going on here? Why isn't anyone solving this?"

The emcee, already trembling with fear, mustered the courage to respond, "Mr. Song, I can't hear you. You're too soft-spoken!"

Song Ling felt like everything was going dark. He gestured to Zhao Xuan.

Zhao Xuan leaned in close to the emcee and relayed Song Ling's question.

After hearing it, the emcee wiped the sweat from his forehead and whispered an explanation to Zhao Xuan.

Zhao Xuan quickly relayed the information to Song Ling. "Mr. Song, the emcee says the noise isn't coming from our audio system but from the building next door."

Song Ling snapped, "If you know what the problem is, why haven't you gone to fix it?"

Stunned by the reprimand, Zhao Xuan snapped to attention and rushed off to solve the issue, muttering under his breath about Song Ling's temperament.

Jiang Yue, holding her wedding gown, approached Song Ling. "Is everything okay?"

Forcing down his irritation, Song Ling replied, "It's fine. It'll be resolved soon."

Jiang Yue nodded obediently. "I trust you. By the way, I encountered something interesting a couple of days ago..."

Song Ling felt his patience thinning. He wasn't in the mood for conversation, especially not with the Jiang Yue's voice adding to his irritation.

Just then, he saw Zhao Xuan returning. So he left Jiang Yue there, while he walked over in hasty steps, "Why are you back, but the music is still there?"

Zhao Xuan looked uneasy. “Mr. Song, the person in charge of the neighboring building says playing music is their right and we can’t interfere.”

Fuming, Song Ling clenched his teeth. “Right? What right? Who gave them that right?”

Zhao Xuan, stuttering, said, “The person in charge said, said, said...”

Wang Lan, who had just arrived, heard Zhao Xuan’s stammering and snapped, “Out with it, what did they say?”

Frightened, Zhao Xuan blurted out, “They said they paid for it and aren’t under anyone’s control!”

Wang Lan’s face darkened even more. “Then why didn’t you offer them double the money? This is an important day; we can’t afford any mistakes! Money is the least of the Song family’s worries!”

Zhao Xuan lowered his head even more. “I did offer ten times the amount, but they didn’t budge.”

Frustrated, Wang Lan yelled, “So, they didn’t take ten times the money, and you didn’t think to offer a hundred times more?”

Chapter 113: Sister, Don’t Be Angry

Song Ling’s face hardened, and he spoke coldly, “It’s useless. Whoever is in charge has likely been instructed by someone else. Even if we offer them a thousand times the amount, they won’t budge.”

Wang Lan looked stunned. “Instructed by someone? Who would dare? Gu Dai, it must be Gu Dai!”

At the mention of Gu Dai’s name, a slight frown crossed Song Ling’s brow, but it disappeared quickly. He turned to Zhao Xuan, “Go and sabotage the main electrical line!”

Zhao Xuan wanted to point out that damaging electrical equipment was illegal, but one look at Song Ling's stern face silenced him. He hurried off to carry out the task.

Within moments, the cacophony was silenced.

Yet, the damage was done. Many guests had left the venue, and the online viewers had significantly decreased.

Wang Lan's face darkened further upon learning this. She couldn't control the online audience, but she did know the guests personally. Once the wedding was over, she vowed to settle scores with each one of them.

After the music stopped, Gu Dai came back to her senses. She turned to Meng Zhi and asked, "Third Brother, did you arrange this?"

Meng Zhi shook his head in confusion. "No, our plans haven't even started yet. But given how annoying Song Ling is, others might have wanted to sabotage his wedding too."

As Meng Zhi finished speaking, Gu Dai's phone rang.

She was surprised to see that it was from Su Ting.

Answering the call, she smiled, "Is the competition over?"

Su Ting had been overseas with Zhang Zheng for a fashion show and a closed-door competition. He hadn't been able to contact Gu Dai much, only a few times in total.

Hearing Gu Dai's voice pierced Su Ting like a knife. "Not yet... but I took a leave. Have you watched Song Ling's wedding?"

Without thinking, Gu Dai answered, "I did."

A sudden realization hit her, as she thought of the possibility and asked in shock. "Was the music at the wedding your doing?"

"Correct," Su Ting confirmed.

The news of Song Ling and Jiang Yue's marriage spread across the world, and even Su Ting, who was abroad, heard about this matter.

Angered by Song Ling's betrayal of Gu Dai, he had orchestrated the disruptive music to teach Song Ling a lesson.

After his confession, Su Ting sensed Gu Dai's prolonged silence and cautiously asked, "Are you angry?"

Gu Dai envisioned a small kitten, head lowered in guilt. Realizing her thoughts, she chuckled softly, "No, I'm not angry. You did well; I was quite shocked."

Su Ting sighed in relief. "I'm glad you're not angry... I'll be back soon."

Although Su Ting moved the phone away, Gu Dai heard a faint noise.

"What happened?"

"Zhang Zheng says the competition has been moved up; I need to prepare," Su Ting sounded frustrated.

"Alright, then hurry up. Don't be late and aim for a good result," Gu Dai encouraged.

Su Ting nodded with certainty, but then realized that Gu Dai couldn't see. "I will, Sister! I'll come back with first place!" Su Ting eagerly promised.

Gu Dai chuckled and responded, “Mm-hm.”

She waited for Su Ting to hang up, but he remained silent. The soft sound of his breathing filled the line.

Knowing he might just wait forever, she disconnected the call first.

She understood this well, as Su Ting had done this before.

Meng Zhi had been watching Gu Dai closely while she was on the phone. Seeing her smile so genuinely, he couldn't help but eavesdrop. Although he couldn't hear the exact words, he discerned that the voice on the other end was male and oddly familiar.

After a moment's thought, a name popped into Meng Zhi's mind. “Was that Su Ting?”

Gu Dai nodded.. “Yes, but how do you know Su Ting, Third Brother?”

Chapter 114: Isn't that illegal, though

Gu Dai chuckled and realized her oversight. “Ah, yes, you're right. I introduced you two three years ago, didn't I?”

Meng Zhi responded with a smile, saying, “Yes.”

However, when Gu Dai wasn't looking, Meng Zhi lowered his head, his eyes clouded with an inscrutable darkness. His thoughts drifted as he silently muttered Su Ting's name a few times, and his expression grew even more grim.

The unexpected chaos had paused the wedding, prompting a temporary interlude. They would resume in ten minutes.

During this interval, Song Zhi approached Song Ling. “Young Master, the Old Master just called. You can still call off the wedding.”

Song Ling hesitated, torn between choices.

Jiang Yue noticed and quickly clung to his arm, looking up at him with pleading eyes. “Song Ling, don’t you want to marry me? You already promised!”

“I do want to marry you,” Song Ling hastily clarified. “It’s just that today doesn’t seem like a good day for a wedding. Can we perhaps pick another day?” “No way!” Jiang Yue was adamant.

She had finally gotten Song Ling to commit; she wasn’t going to let go now. Even if the divination arrived here today, she would not change the date an time.

Their voices carried, drawing the attention of Wang Lan and Song Yu, who hurried over. Upon learning the reason for the impasse, they grew agitated as well.

“We can’t change the date; it has to be today!” Wang Lan declared, her emotions running high.

She had invited the who’s who of society, and the ceremony was being live-streamed. A change of date would make her the laughingstock of the town.

“I agree. It has to be today,” Song Yu chimed in. “Besides, I only recognize Jiang Yue as my sister-in-law. Brother, don’t think you can marry anyone else, especially not Gu Dai!”

Song Yu suspected that the butler was acting on their grandpa’s orders, aiming to reconcile Song Ling and Gu Dai.

Over the past three years, she had often feared being ridiculed because of her lowly-born sister-in-law, Gu Dai. Now that they had finally divorced, she was about to gain a sister-in-law who was well-born, fashionable, and gentle—a true enhancement to her social status.

So, Song Yu was absolutely determined not to let Song Ling remarry Gu Dai.

Song Yu turned to Song Ling and cautioned again, “Brother, you finally divorced that woman Gu Dai. Are you really going to listen to Grandpa and remarry her?”

A look of hesitation flashed across Song Ling’s face. “I have a feeling that things won’t go smoothly today. Something bad might happen.”

Song Yu replied, “Brother, you’re just too superstitious! Don’t worry; it’s all in your head. You just need to marry Jiang Yue peacefully.”

Wang Lan nodded in agreement, “Yes, just relax, stop overthinking. What happened earlier was just an accident.”

Hearing the two people’s reassurances, Song Ling pursed his lips and finally conceded, “Alright.”

Jiang Yue bowed her head and smiled faintly. Fortunately, Wang Lan and Song Yu, who were both rather thoughtless, kept supporting her; otherwise, Song Ling might genuinely change his mind.

The butler watched the four people leave and sighed in resignation.

Having lived for so many years and met so many people, just one glance at Jiang Yue told him she was crafty. Unfortunately, the young master couldn’t see it. It seemed he would have to resort to the tactic the old master had instructed him to use.

After a brief interlude, the wedding ceremony resumed.

However, many of the decorations for the ceremony required electricity, which had been cut off by Song Ling to prevent disturbances. The absence of special lighting effects diminished the ceremony’s beauty.

Even though Song Ling and Jiang Yue both looked stunning on this day, it couldn't make up for this shortcoming.

Those watching the live broadcast began to comment.

"So boring to watch this again."

"And without the lighting, the whole ceremony lacks atmosphere. Couldn't they get someone to fix the lights?"

"Tsk, tsk. You must have just joined the stream, huh? You missed Song Ling's domineering side. There was a commotion next door, and to avoid disrupting the wedding, he cut off the power. So cool!"

"Isn't that illegal, though?"

Chapter 115: The Show Just Began

"How could it be illegal? Besides, isn't it also against the law for the noise to come from the building next door? Plus, Song Ling is above the law. This is not something you people with a monthly salary of 3,000 should concern yourselves with!"

"Right, focus on your own lives instead of constantly bringing up the law."

Gu Dai looked at these comments and couldn't tell if they genuinely liked Song Ling or were subtly criticizing him.

As Jiang Yue stepped onto the red carpet again, the exclusive wedding music resumed, steadying the audience's frayed nerves.

Song Ling watched as the woman walking toward him stirred a sense of detachment within him. He wondered, if he hadn't fled from his wedding three years ago, would Gu Dai also be walking toward him like this?

The experienced emcee sensed Song Ling's wandering thoughts and promptly announced, "Approaching our groom, the President of the Song Corporation, Song Ling, now is the renowned domestic dancer, Jiang Yue!"

Snapped out of his reverie by the emcee's voice, Song Ling focused intently on Jiang Yue.

Seeing Song Ling's regained concentration, the emcee breathed a silent sigh of relief and continued, "This is the most perfect couple I've ever seen. I'm so awestruck. How about you, ladies and gentlemen, both here and watching online?"

The crowd enthusiastically shouted, "Yes!"

Jiang Yue's smile widened with the crowd's enthusiasm. But seeing Song Ling's icy expression, she softly asked, "Song Ling, are you not happy marrying me?"

Snapping back to reality, Song Ling assured her, "No, I'm very happy to marry you."

Realizing why she had asked, he added, "I am happy, I just didn't show it."

Jiang Yue nodded.

Song Ling had an uneasy feeling, especially with his right eyelid twitching continuously.

But as the speeches and vows progressed, no other incidents occurred, and he finally relaxed.

The people at the scene as well as online were particularly excited.

The emcee seized the moment, announcing, "Up next, we have a special segment prepared by the bride. Let's watch a short video she made to showcase their love!"

"Great!"

Meng Zhi, watching the live stream, sat up excitedly. "Daidai, pay attention!"

It's almost time for the segment my brothers and I prepared."

Gu Dai nodded, "Alright!"

Jiang Yue leaned into Song Ling, whispering, "This is a special gift I prepared for you, make sure to watch closely."

Song Ling managed his first genuine smile of the wedding and mentally admonished himself to stay focused on Jiang Yue's gift and not disappoint her.

As the big screen displayed a serene seascape, set to calming music, everyone's attention converged. Then the video started.

First on screen was Jiang Yue, but her appearance was far from her usual graceful and tranquil image. She sported big curls, heavy makeup, exaggerated eyeliner, and bright red lips. Her outfit was provocative and revealed a lot.

The soothing music stopped, replaced by a pulsating beat, and flashing lights revealed that Jiang Yue was in a nightclub.

She moved to a pole and, after blowing kisses to several men surrounding her, started dancing around it. As she danced, she began shedding her already scant clothing, tossing them to the men around her.

Finally, Jiang Yue removed all her clothes..

Chapter 116: Of course it is not fake

Caught in the act of disrobing and dancing around a steel pole, Jiang Yue was the center of attention among a crowd of cheering men. She seemed to revel in it, ultimately losing herself in their company.

The guests, who had been treated to this spectacle, saw their smiles freeze and their faces petrify in disbelief.

Zhang Hua was the first to recover her composure. She cast a hesitant glance at Wang Lan, who was still in a state of shock. "So this is the virtuous daughter-in-law you've been boasting about. She's quite the risk-taker in private, isn't she? What an unexpected revelation for us all."

At that moment, Zhang Hua felt a profound sense of relief. She had almost left the wedding earlier; had she done so, she would have missed this juicy scene and the chance to mock Wang Lan.

Wang Lan, her entire body trembling with fury, lifted her finger to point at Zhang Hua but was too choked up to say anything.

Jiang Yue suppressed her ashen face and managed to put on a smile. "Auntie Zhang, we're living in the digital age. Images can be faked. Moreover, I've never set foot in a nightclub, so how could I engage in such activities?"

Wang Lan, rejuvenated by Jiang Yue's explanation, immediately turned to

Zhang Hua. "Did you hear that? Jiang Yue said it's all fabricated. And I've known her for so long; she's not capable of such behavior."

Song Yu quickly joined in, "Exactly, there's no way Jiang Yue would do this. Someone must be framing her."

The crowd watching the live stream also began to shift their opinions after hearing these “explanations.”

“It could be a setup. There are indeed some lowlifes out there willing to misuse photos to commit crimes.”

“Who’s trying to ruin my beloved Yueyue? That’s absolutely wicked!”

“If I find out who framed Yueyue, they won’t hear the end of it!”

Even Gu Dai, who was initially convinced by their earnest explanations, harbored a sliver of doubt. She whispered, “Third Brother, is this video actually fake?”

Meng Zhi sighed internally.

In the depths of his heart, Meng Zhi repeated to himself several times that Daidai was simply naive. This mental exercise helped quell his rising anger. He clarified, “Of course it’s not fabricated; all of this is real!”

Gu Dai quickly apologized, “Sorry, I shouldn’t have doubted you.”

Back at the wedding venue, Jiang Yue felt a burden had lifted off her shoulders as she sensed the crowd starting to believe her.

But... would Song Ling?

With eyes tinged with redness, she looked up at Song Ling and whispered, “Do you believe me, Song Ling? I’ve never done anything like this.”

Gently wiping away her tears, Song Ling softly responded, “Of course, I believe you.”

After uttering those words, Song Ling turned towards the assembly of guests. “Yueyue is not the kind of girl who would ever engage in such acts. Those who fabricated this video specifically used heavy makeup to hide the stiffness in facial features that comes with fake videos.”

No sooner had Song Ling’s words fallen silent than the previously dark screen flickered back to life. The accompanying sound drew everyone’s attention like a magnet.

The image of Jiang Yue that flashed across the screen was no longer one of garish makeup; instead, it showed her usual, unadorned face.

However, Song Ling felt his right eyelid twitch even more rapidly and a deep sense of unease settled in his gut.

And within the next second, his fears were confirmed.

Jiang Yue appeared in an office setting and shrugging off her outer coat, revealed a more provocative outfit as she moved towards a desk.

The attire was especially tantalizing, given that the audience had just witnessed a disrobed figure—whether it was her or not, their imaginations raced.

But when they saw Jiang Yue embrace a man, everyone averted their gaze, even though the air remained thick with the sounds of amorous whispers.

“I initially thought their love story would consist of how they met, fell in love, and such. I never expected it to be this sensational.”

“All, we’re too old for this; we don’t understand the love lives of these young people anymore.”

“What was the Song family thinking? There are children present!”

Someone dared to take another glance at the screen and let out a shocked cry, “That man isn’t Mr.. Song at all!”

Chapter 117: Smash the Screen

“What? It’s not Song Ling!”

With that exclamation, all eyes darted toward the large screen.

The man entwined with Jiang Yue was indeed not Song Ling, but rather, the stage director Sun Lin—a man of short stature with a chubby, round face, his round body full of fat.

The sight of Sun Lin’s corpulent body prompted many to stifle their gag reflexes. Yet, there was Jiang Yue, appearing to relish his touch, her hands wandering over him. In a coquettish tone, she asked, “Director Sun, could you give the lead role in the new play to Yueyue?”

Sun Lin let out a perverted laugh, tugging at Jiang Yue’s scant garment. However, his voice seemed to be filled with uncertainty. “The selection of the lead actress isn’t up to me, and the girl chosen is quite suited for the role.”

Understanding Sun Lin’s implication, Jiang Yue’s voice softened further as she reached below. “But Yueyue wants to play the lead too, and someone as influential as Director Sun can certainly help me get it.”

Sun Lin nodded. “I could help you get the role, but it would require some effort and connections...”

Upon hearing Sun Lin’s words, Jiang Yue immediately caught his drift. “Yueyue will take good care of Director Sun tonight, so you won’t be so tired. By the way, we haven’t played with little toys for a long time. Would you like to try them with Yueyue tonight?”

Sun Lin eagerly responded, "Okay."

He then hurried to a cabinet and pulled out a box.

Just as people were wondering what was inside, the camera graciously zoomed in. The sight of an assortment of provocative toys, and the man using them on Jiang Yue, left everyone stunned.

"I had heard rumors that Director Sun had some peculiar fetishes, but I never thought they would be true!"

"So Jiang Yue really did sleep her way to roles?"

"I feel sick. After seeing this, I don't think I'll be able to eat for days!"

"Yueyue can't possibly be this kind of person. She's been well-off since childhood; why would she do such a disgusting thing just for a lead role?"

Jiang Yue's expression turned somber. Back when her family had faced financial ruin, drowning in a sea of debts, she had resorted to such compromising methods to secure roles from directors. Had she known then that she could effortlessly ensnare Song Ling and become the lady of the Song household, she never would have stooped so low.

But what did it matter if the video was exposed?

They had believed her once before, during the nightclub fiasco, thinking her an innocent victim. They would believe her again.

These gullible fools would never doubt her.

Comforted by this thought, Jiang Yue's nervous tension eased. She turned to Song Ling, her eyes brimming with a manufactured innocence. "Brother Song Ling, the video I prepared has been tampered with. Someone is clearly targeting me."

Song Ling nodded, appearing to take her at her word, although the look he gave her was tinged with complexity. He then turned to Zhao Xuan and ordered, "Have someone shut down that screen."

Zhao Xuan hurried off, only to return less than a minute later, his face twisted in consternation. "Mr. Song, the host says they've tried to shut it down, but even a hard reset won't work."

Song Ling's brow furrowed even more, as if he could crush a fly in the creases of his forehead. "Can't you people just cut off the electricity?"

Zhao Xuan spoke softly, "Sir, you've already cut the power. The screen is a standalone unit; it doesn't require an external power source."

It was as if a fire began to smolder deep within Song Ling. Taking a deep breath to compose himself, he issued his command, "Then smash the screen."

Zhao Xuan hesitated, thinking of the screen's exorbitant cost, but Song Ling's icy glare silenced him. "Yes."

No sooner had Zhao Xuan spoken than he quickly assembled a team. Armed with hammers, they commenced a noisy assault on the large screen.

Observing this spectacle, Zhang Hua couldn't resist a sneer. "So, you can't shut down the video and you opt to destroy the screen instead? Tsk, tsk. That screen must be worth a fortune. But then again, to cover up this level of humiliation, it's probably worth it. Otherwise, the Song family would never be able to hold their heads high in their social circles again.."

Chapter 118: Wait

As if adding fuel to the fire, Wang Lan exploded with indignation. “Didn’t you hear? It’s a setup! Someone is targeting Jiang Yue, targeting the Song family. Why else would this video surface today of all days?”

Song Yu chimed in, “Exactly, my brother is such an exceptional man. Maybe someone who couldn’t marry him is trying to sabotage the wedding.”

As she spoke, her gaze drifted subtly toward Zhang Yue.

Incensed, Zhang Yue shot up from her seat, her voice rising to a shrill pitch. “Song Yu, who are you insinuating with your veiled remarks? My infatuation with your brother is ancient history, at least three or four years old. Since learning of his marriage, I’ve moved on. Unlike Miss Jiang here, who seamlessly slid into marriage with Song Ling right after his divorce. Who knows, maybe she started her affair while the previous marriage was still intact?”

Caught off guard, Song Yu stammered before recovering, “Zhang Yue, don’t jump to conclusions just because you saw some fake video. Did I even name you? Why are you taking it personally?”

Zhang Yue let out a cold chuckle, her gaze falling on the large screen that, despite having been hammered several times, still displayed Jiang Yue’s expression. “I had a brief interest in video editing techniques a while back. Creating a fake video that seamlessly blends facial expressions and voice is nearly impossible, if not entirely so.”

Her words unsettled even Wang Lan.

Could the person in the video actually be Jiang Yue?

No, no, it couldn’t be. Jiang Yue was usually so innocent; she could never do something like that.

Wang Lan steeled her gaze, dismissing Zhang Yue disdainfully. “Your inability to conceive of it only shows your lack of vision. Someone obviously managed to do it, didn’t they?”

Having said that, she directed her attention to the people trying to smash the large screen. "Haven't you people eaten? Can't you put some muscle into it? Hurry up!"

Zhao Xuan, sweating profusely, promptly called over another ten people. After a strenuous five minutes of hammering, the screen finally shattered.

Satisfied at last, Wang Lan nodded and turned to Song Ling. "Let's continue with the wedding."

This time, Song Ling didn't respond affirmatively. Instead, he said, "Mom, how about we pause the wedding for now?"

"What?" Wang Lan exclaimed, regaining her composure quickly. "Are you influenced by what you saw in the video? Haven't we clarified that it was all fake? Don't worry about it and marry Yueyue."

Song Yu nodded fervently, echoing her mother's sentiments. "Exactly, big brother. Whoever is trying to frame Jiang Yue is clearly against your marriage. If you cancel the wedding now, you'll fall right into their trap."

Song Ling was no fool. The flawless facial blending in the video was beyond even his capabilities. There could only be one person in the world who could pull it off, which was XY, and she had no reason to create such a video. This could only mean the video was genuine.

Jiang Yue, catching Song Ling's gaze, felt a surge of panic. She mustered her most pitiable expression and said, "Song Ling, don't you believe me? Have you forgotten how I saved you back then?"

Closing his eyes briefly, Song Ling rubbed his temples and muttered, "I haven't forgotten."

He truly hadn't. What perplexed him was his inability to reconcile the Jiang Yue before him with the small figure who had saved him from a raging fire all those years ago.

Upon hearing his response, Wang Lan urged, "Then proceed with the wedding ceremony. Once the host announces the end, you can go get your marriage certificate and become true husband and wife."

Song Ling hesitated, his inner turmoil peaking.

Nevertheless, he relented. "Alright."

Just then, Song Zhi, who had been closely monitoring the situation, stood up abruptly. "Wait a moment, I have something to say!"

The unease in Song Ling's heart deepened. He quickly intervened, "Uncle Song, if there's something you want to discuss, can it wait until after the wedding?"

Unfazed, Song Zhi flatly refused, "No, Grandfather instructed me to inform you during the wedding, lest you spend your entire life living in deception.."

Chapter 119: Hand was never injured

Upon hearing the mention of the family patriarch, Gu Dai immediately sat upright, her eyes fixed intently on the screen.

Meng Zhi looked puzzled. "The Song family sent just a butler for this occasion. What could he possibly have to say now? Is he here to offer his blessings for Song Ling and Jiang Yue's marriage?"

Gu Dai shook her head firmly. "No," she said.

Scratching his head in confusion, Meng Zhi asked, "Daidai, how can you be so sure?"

Softly, Gu Dai replied, "Because Grandpa Song has been very kind to me these past three years."

Memories of Song An floated through Gu Dai's mind. She wondered how he had been doing since her divorce from Song Ling.

Meng Zhi looked somewhat surprised upon hearing Gu Dai's response. He had initially thought poorly of everyone in the Song family but now realized that the patriarch was different. Perhaps age had bestowed upon him the wisdom to discern right from wrong.

As soon as the crowd at the wedding venue heard Song Zhi's announcement, they grew excited. Their eyes gleamed as they focused on him, waiting for him to reveal the matter at hand.

However, a sense of foreboding crept into Jiang Yue's heart.

Wang Lan also sensed that something was off. She quickly gestured to her subordinates, ordering, "Turn off the live stream now! And get these guests to leave immediately!"

The person in charge didn't dare question her and quickly went to carry out her orders.

Although the guests were unsure what was happening, they didn't want to risk offending the Song family and quickly left. As they reached the doorway, they covertly sent videos they had secretly recorded to their friends and family, igniting spirited discussions.

Though the live stream had been paused, it proved no obstacle for Gu Dai. With a minute's work on her computer, the paused footage resumed.

Meng Zhi couldn't help but exclaim, "Daidai, you're incredible! A couple of clicks and everything's back to normal!"

Gu Dai smiled modestly, "It's basic stuff, really. I've only restored our ability to view it."

Meng Zhi could only think how modest she was being. In his opinion, Gu Dai could have restored the global live stream if she'd wanted to.

With that in mind, a question arose in Meng Zhi's heart. "If we can watch it from here, won't Song Ling find out?"

Shaking her head, Gu Dai candidly replied, “No, he won’t. My skills far exceed those on Song Ling’s end; he won’t be able to detect me.”

Meng Zhi chuckled, “If Song Ling had hired you as a programmer, the Song Corporation would have been even stronger. But now that chance is gone.”

Gu Dai didn’t speak, but she nodded inwardly in agreement. After all, Song Ling had extended numerous invitations to her, all of which she had declined.

Song Zhi took a file from his folder and handed it to Song Ling, saying, “This is Jiang Yue’s medical report from the hospital. All the indicators here clearly show that Miss Jiang Yue’s hand was not injured in the car accident. The claim about her hand injury is nothing more than a fabrication designed to win your sympathy.”

As Song Zhi’s words settled in the air, before Song Ling could even react, Wang Lan was already stunned. She looked at Jiang Yue incredulously. “You were never injured? If that’s the case, why did I have to prepare bone broth for you every day? Why did I take you to the most expensive massage parlor in the capital?”

Song Yu also grew anxious. She snatched the report from Song Ling’s hands and, upon seeing the clear black-and-white text stating ‘no injuries,’ glared at Jiang Yue. “If you’re not injured, why did you always pretend to have hand pain and struggle with lifting things? To think that I willingly helped you carry things because I felt sorry for you—I feel like a fool!”

Jiang Yue’s face drained of color. She had given the doctor a considerable sum of money to fabricate a fake medical report. How could the family patriarch have found out that she was faking?

Waving her hands, Jiang Yue defended herself, “No, I did not lie. This report must be false!”

Unruffled by Jiang Yue’s denial, Song Zhi calmly responded, “The patriarch suspected you might argue this way. So, if you feel you’ve been wrongfully accused, you’re welcome to go to the hospital and have the doctors verify it.”

Wang Lan's eyes lit up upon hearing this. "Exactly. A quick check-up will reveal the truth."

Jiang Yue, of course, couldn't go for a check-up; the truth would be immediately exposed. Struggling to keep her composure, she retorted, "I won't go.. Grandpa must have bribed the doctors at the hospital!"

Chapter 120: Bewitched

Song Zhi looked at Jiang Yue and calmly said, "We would never resort to such tactics. If Miss Jiang Yue has any reservations, we can have doctors from multiple hospitals examine you."

Finishing his sentence, and without waiting for Jiang Yue to respond, Song Zhi shifted the topic. "About the video displayed on the big screen earlier, I'm not sure how it came to be, but I can say for certain that what happened in it is true."

Jiang Yue's face turned ashen. Her eyes, filled with fear, met Song Zhi's gaze. Clinging weakly to Song Ling's arm, her eyes wet with tears, she pitifully whispered, "Brother Song Ling..."

Song Ling lowered his eyes, remaining silent, leaving everyone uncertain of his thoughts.

Though Wang Lan was furious about Jiang Yue deceiving her about the hand injury, the thought that the family patriarch's ultimate aim was to make Song Ling despise Jiang Yue and marry Gu Dai was even more unbearable.

So, Wang Lan stepped up to defend Jiang Yue. "Yueyue is just an innocent young girl. Isn't it wrong for the patriarch to frame her just because he favors Gu Dai?"

The look in Song Zhi's eyes changed at Wang Lan's words.

He had never had much to say about the patriarch's opinion of Wang Lan being foolish since he was but a servant and rarely interacted with her. Now that he had met her, he realized the patriarch wasn't wrong—Wang Lan was genuinely foolish.

Sighing inwardly, Song Zhi looked up at Wang Lan and seriously said, "If the madam doesn't believe me, that's fine. The patriarch has prepared a witness."

As Song Zhi's words echoed, he signaled for someone waiting outside to come in.

Jiang Yue felt even more uneasy, fearing that something terrible was about to happen. She now regretted not agreeing when Song Ling had suggested postponing the wedding. Who was this witness Song Zhi was talking about?

Surely he was only saying that to scare her. They couldn't possibly have found a witness!

But the next second, when she saw the man who walked through the door, her pupils dilated in shock.

Sun Lin stepped in without any hesitation and bluntly said, "The video shown on the big screen is true. Miss Jiang Yue came to my office to seduce me for a role in a stage play. She even said she liked and admired me!"

Jiang Yue's eyes flickered. Pointing at Sun Lin, she exclaimed, "Someone must have instructed you to say this, right?"

Turning quickly towards Song Ling, she wept, "Brother Song Ling, Sun Lin is not a good man. He's lying to ruin my reputation. Can you please have him removed? Please throw him out..."

Indeed, Sun Lin had been instructed by someone, but Jiang Yue's initial seduction was also a reality.

Sun Lin had indeed grown fond of Jiang Yue. After all, who could resist such a stunning beauty?

Sun Lin had never expected this turn of events. Jiang Yue, who had once tenderly cajoled him in bed, was now branding him a liar after getting involved with another man.

Fury reddening his eyes, Sun Lin's chubby face trembled as he spoke, "Since Miss Jiang Yue is so heartless, then don't blame me for revealing even more shocking information. The question is, do you all want to hear it?"

Jiang Yue was stunned, at a loss for what Sun Lin was about to reveal.

Hadn't she cleared all her dark history before returning to the country? How could Sun Lin possibly have a backup?

He must be lying!

Although Jiang Yue reassured herself internally that Sun Lin was bluffing, her body felt like it was encased in a block of ice. She was so scared that she began to shiver uncontrollably.

Song Ling's eyes were slightly downcast, and he quietly ordered, "Zhao Xuan, drag Sun Lin out."

The burly men who were present earlier had already been dismissed. Zhao Xuan looked at his own slender frame and then at Sun Lin's stout body. With a grimace, he mustered all the strength he could to drag Sun Lin out.

Seeing this, Jiang Yue breathed a sigh of relief.

Wang Lan nodded approvingly at Song Ling, "Well done, son. You didn't fall for their tricks."

Song Yu also skipped over to Jiang Yue's side and whispered comfortingly, "Don't worry, Sister Jiang Yue. We aren't fools. We won't fall for these obvious traps."

Gu Dai's eyes grew colder as she watched these people who believed Jiang Yue unconditionally. She couldn't help but let out a soft, mocking chuckle. Pulling her emotions back into check, she quietly

murmured, "What kind of spell has Jiang Yue cast? These people, especially Song Ling, are so bewitched that they don't even question her. It's particularly strange that Song Ling, who usually can't stand lies, hasn't noticed anything amiss.."