

The 80s 189

Chapter 189: The Bastard Son

Ning Gang had just left the hall when he saw his wife sitting on the sofa, laughing and talking with Ning Ge. Their expressions were natural and relaxed. His wife looked at Ning Ge with an undisguisable fondness, and Ning Ge, in turn, showed heartfelt respect and love for his sister-in-law.

Ning Ge must have said something amusing, for Xiu Xian burst into giggles, poking his forehead with her index finger while Ning Ge stuck out his tongue like a child.

Father had been right; this younger brother was not so much a sibling to him as a son. Even if he had a son of his own, his affection could hardly run deeper.

After all, he had raised him from birth, and the emotions and efforts poured into him were naturally much greater.

Ning Gang cleared his throat loudly, and Xiu Xian looked over, then turned to Ning Ge, "You and your brother should have a good talk, no arguing allowed. And later, make sure to speak nicely to father, okay?"

Ning Ge grimaced, but under his sister-in-law's expectant gaze, he helplessly nodded, "I know."

"That's my good boy. I'll go make your favorite water chestnut meatballs," said Xiu Xian as she stood up and headed for the kitchen.

Ning Gang approached with a stern face.

Seeing this, Ning Ge remarked, "Big brother, this isn't the army. Who are you looking so serious for, isn't it tiring?"

"You still have the nerve to say that?" Ning Gang grabbed a cushion next to him and threw it at him, reprimanding, "Father is so angry he could spit blood."

Ning Ge caught the cushion, replying, "He is strong and healthy. It's not so easy for him to spit blood."

"Are you truly hoping for him to spit blood?" Ning Gang's face darkened, fire flaring in his eyes. If Ning Ge really thought that, then no matter how deep their bond, Ning Gang couldn't side with him.

Fortunately, Ning Ge didn't utter any rebellious words. He merely curled his lip, "Of course, I hope he lives to be hundred!"

Looking at Ning Ge's defiant demeanor, Ning Gang couldn't help but sigh, "Fourth, it's been so many years, do you still resent him? Father is already past sixty, heading towards seventy, how much longer can you hold a grudge? Do you have to wait until it's too late to reconcile before you let go?"

Ning Ge remained silent, fiddling with the cushion.

"Father has regrets too, but regretting does nothing. The past is past; what matters most is the present and the future. He might not say it, but in his heart, he truly can't let go of you, his youngest."

"He can't let go of me, so he sends me to the United Kingdom?" Ning Ge scoffed.

"The year you went to the UK, the political situation was unstable. Father was just being cautious. Don't you understand?" Ning Gang's voice grew harsher.

Ning Ge fell silent again, mumbling after a long pause, "Just because you all think it's for my good, does that make it right or good?"

"What did you say?" Ning Gang asked, sounding disappointed.

"Nothing," Ning Ge stood up and said, "I'm going out."

"Ning Ge, you stand right there," Ning Gang barked sternly.

Ning Ge stopped and looked at him.

"You're of age now, what exactly are you thinking? As descendants of the Ning Family, what difference does it make among the siblings, except being born from different mothers? If you still can't get over Aunt Xiu's death and harbor resentment in your heart, that would be a huge disappointment to us all!" Ning Gang said with a pained expression.

Ning Ge pressed his lips together. Different mothers, indeed. His surname was Ning, the Fourth Young Master Ning in the family, pampered at home, lofty and unapproachable. But in plain terms, he was just a bastard.