

Chapter 2 - 2 002 Jiang Family's Fifth Master Like a Demon but with a

Chapter 2: 002 Jiang Family's Fifth Master, Like a Demon but with a Short Life [New Book Request for Collection] Chapter 2: 002 Jiang Family's Fifth Master, Like a Demon but with a Short Life [New Book Request for Collection] Editor: EndlessFantasy Translation The man's fingers grazed the cup, his eyes on the Bamboo Leaf Green Tea in the bowl, "Mr. Tang, you should consider my brother."

"Your brother's temper..." Mr. Tang sighed helplessly, "He also has a little Demon King at home, too troublesome. You know our family's situation somewhat, she doesn't get along with her stepmother and probably doesn't want to be one herself."

Thinking of his nephew, the man's lips curled slightly. He recalled the little guy's love for sweets, and the pine-nut yellow cake here was indeed good. Perhaps he should bring some back when returning to the capital.

"Besides, I think you two are more suitable. My granddaughter has the best temperament in Pingjiang." Speaking of his granddaughter, Mr. Tang's eyes showed a hint of a smile.

“But matters of the heart can’t be forced, and I won’t put any pressure on you. Alright, let’s not discuss this. We’ve listened to the storytelling, drank tea, eaten cake, and seen the person. Walk with me, it just rained, the air outside is good.”

“Okay.”

The old man pursed his lips, looking at him with a complicated expression.

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At the Tang Family at this moment

Tang Wan finished listening to Zhang Liyun’s words and smiled with her lips pursed, “Yes, it’s fortunate father isn’t around. Otherwise, with his temper, he would definitely quarrel with grandpa.”

“The old man values promises and trust, your father is just worried about you, actually no one is wrong.” Zhang Liyun secretly disliked Tang Wan.

When she married in, Tang Wan was not young and already sensible, making it hard to win her over. However, her personality wasn’t willful, and over the years, though there had been friction, they coexisted peacefully.

Ultimately, they were at odds in secret, but as the old man's health declined, friction increased.

"Wanwan, who do you prefer among the two Jiang Family members?" Zhang Liyun probed.

"I haven't met either, so I can't say I prefer anyone."

"Then do you want to go upstairs later? If the Jiang Family comes and your father and grandfather aren't around, I'm afraid you won't be able to handle it if they insist on discussing the marriage."

She smiled kindly, as if everything was for Tang Wan's benefit.

Tang Wan, however, put down the teacup more forcefully, and smirked, "Aunt Li, you really don't have to beat around the bush with me. I know what you're up to, it's already spread outside..."

"They say you want Tang Mo to replace me in marrying into the Jiang Family!"

“Wanwan, who have you been listening to?” Zhang Liyun indeed had this thought, with her daughter’s elevation in status, her position in the Tang Family would also rise, and she might get a larger share of the inheritance.

“I don’t need to inquire; someone naturally tells me.”

“Since you say so, I won’t hide it from you. I have thought about it this way, but I’m doing it for your benefit.”

“For me?” Tang Wan raised an eyebrow.

“Your father disagrees, but the old man insists on marrying you off. The Jiang Family only wants a daughter from the Tang Family; Mo Mo could completely go.”

“Our mother and daughter have been living such Good Days thanks to the Tang Family. We should give a little something in return.”

“Compared to Mo Mo’s happiness, I hope you live well.”

Tang Wan took a sip of lukewarm tea. Clearly, it was an attempt to use her daughter to climb up the social ladder, yet she dared to say it was for her benefit. The absurdity was outrageous.

“Aunt Li, since it’s for my good, let me be honest with you.” She put down the cup and sat there properly.

Every gesture exuded cultivation and grace, something that was innate and can’t be learned.

“If Tang Mo actually marries over like this, how do you think others will see me? They might think I didn’t want to marry, so I pushed her out.”

“Perhaps they’ll even gossip behind my back, saying I am heartless, harsh to my stepsister.”

“Furthermore... you let her marry like this, what will the Jiang Family think of me? Say that I look down on their family, using someone to make up numbers?”

“If you’re truly doing this for me, you shouldn’t let me fall into such a dilemma.”

“Lastly, Aunt Li...” Tang Wan smiled lightly, her eyes like rain-soaked Pingjiang, suddenly shot out a sharp glint.

“The Jiang Family... not just anyone can enter! Even if you want to send, they may not accept.”

These last words were no longer just spoken but were daggers stabbing the mother and daughter in the heart.

“I can handle my affairs myself. Even if I do not wish the marriage, I would inform the Jiang Family personally, sparing you the trouble of worrying, Aunt Li.”

“There are some things I’ve heard that you might need to worry about, whether they might reach my father.”

“What I can think of, he naturally can as well.”

Zhang Liyun’s face turned shades of green and white. She hadn’t thought that far; she only knew that if Tang Mo could enter the Jiang Family, their fortunes would rise, sparing her the need to pandering in the Tang Family.

Her intentions were exposed, and she was warned. The refined face had started to show cracks.

She had been in the Tang Family for over ten years, but this was the first time she clashed with Tang Wan directly. Tang Wan usually lived with the old man in the old house.

Recently, due to his health and for the convenience of medical check-ups, they had moved to the city villa for some days.

The girl from Pingjiang was famous for her gentleness and grace, while Tang Wan was the epitome of a socialite, a model among them all.

Every move was elegant.

But who knew that buried within was an untamable wildness.

...

Just as the tension reached a stalemate, Chen Ma suddenly spoke.

“Old man, when did you return!”

The people in the living room turned their heads to see a few people standing not far outside the door.

Mr. Tang leaned on a walking stick, with gray hair and a white beard, dressed in a black Tang suit. Though he was in his twilight years, his eyes were cloudy yet profoundly deep, as if they could see through a person.

“Grandpa.” Tang Wan immediately stood up.

“Old man.” “Grandpa!” Zhang Liyun and her daughter also hurriedly stood up, not knowing when he returned or how much of their conversation he overheard; their eyes showed some panic.

But Tang Wan’s eyes fell on the man standing slightly behind him.

With just one glance, Tang Wan knew she would never forget when she first saw him...

When the man turned his head to look at her, it seemed as if a damp wind blew past, with a patch of green shade swaying over his head, casting layers of warm green over his white attire.

He followed Mr. Tang forward. At first hidden under the tree’s shade, when stepping out into the light...

The daylight was just right, with radiant sunshine, scorching in intensity, falling on him, enveloping him in a layer of light. His eyes held a gentle warmth, yet his lips carried a desolate coldness.

His entire being seemed to radiate brilliance, proud and honorable down to the bone, fine in appearance and bone structure.

“This is the Jiang family’s second eldest.” Mr. Tang introduced while walking. Though he was ranked second at home, it was said that in the entire Jiang family genealogy, he was fifth; hence, people in Sijiu City called him Fifth Master.

“Mrs. Tang.”

His voice was warmer than the mountain breeze, yet upon careful listening, carried an undertone of coldness and detachment.

He looked at Tang Wan again, courteously addressing, “Miss Tang.”

In that instant, Tang Wan felt as if her heart would leap out, pounding violently against her chest, seemingly about to break that thin rib.

The surroundings were too quiet, making everything appear magnified.

For instance, the frenzied heartbeat, the disordered breathing.

At this moment, all that occupied her mind were the comments within Sijiu City about him:

The master of the Jiang family, ah, tsk—

Seven parts demon charm, three parts ethereal grace.

Unfortunately...

Doomed to die young, unlikely to live past twenty-eight.

Back then, Tang Wan had just pursed her lips, feeling it a pity. Such a well-described person was short-lived.

Said to be so clever it bordered on supernatural, so wisdom must cause harm.

Only later did she understand the meaning of the phrase about great evils lingering for a thousand years.

Currently, someone was observing Tang Wan. Along the way, Mr. Tang frequently praised her, describing her as gentle and serene. But the truth seemed contrary...

The warm exterior was akin to seemingly the most gentle wine, yet unsuspectingly... harbored the fiercest burn.