

Weak B 1751

Chapter 1751 Why Bother Worrying About This? (2)

"What's so hard about that? As long as you want to, you can just tell Sir directly when you see him next time."

"Aunt Fu, since Sir arranged for us to serve the young lady, maybe he wants us to stay with her in the future! Actually, Aunt Fu, you might go back to the old house, but as for me... I'm likely to stay by the young lady's side for good."

"Do you really like the young lady that much?"

Aunt Fu smiled as she asked Ah Xiang.

"Mm, I do. The young lady is a really good person. She might seem a little cold on the outside, but when you talk to her, she feels very kind and warm."

Ah Xiang said softly, "And the young lady is so beautiful, just like a Fairy from the old myths. The two little young masters and the little miss she gave birth to are as delicate as porcelain, so pretty they look just like dolls. You can't help but love them at first sight!"

Suddenly, Aunt Fu asked, "You're twenty-three now, aren't you?"

"In another two months, it'll be my twenty-third birthday."

Ah Xiang replied with a cheerful smile.

"Never thought about getting married here?"

When she heard this, Ah Xiang stared in a daze for a long time before shaking her head. "I'm not getting married."

"When a man comes of age, he should marry; when a woman comes of age, she should wed. How can you go through life without getting married?!"

Aunt Fu disapprovingly shook her head, then said, "If you get married, you'll have your own children. When you're old, you'll have grandkids around your knees. Isn't that happiness?"

"But Aunt Fu, you're older than me and you never got married. I think you're doing just fine."

What's so good about getting married?

Not only do you have to tend to a man, sometimes even his whole family, and you have to give him children, tiring yourself out your whole life—if the kids end up ungrateful, who knows what you might suffer when you're old.

But if you work for the Jiang Family all your life, the contract says that so long as you serve them until a certain age, the Jiang Family will take care of your retirement.

Ah Xiang thought that sounded pretty good.

Because before she started working for the Jiang Family, she lived in the slums, and she saw plenty of women hustling for their entire families. Some were just two or three years older than her and already toiling away to keep things running at home, but they never seemed to get much out of it.

Getting yelled at or even beaten by their husbands, being scolded by their mothers-in-law for not being filial, looked down on by their own children for being useless.

Everyone has their own hard luck in life.

Those who had it a bit better—take her mother for example—her parents never really fought, her dad never hit her mom, and her grandma treated her mom decently. But life was still so hard it made her mom's hair go gray and her face wrinkle up early on.

There was nothing they could do. Too many people in the family and too many expenses, but not many ways to earn money. Forget about moving out of the slums one day—even just getting by comfortably was no easy thing.

It was only after she started working for the Jiang Family that her family's situation noticeably improved, although it was still far from being truly comfortable.

Before she came back to the country, her family tried to persuade her to end her contract and leave the Jiang Family. They said they'd help her find a good man to marry, but she didn't agree.

Working at the Jiang Family, she broadened her horizons and learned how to tell good from bad in life.

So, before she left, she gave her savings to her parents and told them that barring any accidents, she planned to stay in the country.

Her family couldn't bear to part with her, but her mind was made up. In the end, she finished her last reunion with them before coming home, tears in everyone's eyes.

To say she didn't feel sad would be a lie, but since she'd already made up her mind, she didn't regret it.

"Me... I once had a man. I remember we'd been married for less than half a year, and he was working at a foreign-run mine. There was a gas explosion that caused a massive collapse in the tunnels underground... By the time news reached me, he was already gone, buried together with more than two hundred other miners under the rubble. I... I couldn't take the blow, and I lost the baby I was carrying, just short of three months along.

My man's family was long gone, and I still had a grandma at home, but the day after I got married, my grandma passed away in her sleep. She left with a smile on her face. When I opened the door and saw her, she was lying on the broken wooden bed, a smile at her lips, and no matter how I called her, she didn't answer."

Aunt Fu's voice turned somber. "The grandmother I depended on for life parted from me, then less than half a year later, the husband who was supposed to spend a lifetime with me was gone too. Even the child in my belly left me. Honestly, I was so disheartened, I lost all faith in life. But when I thought about dying, I just couldn't accept it, so I kept dragging myself along, looking for any work I could do. Later on, I heard the Jiang family estate was hiring servants, so I went to try my luck. I never thought I'd be so lucky as to get hired."

Chapter 1752 Why Are You Worrying About This? (3)

Looking at the two different employment contracts in front of me, I went ahead and signed the long-term one. I have no family, nowhere to go—so it doesn't really matter where I am. But little did I know, the moment I first saw the master, I realized he'd once helped me. From that moment on, I silently vowed to dedicate my life to the Jiang Family."

"Is that why you never remarried, Aunt Fu?"

Ah Xiang asked.

"Mm."

Aunt Fu nodded. "I'll never forget when I almost died on the roadside; there were crowds on the street, but nobody reached out to help me, as if I were something filthy. Only the young master, still just a youth, signaled the driver to stop. Once he asked about my situation, he ordered the driver to take me to the hospital and even paid a hefty fee for my stay. Honestly, it was the master who gave me a second life—otherwise, most likely, I'd have died there, and the street cleaner would've tossed me onto a garbage truck."

"I always thought I grew up having a hard life, and I felt miserable inside—but I didn't realize you were also someone with a tough fate, Aunt Fu."

Ah Xiang said, pausing briefly before speaking again, "Aunt Fu, the old master, the young master, and Miss—they're all wonderful people. Working for a family like this, we're really blessed, don't you think?"

The old master refers to Jiang Hongfa. When Bun and the other two were born, Jiang Hongfa had the household staff start calling him that, and told them to address Jiang Boya as 'Master', though Jiang Boya stopped them and asked to simply be called 'Sir'.

Aunt Fu: "Absolutely. The family is good; they never make things difficult or scold us for no reason. Honestly, you could say we're living happily under their roof—it's a kind of luck they've given us."

Ah Xiang nodded vigorously, like pounding garlic.

"Aunt Fu, look—Ming Chen walking with his hands behind his back is so cute, isn't it?!"

"Among the little masters at home, Ming Chen is definitely the liveliest."

Aunt Fu's face was full of fondness, and she laughed as she spoke.

"Ming Han is pretty lively too, and I think Ming Chen and Ming Han's personalities are kind of similar!"

"That's true—they're a bit alike."

Aunt Fu nodded.

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The yard was spacious, so Kang Li and the three Buns were far from Aunt Fu and Ah Xiang, and couldn't really hear what they were saying. At this moment, Kang Li glanced toward the kitchen, and the three Buns followed her gaze, then heard Kang Li say, "When you turn eight, you'll have to learn everything about cooking—did you hear me?"

The three Buns all nodded their little heads. Ming Han said in his childish voice, "Mom wants us to be as good as our big brothers and sister."

"That's right."

Kang Li nodded slightly, saying, "When your big brothers and sister were your age, they could already help mom sweep the floor, set the table before meals, and wipe down the dining table. At six, they learned to wash their own little socks..."

With a gentle voice, Kang Li shared stories of Min Rui, Ming Han, and Ming Wei growing up.

"Big brother, second brother, and sister are all so amazing!"

Guoguo's dark eyes sparkled as if filled with crystal—she really admired her brothers and sister.

"Big brother is amazing, second brother and sister are amazing too!"

Min Rui chimed in, praising his siblings.

"Looks like you all understand—that's great! The reason mom wants you to learn from your brothers and sister is so that, aside from learning school stuff, you can also learn how to take care of yourselves. Otherwise, when you leave mom one day and live on your own, you might not mess things up too badly, but being able to do things with your own hands is always better."

If you don't know how to wash clothes, cook, or do simple chores, you can always hire a nanny or a cleaner as long as you have money—of course, your life won't turn shabby. But occasionally doing things yourself is actually a way to relax, isn't it?

For example, if you've been working for a long stretch and finally get some time off, you might not want outsiders around or want to order takeout—so just whipping up something yourself is a little thing you can do with your hands.

Plus, for close-fitting clothes, it's not that you can't have an auntie wash them, but it's a matter of privacy. For someone with a cleanliness obsession, you probably wouldn't even want to touch them anymore if someone else did.

All in all, a person who's excellent in every way might not have to bother with all the little chores of life, but they should know how to do them and be able to do them if needed—that's what Kang Li believes.

When she received her elite family education, she learned all sorts of things, covering every aspect.

And of course, everyday little things were part of the curriculum.

To make sure that if she ever encountered a sudden situation on her own with no one around to help, she wouldn't starve or become a mess.

Chapter 1753: Why Are You Worrying About This?

"Got it!"

Tangyuan and Guoguo responded in their childish voices.

Bun: "Mom said it, I'll remember."

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After their bath, the three little ones were already in bed, and the rest of the household had gradually turned in as well. Ming Wei quietly slipped over to Kang Li's room to sleep with her.

"Mom, I'm sleeping with you tonight."

She knocked and, seeing Kang Li, Ming Wei giggled as she spoke.

"Come in then."

Kang Li gently opened the door wider, and after Ming Wei entered, she closed it again.

They got in bed and lay side by side together.

"Mom, I think Lady Feng is eyeing my second brother."

"So what? Your second brother's not a kid anymore, he won't let Lady Feng manipulate him or do things he doesn't want. Besides, you've got Mom and Dad here—we won't let anything happen to your second brother."

"Mom, I bet she wants my second brother to help her fight for the inheritance."

“Aren’t you overthinking this?”

“I’m not overthinking it. Mom, think about it—Lady Feng’s husband has a daughter, and once he’s gone, most of their inheritance will probably end up in her stepdaughter’s hands.”

“Why are you worrying about this?”

“I’m not trying to worry, it’s just that Lady Feng suddenly gave us gifts, and something about her behavior screams that she’s up to no good.”

“No one does something for nothing—maybe Lady Feng really is that kind of person. But we just need to mind our own business. Let others do whatever they want, don’t waste your thoughts on all that nonsense.”

“Don’t worry, Mom, I don’t want to end up punished standing by the wall or writing a ten-thousand-word self-critique. But if Lady Feng keeps popping up like some buzzing fly in front of us, it’s really annoying.”

“Weiwei, whatever the case, Lady Feng is your birth mother. As long as she doesn’t hurt you, we can afford to be a bit generous.”

“Mom! She’s not pure-hearted, she wants to snatch Second Brother away from you!”

Ming Wei sounded a little anxious, turning to face Kang Li as she lay on her side: “With that Han Qian in the Han Family, if my second brother really gets snatched over there, his life for sure won’t be easy!”

“So do you think your second brother can be snatched away?”

Kang Li laughed and asked.

“No.”

Ming Wei answered.

“Since you know he can’t, why worry about him? Besides, from a legal standpoint, what Lady Feng did years ago—leaving you all behind—is pretty much abandonment. And you kids have always been on our household registration, it’s not like Lady Feng can just snatch you away. Even if she goes to court, the odds aren’t in her favor.”

Having kids and then leaving them, even though Luo Yanqing and Min Rui and their siblings aren’t biologically related, raising them for more than ten years—it’s not hard to imagine how the law would rule.

Plus, Lady Feng faked her death to escape back then, got her household registration canceled by the Feng Family, so legally she’s basically “dead.” Even if she’s “alive” again nowadays, as a Feng Family daughter, Min Rui’s siblings’ mother, and Luo Yanqing’s first wife, she’s still a “dead person.”

Not to mention, Min Rui and siblings are nearly adults now—not little kids. If things really get taken to court, the judge will definitely ask them what they want.

See if they want to go back to their birth parents or keep living as they are now.

All in all, Kang Li felt—no matter what, her kids weren't about to be snatched away so easily.

And she wasn't about to let anyone come in and pick the fruit, either!

Ming Wei genuinely loved Kang Li as her mom—she knew Kang Li was her stepmother, but she'd adored her since she was little. Now Ming Wei was blossoming into a beautiful teenager, and Kang Li's looks hadn't changed much since eighteen or nineteen, except her temperament had matured. So when the two went out together, plenty of people thought they were sisters, not mother and daughter.

To Ming Wei, Kang Li was not just a mother, but also teacher and friend—so here she was, gossiping with Kang Li about the feelings and secrets of her birth mother, Feng Lu.

“Mom, why do you think Lady Feng pulled that ‘fake death escape’ stunt? If she didn't love Dad, why marry him? And who's the man she really liked, Mom, do you know him?”

Ming Wei sure didn't think Feng Lu and Han Bin were true love—if they were, why would they have paired up before either was married?

“Grown-ups’ stuff is complicated; you’re still young, even if I told you, you wouldn’t get it.”

Kang Li brushed her off—she didn’t like talking behind people’s backs, plus, Feng Lu marrying Luo Yanqing involved her eldest son. As a mother, she didn’t want her boy to lose face, especially in front of her own daughter.

“I’m already fifteen, not that young,”

Ming Wei’s eyes shone with curiosity: “Mom, just tell me!”

Kang Li: “Idle chatter shouldn’t be about other people’s faults.”

“I’m not gossiping about faults, I just want to know why she married Dad. Mom, think about it—if Lady Feng loved Dad, why have a different man’s kid as my big brother, and me and second brother too? On the flip side, if she didn’t love Dad, why marry him?”

After Ming Wei spoke, Kang Li stayed silent.

“Could it be that the man Lady Feng loved married some other woman, so in a moment of impulse, she decided to marry Dad? But Dad’s got a good job, good looks—faced with such a good man, did she really not feel anything?”

Ming Wei rolled her eyes, pondering.

Kang Li wanted to say: Your birth mother was hardly acting on impulse.

But instead, out of her mouth came: “Did Lady Feng ever tell you anything? Like some stories from her past?”

“I can’t even be bothered to listen to her,”

All she knew was Lady Feng only cared about giving her and second brother money and a house—as for anything else she might have said, Ming Wei was feeling stubborn and didn’t bother to listen to her ramble on.

For some unknown reason, the image of Xiao Shen suddenly popped into Ming Wei’s mind—Ron’s real dad. She followed up, “Mom, do you think Uncle Xiao Shen looks like Dad?”

When she said that, Kang Li was immediately stunned.

Ming Wei’s long, curly lashes quivered like crow’s feathers, and she stared intently at Kang Li as she asked, “Mom, is your reaction because you think he’s similar? Or not?”

“He doesn’t look like him, just... their vibe is kind of similar.”

Hearing this, Ming Wei laughed, “Mom’s spot on, but I actually think Uncle Xiao Shen’s eyes and brows look a lot like Dad’s too!”

“I never noticed,”

Kang Li said as she patted Ming Wei’s head, “Sleep now, or you’ll be lazy getting up tomorrow morning.”

Ming Wei stuck out her tongue and said playfully, “I’m really chatty tonight, Mom—don’t get annoyed with me!”

“I won’t.”

Kang Li smiled.

Ming Wei closed her eyes: “Good night, Mom!”

“Good night.”

Kang Li rolled over, lay on her back, and reached out to turn off the bedside lamp.

Feng Lu—she'd thought was just a hopeless romantic, but Kang Li realized she'd totally underestimated her—she wasn't just lovesick, she was downright promiscuous!

Chapter 1754 You Sure Have a Poisonous Tongue!

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Winter is already cold, but this year North City is even colder than usual, and with the primary and secondary schools close to winter break, not a single snow had fallen. This made the bitter season feel dry and harsh; if you went outside and your clothes didn't keep you warm enough, the wind would slice your skin like knives—painful beyond compare.

Today was the last day of finals for Min Rui, Ming Han, and Ming Wei. Kang Li didn't send a bodyguard; instead, she drove the three herself to the school gate, watching them walk inside.

When it was four in the afternoon, she drove again to pick up her son and daughters.

But on the way, a car accident delayed her by twenty minutes, and as soon as she looked up, she saw a girl with several others—boys and girls—blocking her three kids.

Standing next to her kids was another girl, and without even looking closely—even if the girl had wrapped herself up tightly—Kang Li recognized her at a glance: it was Song Xiaoran, the daughter of her good friend Wu Yue, and Ming Wei's best friend and confidante.

She parked on the roadside, put on her mask and gloves, and fully armed herself before pushing open the car door and stepping out.

"You can rest easy— we have our own home and will never take a single step into yours, not in this lifetime. And please tell Lady Feng: even though my brother and I are her children, in our hearts we've only ever had one mother. Her name is Kang Li. And we love our mother dearly—we're incredibly proud and honored to have Mother Kang Li!"

Ming Wei stared coldly at the girl blocking her path. If looks could turn to ice blades, the girl would be riddled with wounds by now.

"Luo Mingwei, you think I'd believe what you say? Compared to your stepmother, your real mom married my dad, lived in a little villa, dressed well, ate well, could go shopping for clothes at any time, had piles of money to spend. Are you seriously saying you don't want that kind of mom, that you don't want to return to your real mother, that you don't want to become part of my family with Luo Minghan, and fight me for the inheritance someday?"

From these words, it was obvious the girl speaking was Han Qian.

Her current middle school was six stops from Ming Wei's, and since the start of the semester she'd wanted to make trouble for Ming Wei. But she'd made a promise to her family—really, to her father Han Bin—she'd go home every day after school, or else be sent back to the old rural school.

Afraid of being sent off to suffer again, Han Qian held back, pretended to be a good girl, and barely made it to the end of the semester.

Today, after exams, she wanted to confront Ming Wei, let out her pent-up anger, and throw a few harsh words at Ming Wei and Ming Han, so the two wouldn't dare enter her family, or covet her family's assets.

Because of this, she sped through her afternoon exam, and in no more than forty minutes—with a few boys and girls she'd arranged beforehand, biked to Ming Wei's school gate and waited to ambush her.

This was the scene before everyone now.

But instead of causing a scene at the gate, Han Qian forced Ming Wei and Ming Han about twenty or thirty meters from the entrance before laying everything out.

Min Rui came out but didn't see Ming Han or Ming Wei at first. Naturally, he searched around the entrance, and unsurprisingly, saw Ming Han, Ming Wei, and their classmate Song Xiaoran surrounded by a group from another school. He quickened his pace; before he could say anything, he heard Han Qian throwing out pointed words, playing tough in front of Ming Wei and Ming Han.

It was brutally cold— except for Min Rui and his siblings, Song Xiaoran, Han Qian, and her classmates, no one else was hanging around to watch. Everyone just wanted to get home, warm up, and not stand on the roadside freezing.

"Qianqian, you say they're here to fight you for your family's inheritance—how could that be? Even if they were born to your stepmother, they're not Uncle Han's kids. Why would they fight with you?"

"Yeah, Qianqian, I really don't think you need to worry about them fighting you for anything. They have nothing to do with your family."

"Han Qian, I think so too. Think about it—Uncle Han only has one daughter, you! Everything in your family belongs to you. If anyone wants to take it from you, it's just wishful thinking!"

Han Qian's girlfriends spoke up one after another, thinking there was no need for her to bring them along or throw threats at Ming Wei and Ming Han.

What they didn't know was that Han Qian was hiding something from them!

Like her suspicions about Ming Wei and Ming Han's background.

Actually, those suspicions weren't even suspicions anymore—Han Qian trusted her intuition. She was certain Ming Han and Ming Wei were blood-related to her, that they were Han Bin and Feng Lu's children.

So, she wanted to kill anything that might happen in its cradle, early.

And there's something else—Han Qian kept a secret in her heart, a secret only she knew, nobody else.

Because of this secret, she would never allow anyone to touch the foundation her father had built.

"Your friends are right. My sister and I have no reason to fight you for anything. We don't care enough to fight you anyway. So please stop acting crazy and let us go home."

Ming Han held back his anger, trying to sound calm, but his gaze at Han Qian was icy cold, completely devoid of warmth.

Chapter 1755 You Sure Have a Sharp Tongue! (Part 2)

"Han Qian, are you out of your mind?"

Song Xiaoran spoke up for Ming Wei, snapping at Han Qian: "Ever since we started kindergarten, you've been picking on Vivi. Especially before you transferred out of our school, you were like a rabid dog, biting at Vivi every chance you got. I'm telling you, move out of the way now and we'll pretend nothing happened today—otherwise, I'll report you to your school. Just wait to get expelled, you troublemaker!"

"Who are you trying to scare? Song Xiaoran, let me warn you, you'd better not act tough in front of me. One day, I'll make you realize you're nothing but a pathetic loser under my feet!"

There was a shadow in Han Qian's eyes as she stared straight at Song Xiaoran, secretly plotting: When Shen Siqing comes back from abroad, with my skills, he'll definitely become my boyfriend, and Song Xiaoran, you'd better stay as far away from me as possible. If you dare get involved with Shen Siqing even a little, I won't let you off!

"You're the pathetic loser. Your whole family is pathetic losers!"

Song Xiaoran was furious, eyes wide, itching to slap Han Qian twice.

"So you're Han Qian."

Min Rui spoke up. Right now his gaze was exactly like Luo Yanqing's usual indifferent and aloof look at others. When Han Qian's eyes shifted to him, Min Rui said: "Just as my younger brother said before, you can rest assured. He and Luo Mingwei are both my parents' children. They have the surname Luo. There's no reason for them to fight with you, nor would they lower themselves to do so. If you've got any sense, just keep an eye on your family's fortune and stay away from my brother and sister."

After a brief pause, Min Rui added: "And let me say one more thing: don't use your own limited perspective to judge others. That will only make you as ignorant as a frog at the bottom of a well."

As Min Rui finished speaking, a round of applause rang out.

"Well said! Truly my good son!"

That's right—the applause came from Kang Li. She had been standing some twenty or thirty feet away for a while, but nobody had noticed. Now she walked over, clapping, her clear, bright eyes full of smiles: "Isn't it cold standing there? Get in the car, we're going home."

"Mom!"

Upon seeing Kang Li, Min Rui, Ming Han, and Ming Wei were all overjoyed. The three stopped paying any attention to Han Qian, slipped past the crowd she'd brought, and all walked toward Kang Li together.

"Hello, Aunt Kang!"

Song Xiaoran followed along, stopping in front of Kang Li and sweetly greeting her.

"Hello, Xiao Ran. Go ahead, wait in the car with Vivi and the others. I'll take you home first in a bit."

Kang Li's expression was gentle as she saw Min Rui, Ming Han, Ming Wei, and Song Xiaoran into the car, then walked straight up to Han Qian.

"Han Qian, you used to be in my Vivi's class, and you're Lady Feng's stepdaughter. I heard everything you said to my son and daughter, and your intentions couldn't be clearer.

Now, look at that car parked by the roadside, memorize its license plate, and when you get home, ask your dad about its price. Also, I can tell you, I could make a phone call and buy one for each of my kids, right away. And also... remember this: the business your dad built up? To me, it's not even a drop in the ocean."

After Kang Li's words, Han Qian just stared, mouth open, unable to utter a single word.

Kang Li turned away, stepping forward, and tossed out one last line: "If you don't want your dad's company to go under, you'd better stop messing with my kids."

Her tone was light, but in Han Qian's ears it thundered. She knew—this wasn't just a threat.

Time ticked by. Only after Kang Li's car had left for two or three minutes did Han Qian and her classmates snap out of it.

"Qian Qian, are you maybe overthinking things? That lady looks loaded, and her car's imported—I'm sure it cost a fortune. I don't believe that guy called Luo Ming Han and his sister would ditch a mom like that and go live with their birth mom and stepdad just so they could scheme for your family's money."

"Han Qian, Wang Miao's right. I can't believe Luo Ming Han and Luo Ming Wei would go to your stepmom, move into your house, and fight you over family assets."

"Let's go."

One of the guys suddenly said, and the rest nodded: "Let's roll!"

None of them looked at Han Qian. In a blink, they rode off, leaving Han Qian and four female classmates behind.

"Li Qiang and the others left—what now?"

"Let's just take the bus!"

"Ugh! It's freezing out here—shouldn't we hurry up and go home, too?"

"Qian Qian, are you going or not? If you're not, we're going ahead without you."

Even as they said it, the girl who spoke didn't wait for Han Qian's reply—she and the other three girls took off, jogging toward the nearby bus stop.

Han Qian was left standing there alone.

Her face changed color again and again, but with her mask and scarf, no one could see. Still, her feelings were obvious in her eyes, though nobody cared to notice.

She didn't get to vent, and her harsh words became a joke. Han Qian felt her face burning red, and in that moment, she knew without thinking exactly how those classmates who came to back her up today would gossip about her at school later.