

From Sidekick to Bigshot

#Chapter 1: Must Acknowledge Your Mistake - Read From Sidekick to Bigshot Chapter 1: Must Acknowledge Your Mistake

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As Jian Yiling left the room and walked up the stairs, Wen Nuan suddenly glanced at her from downstairs.

When their eyes met and Wen Nuan had an expression that was filled with warmth and sorrow. She appeared to have wanted to say something but instead, she hesitated.

Her daughter was cherished by her from a young age, however...

Wen Nuan started to cry in Jian Shuxing's arms. She sobbed, "It's all my fault, I spoiled Yiling too much..."

Although Jian Shuxing had been in the corporate world for many years and had been through various matters, large or small, he had never frowned and creased his brows. However, today's event made his eyes red.

"No, it's not all your fault, I'm also in the wrong. Fortunately, it's not too late to educate her. If we start teaching her properly, Yiling can still fix her ways," Jian Shuxing said whilst gently patting his wife's back.

Jian Shuxing was not in a good frame of mind either. He had to admit that out of their four children, he and his wife spoiled their daughter a bit more as she was the youngest and the only girl.

However, this did not mean he didn't love his other three children. When such a thing happened to his third son, he felt terrible.

The married couple looked at each other, their eyes filled with sadness, lament, responsibility, and reluctance.

The emotion that showed up in their eyes was foreign to Jian Yiling.

In her past life, when her parents had discovered her talents, they had signed a contract with an institute and left her there. In return, every year, the institute would send a large sum of money to her parents.

Jian Yiling rarely had a chance to interact with her parents. On the rare occasions where she got to meet her parents, their eyes were filled with coldness and indifference that made her feel that she was miles away from them. Even if there were words of care regarding her well-being, it was done in a manner that felt as though it was a memorized and prepared speech. There was never any warmth in that.

However, the couple looked at her in a manner that affected her greatly. It made no sense to her yet her emotions were running rampant.

Perhaps in this matter, they didn't choose to believe in Jian Yiling. However, their love for Jian Yiling was real.

Wen Nuan suddenly left her husband's embrace and ran up the stairs to come to Jian Yiling's side.

The fifteen-year-old Jian Yiling looked quite petite and small compared to her peers as she had a premature birth.

She had a small doll-like face with delicate features. Even at the age of fifteen, she still had a bit of baby fat on her face that had not grown away.

At this moment, Jian Yiling's silence made Wen Nuan feel even more terrible.

Wen Nuan lowered her voice and severely scolded Jian Yiling. "Yiling, you must admit your mistake this time. In a bit, your father and I will go to the hospital to see your third brother. You must come with me and go say sorry to him! You need to go ask for his forgiveness! If you don't correct yourself, even your father and I won't forgive you!"

Wen Nuan had never been so strict with Jian Yiling before.

Jian Yiling nodded.

She knew that there was no point in trying to explain herself at this moment.

If she kept trying to deny that she did it, she would follow the footsteps of Jian Yiling from the novel. That would push herself to a precarious position.

In the evening, Wen Nuan asked Aunt An to make some tonic soup and some dishes. After placing the food into a thermal mug, Wen Nuan dragged Jian Yiling with her to the hospital.

The Jian residence was in the middle of the mountains. This area was filled with villas that were owned by powerful and influential individuals of the Hengyuan City.

The hospital that Jian Yunnao was residing in was half an hour ride away from their house. It was the best private hospital in Hengyuan City.

When they arrived at the hospital ward, they saw their son's arm hoisted to frame, his face pale and lifeless, their hearts filled with pain.

Jian Yunnao and Jian Yuncheng had similar facial features. They both were exquisite and sharp.

However, compared to the older brother, Jian Yunnao's features were softer and more tender.

Yet right now, his tender features exhibited sorrow, and his eyes were filled with despair.

Jian Yunnao was only seventeen years old. Encountering such an experience affected him too much.

Jian Yuncheng sat next to Jian Yunnao in silence.

His face was shrouded with gloom.

"Yunnao, mummy asked Aunt An to make your favorite dishes. Would you eat a little?" Wen Nuan asked gently as she walked up.

Jian Yunnao immediately turned his head to the side.

Wen Nuan knew that her son was upset.

She continued to comfort him beside the bed and hoped that he could open up to her.

Jian Yuncheng told his mother that, "Mo Shiyun had visited a while ago. She brought some food and fed third brother."