

Married at First Sight Chapter 4406

Of course, he couldn't take things lightly—after all, the Xiang family wanted Xiang Yang to marry Du Yumeng.

Until Xiang Yang got married, Zhan Yiyang would still see him as a romantic rival and remain wary.

“Yi Yang, let's go eat.”

Du Yumeng led Zhan Yiyang to the car, then rolled down the window and waved at Xiang Yang.

Zhan Yiyang also lowered his window. He looked at Xiang Yang and smiled—a bright, cheerful smile that, in Xiang Yang's eyes, felt like a slap in the face.

Did he really think that just by showing up, Yumeng would change her mind?

Zhan Yiyang said silently to himself: Goodbye, love rival.

It wasn't until Du Yumeng's car disappeared from view that Xiang Yang got back into his own car and drove into the Du Group compound.

He couldn't really abandon his work.

He was just an employee, unlike Du Yumeng, who was the second daughter of the Du family. She worked at her family's company and could leave early whenever she pleased.

He had returned to China to build his career. Thanks to his close relationship with the Du family and successful cooperation with the Du Group, he had achieved some success, proving to others that he was capable—but he still had to work hard and continue performing.

The pressure was intense.

Thinking about it, he couldn't help but envy Zhan Yiyang.

As far as he knew, the Zhan family had reassigned Zhan Yiyang's original responsibilities to his cousins and professional managers, just to give him time to pursue the woman he loved.

With his entire family supporting him, Zhan Yiyang didn't have to worry about work and could focus solely on winning over Du Yumeng.

With that kind of backing, how could Zhan Yiyang possibly fail?

Sigh. Same people, different fates.

The Zhan Group's investment in Haicheng and Zhan Yiyang's leadership of the project were strategic—meant to make him worthy of Du Yumeng and to prove his value to the Du family.

It also ensured that Zhan Yiyang could remain in Haicheng for the long term.

It also allowed Zhan Yiyang to remain in Haicheng for an extended period.

Within the Zhan family, only Zhan Yin hadn't been reassigned. As the head of the family, he needed to stay at the Zhan Group. He used to travel frequently for business, but after getting married, he reduced his trips significantly.

The reason was to spend more time with his wife.

The other young masters were often relocated, going wherever the family needed them.

"Ring, ring, ring..."

Xiang Yang's phone rang.

He pulled over before answering the call.

It was a long-distance call—from his mother.

"Mom."

"Are you busy? Is it convenient for you to talk?"

"I just arrived at the Du Group. I haven't gotten out of the car yet."

"What's wrong?"

Xiang Yang asked gently.

"You went to the Du Group. Were you looking for Mengmeng? Can I video chat with her? I miss her a lot."

Xiang Yang replied, "Yumeng already left. Zhan Yiyang came over, and the two of them went out to eat together. She's clearly very fond of him."

Mrs. Xiang was silent for a moment on the other end before she finally spoke again. The joy in her voice had faded.

She asked softly, "Is there really no chance between you and Mengmeng?"

“Your godmother and I have been close friends for decades. She watched you grow up, and I watched Yumeng grow up. Our two families know each other so well.”

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“If you marry Yu Meng, everyone would be happy, and it would also benefit your career.”

Mrs. Xiang knew her son had been able to work with the Du Group after returning to China largely because of his connection to the Du family.

The Du Group was one of the largest conglomerates in Haicheng. Her son’s accomplishments were tied to his partnership with them.

It was far more promising than collaborating with smaller companies.

Xiang Yang responded helplessly, “Mom, I can’t just marry her because I want to. Yu Meng doesn’t love me—she only sees me as an older brother.”

“Forget Yu Meng—even my godmother isn’t pushing for me to marry her. Zhan Yiyang is excellent, and he’s a better match for Yu Meng. The Zhan family is known for its strong values, and the Du family isn’t foolish.”

“You think about what’s best for me, and I appreciate it—but don’t you think my godmother is doing the same for Yu Meng?”

“I’m just her godson. Yu Meng is her biological daughter.”

“Between a godson and a daughter, anyone would choose their own child.”

“Yu Meng likes Zhan Yiyang. Mom, please stop bringing this up. It’s not going to happen. If you keep pressing the issue, it’ll only make things awkward between me and my godmother.”

“It could also affect your relationship with her. You already lost touch with my other godmother—do you really want that to happen again?”

Mrs. Xiang was left speechless by her son’s rebuttal.

Eventually, she sighed and said, “Since you don’t have a chance, then there’s nothing more I can say. I’m not in the country, and I can’t help you.”

“Even if you came back, it wouldn’t change anything. I’m afraid you’d end up talking about this repeatedly in front of my godmother, and it would upset both her and the Du family. My godmother doesn’t control the Du family.”

The real head of the family was the Du family’s eldest wife.

The Du family was very united, and there was no way his godmother would risk conflict with the other branches just for them.

“Mom, if we can help A-Yan’s family, we should. Putting aside my feelings for her, you and her mother have been best friends for decades. Isn’t there any friendship left at all?”

“Mom, if we can help A-Yan’s family, we should. Putting aside the fact that I love her, you and her mother have been best friends for decades. Doesn’t that friendship mean anything?”

“Her family isn’t beyond saving. If we help them through this crisis, they’ll recover. When the time comes, A-Yan will take over the company. I truly believe she has what it takes to lead them back to their former glory.”

“Mom, I love A-Yan. I’ve confessed my feelings to her. During this time apart, I’ve had time to think clearly—I really do love her. Everything I did for her before was because of that love.”

“I don’t see her as just a friend or confidante. I genuinely love her. Because of that, I’ve treated her well, accepted all her flaws, and done my best to support her family through their difficulties.”

“The Du Group’s overseas branches have already extended support. So why can’t we help her family, too?”

“Mom, whether you approve or not, I will only love A-Yan in this life—and I’ll only marry her. If you and Dad strongly object, then I won’t get married at all.”

A-Yan hadn’t entered a new relationship, and her feelings for him were just as deep.

Both of them had already prepared themselves: if they couldn’t gain their elders’ approval, they’d stay together without getting married and simply live their lives that way.

Mrs. Xiang was silent on the other end of the call for a while. She finally sighed and said, “Compared to Yumeng, I actually know Yan better. Our families... well, it’s your decision.”

“It’s your marriage, and you’re the one who will live with her in the future. Since you’ve made up your mind, I won’t interfere.”

“Helping her family isn’t something I can decide. I’m just a housewife—I don’t deal with business matters. It’s up to your father.”

“I’ll talk to Dad.”

Xiang Yang was overjoyed—his mother had relented.

Now, he just needed to convince his father.

That old fox had probably already realized the Du Group was backing A-Yan's family. With their support, her family wouldn't go bankrupt or end up drowning in debt.

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Xiang Yang's father, a man skilled at adapting to circumstances, would surely lend a helping hand at this point—otherwise, he might not even get a chance to speak later.

If the Xiang family failed to act now, they would face lasting criticism.

Even if Xiang Yang and A-Yan had already crossed that emotional line, a thorn of resentment would remain in A-Yan's heart.

But Xiang Yang no longer cared about that.

He had told A-Yan that once her family overcame the crisis, he would bring her back to China to build their lives together, away from her parents and family. Just the two of them—happy and free.

“Alright, go handle it yourself. Get back to work—Mom won't bother you anymore.”

She had only called to check on the status of his relationship with Du Yumeng.

To her surprise, her son still hadn't let go of A-Yan and had even confessed his love again.

Forget it—he was already in his early thirties. He knew what he wanted. A grown son couldn't be controlled by his mother forever. It was better to let him make his own decisions.

On the other side, Du Yumeng suddenly sneezed.

Zhan Yiyang, sitting in the passenger seat, looked at her with concern and asked, “Did you catch a cold?”

“No, it was just a sneeze. Don't overreact. Haven't you ever sneezed before?”

A single sneeze wasn't anything serious. If she kept sneezing, then it might be a cold.

She was in great health and rarely caught colds throughout the year.

“Yumeng, just now, I was worried you'd turn back to handle work with Mr. Xiang,” Zhan Yiyang said honestly.

“He may be your brother, but to me, he's still a romantic rival.”

“He may be your brother, but to me, he’s always been a rival in love.”

After all, Xiang Yang was only Du Yumeng’s godbrother—there was no blood relation between them.

Du Yumeng replied, “I’ve already handed the work matters over to Vice President Lin. It’s the same if Brother Xiang Yang goes to him instead.”

“Why didn’t you tell me you were going home? If you had, I could’ve taken a few days off and gone with you.”

“I really want to see Sister Tong’s baby. Isn’t he adorable?”

Haitong had announced on her WeChat Moments that she had given birth and that both she and the baby were doing well.

However, she didn’t post a frontal photo of the baby.

The Zhan family is very protective of their children before they reach adulthood. Media outlets are not allowed to take clear frontal shots, and even family members avoid posting such photos unless they’re limited to private circles.

Since Haitong’s son was only a few days old, she wasn’t ready for anyone to see the baby’s full face.

“You too—why didn’t you take a couple of photos and send them to me privately? I don’t even know what the baby looks like.”

Zhan Yiyang responded, “...Sorry, I didn’t think of that. I completely forgot to take pictures. Everyone was so eager to hold the baby. When it was finally my turn, I barely had time to get a good look before one of my brothers took him away again.”

“I was too busy fighting for a chance to hold my nephew—I didn’t even take a photo.”

“It’s fine. When the baby turns one month old, I’ll take you back for the full moon banquet. You’ll get to see him then.”

“By then, he’ll be even cuter.”

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Du Yumeng said, “...You’ve been back for days and still haven’t taken a single photo.”

Zhan Yiyang replied sheepishly, “I honestly didn’t even think of taking pictures. I spent all my time fighting with my brothers over who got to hold my nephew.”

“It’s all my eldest brother and sister-in-law’s fault.”

Du Yumeng asked, “How is that their fault?”

“Well, if they’d had three or four babies at once, I’d have had a better chance of holding one—and maybe then I would’ve remembered to take pictures.”

His words made Du Yumeng laugh so hard that she nearly rear-ended the car in front of her. She had to slam on the brakes to avoid an accident.

Once she calmed down, she resumed driving—this time much more carefully. But she kept chatting, saying, “Do you think having multiple babies is easy? It would’ve been so hard on Sister Tong to carry that many.”

“Twins are common, but triplets or more? That’s rare—quadruplets are even more unlikely.”

“If you didn’t take pictures, then so be it. When the baby’s one-month celebration comes around, I’ll go, have a drink, hold the baby, and see for myself.”

“Does the baby look more like Sister Tong or Brother Zhan?”

Zhan Yiyang answered, “At first, he looked just like my brother. But after a few days, he started to resemble my sister-in-law. They say babies change every day—it’s hard to tell just yet.”

“When he grows a bit more, we’ll see who he really takes after. Either way, he looks like both of them, and they’re both good-looking, so I’m sure he’ll turn out to be a handsome, adorable kid.”

“It’s just a shame it wasn’t a girl. Yumeng, let me tell you, my brothers and I secretly bought a bunch of princess dresses, just in case. We thought if it was a girl, we’d be ready with those cute outfits.”

“I really think little girls’ dresses are adorable. Even my eldest brother bought some girl’s clothes.”

This, despite them all knowing that the chance of his sister-in-law having a daughter as her first child was slim.

Still, a fortune-teller—whom they had never met but whose words deeply influenced their grandmother—told her that the Zhan family’s generations-long streak of not having daughters would finally end with the eldest brother and his wife. However, the master—whom none of them had ever met but whose words greatly influenced their

grandmother—had predicted that the Zhan family's long-standing streak of having no daughters would end with the eldest brother and his wife.

He said they were destined to have both a son and a daughter.

Originally, everyone knew their family was tied to a Buddhist temple, and that women who married into it always gave birth to sons. Over time, they had given up hope of ever welcoming a daughter.

But the master's words rekindled a spark of hope. What if, by some miracle, their sister-in-law gave birth to a girl?

Even a one percent chance was still a chance—however slim.

Sure enough, when the baby arrived, it was a boy.

If this child wasn't exceptional among his cousins, why would the entire family treasure him so much?

After all, who could blame the Zhan family for having everything—except daughters?

Just wait. Once the second and third sisters-in-law give birth to sons, those nephews won't shine as brightly as the eldest one.

Things are precious because they're rare.

It's the same with children.

If there are many sons, they lose their novelty and daughters become prized. But if daughters are common, sons suddenly become more valued. In short, it's always the rare ones who are cherished.

Take the case of Lao Liu's fiancée—her family has many daughters, so sons are considered especially valuable.

Du Yumeng smiled and said, "Your Zhan family is tied to a famous Buddhist temple. How could Sister Tong possibly give birth to a girl?"

"If she manages to have daughters in her second or third pregnancy, it'll be because your ancestors worked extra hard in the underworld."

Zhan Yiyang laughed and replied, "I still want to hold on to my sweet dream."

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“By the way, I also saw Lao Liu’s fiancée when I was back this time. She returned to Wancheng with him and met his parents for the first time. That Miss Ouyang is comparable to my third sister-in-law.”

Du Yumeng turned to glance at him, then quickly refocused on the road ahead.

“What? Is Sixth Young Master’s fiancée also a woman disguised as a man?”

She was well aware of Third Young Madam Qiao Han’s situation.

After hearing what Zhan Yiyang said, she assumed that the future Sixth Young Madam might also be a woman in disguise. Deep down, she couldn’t help but wonder—why did Grandma Zhan always seem to favor granddaughters-in-law who dressed as men?

“No, I meant that Miss Ouyang’s personality is similar to my third sister-in-law’s. They’re both very serious people. Maybe it’s because they carry the weight of their family businesses.”

The difference, though, was that Qiao Han chose that path for herself. She liked the business world and had enjoyed dressing as a boy since childhood. Although she and her brother were siblings, many people mistook them for brothers.

In Jiangcheng, people still call her Miss Qiao.

She never corrects them. Everyone has called her Young Master Qiao for twenty or thirty years—she’s simply used to it.

If Qiao Han hadn’t fallen in love with Zhan Haoyu and gotten married, it would have felt like she had fully become a man.

But now that she’s married and has the warmth of love, she’s begun to show a touch of femininity.

Still, in Zhan Yiyang’s view, his third sister-in-law’s slight femininity couldn’t hold a candle to the charm of his beloved Yumeng.

To him, Yumeng’s cuteness was unmatched.

Girls can take over the family business too—there’s no need to dress like men to prove it.

His third sister-in-law probably chose to dress as a man simply for convenience.

That was her personal choice, and as her brother-in-law, he had no right to interfere.

Du Yumeng replied flatly, "...Plenty of people are serious by nature."
Du Yumeng said, "...There are plenty of people who are just as serious."

"She may seem serious," she added, "but she might be as gentle as water when she's with the Sixth Young Master."

Zhan Yiyang replied, "Maybe she shows some gentleness at times, but most of the time, it's our Lao Liu who puts up with her. He really spoils her. She's extremely picky about food. Ever since she came back, Lao Liu has been cooking for her every single day."

"I heard that if the food isn't to her taste, she'd rather go hungry than settle. Lots of people are picky, but very few are as particular as she is."

"Fortunately, our sixth brother has loved cooking since he was a kid. He's been at it for over 20 years and could be considered a top-notch chef. Only his cooking can satisfy her. Otherwise, they'd probably be skipping meals all the time."

Ouyang Ya's picky eating habits sometimes led her to go hungry when she couldn't find food to her liking. Before Zhan Yuan passed away, she already had stomach problems and often suffered from stomachaches.

After Zhan Yuan's death, with Lao Liu taking care of her meals and adjusting her diet—and with medication—her stomach issues improved significantly.

She rarely gets stomachaches anymore.

When it comes to the stomach, nourishment is key.

Still, even with a fiancé who's skilled at cooking and making soups, Ouyang Yaruo continues to suffer from stomach pain. In a way, it's like a slap in the face to Zhan Yuan's legacy.

Du Yumeng paused, then said, "Miss Ouyang may have developed her picky habits from always having the best growing up."

Although Du Yumeng also came from a privileged background, she was taken in as an apprentice by her master at a young age. Mastering a craft under strict training wasn't easy, and her meals couldn't compare to those of her sisters who lived comfortably at home.

Du Yumeng isn't picky about food and is very self-sufficient. She's the most grounded among her siblings.

Even her sisters aren't fussy eaters, thanks to the disciplined upbringing they received from their elders.

As children, all their meals were prepared according to a nutritionist's plan. Regardless of how the food tasted, if it was on the table, they were expected to eat it.