

Chapter 13 - 13 013 Fell into the arms indulging her closeness (Part

Chapter 13: 013 Fell into the arms, indulging her closeness (Part 2) Chapter 13: 013 Fell into the arms, indulging her closeness (Part 2) Editor: EndlessFantasy Translation Tang Wan drove to the hotel where Jiang Jinsang was staying, sat in the lobby waiting for a while, and glanced at her wristwatch, realizing he was already over ten minutes late.

She furrowed her brows before calling him, but it wasn't himself who answered the phone.

"Miss Tang, I'm sorry, but Fifth Master isn't feeling well and unfortunately can't make it to the appointment. I apologize for making you wait so long."

"Are you still at the hotel?"

"Yes."

"In which room? Is it convenient for me to come over?" Tang Wan was already there, and regardless of her role, it was necessary to check on him.

There was a brief hesitation on the other end before a room number was given, “5520.”

After hanging up, the two people on the other end looked at each other.

“You’re calling her over? If Fifth Master wakes up, he might kill you; he has always disliked others entering his territory. Someone is strongly possessive.”

“That’s for the same sex; Miss Tang is female.”

“Do you really think Master cares about gender? Don’t let him wake up and throw a fit, leaving Miss Tang embarrassed, how awkward.”

“...”

“Did Fifth Master take his medicine? He didn’t sleep well last night; maybe we should give him a bit of a sleeping pill?”

“...”

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When Tang Wan entered the room, a wave of unseasonable warmth greeted her; the room was too hot, with both the air conditioner and humidifier running.

“Miss Tang, you’re here.”

“What’s going on with Fifth Master?” Tang Wan was still holding the pastry she had prepared for Jiang Jinsang.

“An old ailment, it acts up on rainy days, probably not quite accustomed to this place yet, felt unwell since last night,” explained a member of the Jiang Family.

“Is it okay if I check on him?” Tang Wan understood the etiquette.

“Of course, but he just fell asleep.”

“No worries, I’ll just take a quick look.” She had come all this way, no reason not to see him at least.

As soon as the bedroom door opened, Tang Wan saw the person lying on the hospital bed, not using the hotel's bed linen, instead wrapped in warm gray covers, his gentle features sunk into them.

Like a begonia struck by rain in spring, exuding an elegance that captivated.

Yet his naturally pale skin appeared even more sickly with the absence of color from his lips.

A faint mixture of medicinal scents permeated the room; an IV bottle hung by the bed, the fluid dripping through the line into the back of his right hand, and he was in a deep sleep.

"Is it serious?" Tang Wan instinctively lowered her voice.

"It's not too bad, a doctor has seen him, nothing major," the Jiang Family seemed accustomed to it.

Tang Wan couldn't just leave after a glance; she sat in the room for a while, watching Jiang Jinsang, lost in thought.

The rumors surrounding his illness were many, with two versions being the most widespread.

One said that there was an incident during his mother's childbirth, she was frightened, hence he was born premature and frail.

The other version claimed his brother was to blame, poisoning him slowly at night, bullying and tormenting him during the day, just to prevent him from competing for inheritance rights.

Suddenly, the phone vibrated by the bedside guard of the Jiang Family, who hastily answered it, speaking in a respectful tone, "Hello—"

"Has he taken his medicine?" The room was so quiet that Tang Wan could hear fragments of the voice from the other end.

"Not yet."

"Make him take it if he won't!"

The voice was low and hoarse, carrying an intimidating power.

"This..."

Before finishing, the call was hung up, clearly by someone used to being authoritative.

Tang Wan slightly frowned; the voice was deep, yet sounded quite young. Someone daring to command the Jiang Family like this could only be a certain elder brother...

Force-feeding medicine to a patient? Such a devil?

What kind of a rotten brother is this! How can you treat a patient this way?

“Miss Tang, sorry, Fifth Master sometimes doesn’t cooperate with treatment, so the family gets a bit anxious,” the Jiang Family explained awkwardly, knowing she heard the conversation.

“It’s alright, I understand.”

Although Tang Wan said this, certain impressions once formed can easily take root.

Her opinion of a certain elder brother was now entirely negative, leading her to be vigilant against someone like a thief, fearing he might harm her “short-lived” husband when she later married into the Jiang Family.

Tang Wan stayed in the room for a while until her phone rang, prompting her to take the call by the window. Jiang City, softly showered in rain, cast a gray veil over the sky.

“Hello, Grandpa—”

“How’s it going? Have you met Xiaowu? It’s not easy going out on a rainy day, since you’re already out, don’t rush back.”

“He’s sick, I’m in his room and can’t leave.”

“His health is even worse than mine. Is it serious? Do you need me to find a doctor to take a look!”

“No need...”

After hanging up, Tang Wan noticed Jiang Jinsang’s IV bottle was nearly empty.

At this moment, the Jiang Family members were conveniently absent from the room. Given her father’s consistent poor health and annual IV treatment, Tang Wan had learned basic medical care skills.

She had just inquired about Jiang Jinsang's condition, noting this was the last bottle.

Moving to the bedside, she readied some breathable medical tape and a cotton ball, skillfully yet cautiously removing the needle, pressing down with the cotton, and taping it securely.

As the needle was withdrawn, Jiang Jinsang's brow barely perceptibly furrowed.

The coldness of the IV fluid caused his palm to be warm while the back of his hand was cold. Tang Wan slightly lifted the blanket to tuck his hand back in.

Unexpectedly, her hand was suddenly grasped in a reverse grip.

In an instant, she was pulled against his chest, her heartbeat rapidly increasing.

She inhaled deeply, instinctively looking up, falling into his dark, deep eyes.

At this moment, the blanket was slightly lifted; close proximity tingled with his warmth, his body temperature higher than usual, and half-lying on him, neither could distinguish whose heartbeat thundered like a drum...

Disrupting her breathing rhythm.

She attempted to get up, but the position was too cramped, with her hand still under his control, leaving her unable to move.

His palm was hot, yet didn't tightly hold her wrist, just enough that she couldn't break free.

Jiang Jinsang slightly raised an eyebrow.

Such a slender wrist, fitting in one hand.

"Miss Tang." His voice was soft, resonating as if from his chest and coincidentally echoing in her ear, causing her heart to tremble.

"Your IV is finished. I removed the needle for you."

"Sorry." Jiang Jinsang released her hand, his tone polite yet indifferent.

Tang Wan hurriedly straightened up.

The suddenness had caused bleeding at the IV site due to lack of pressure, so Tang Wan had to address it again.

The Jiang Family had estimated the IV end time before coming in to see Tang Wan tending to him, while their Fifth Master uncommonly allowed someone to handle him quietly.

Jiang Jinsang, eccentric from long illness, was indeed challenging to approach. Tang Wan wasn't a professional medical worker; despite skillfulness, she was inevitably awkward from the earlier incident.

The Jiang Family exchanged glances, considering their Fifth Master's behavior as somewhat permissive.

"All done." Tang Wan exhaled deeply.

"Thank you."

He squinted at her, his gaze gentle, yet she found it somewhat burning.

Her breath still unsettled, as she'd never been this close to a man.

His pampered hands, without a trace of calluses, slid over her wrist...

His palm temperature abnormally high, leaving a fiery trail.

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At the Tang Family's old house at this time

The old gentleman sat in a wicker chair by the entrance, fingers tapping his knees in rhythm with the southern tune on the television, chatting with the Jiang Family via his senior citizen phone.

"...With Xiaowu in this condition, he can't return to the capital."

"He might have to stay here a bit longer, we'll need to trouble you with some extra care."

"That's too formal; staying in a hotel is inconvenient for him. I plan to bring him home; at least with more people, someone can look after him."

“Wouldn’t that be troublesome?” the other side hesitated in tone.

“It’s no trouble. I’m not comfortable with him being sick and staying outside.”

“Honestly, it doesn’t sit well with me either...” the other party said resignedly. “Then we’ll have to trouble you.”

In the Jiang Family living room, a certain elder brother squinted as he watched his mother send his younger brother away, “Aren’t you afraid Xiaowu will be angry for making decisions on his behalf?”

“Pingjiang is a good place, nurturing and beneficial; staying at the Tang Family to recuperate is good, might even bring me a daughter-in-law, just don’t let him learn from his brother...”

“No wives; sons who aren’t affectionate.”

“...”

The little guy playing with models beside them tilted his head to look at the “lousy dad” being scolded, grinning mischievously, as if the hatred for carrots was finally avenged.

