

Weak B 691

Chapter 691: Kang Li Makes a Move

And since we were able to walk into that mall, we went there to shop, so there was no reason for us to be looked down upon by them.

Besides, today's conflict, to put it plainly, was nothing more than those salespeople looking down on us, giving us the cold shoulder, thereby disrespecting us and speaking rudely to us."

Han Xia fumed, "They went too far!"

"Yes, they were very excessive."

Kang Li spoke indifferently, "But then again, in their eyes, our country isn't as strong as theirs, which is why they dared to treat us with such an attitude. One day, when our country takes off, just watch how they'll change their tune."

"Our country will definitely get better and better, and will certainly grow into a superpower!"

Han Xia asserted with certainty, upon hearing that, Kang Li nodded, "I share your firm belief that this day won't be far off!"

Suddenly, as the two passed a fork in the road, a clamor of fighting reached their ears.

"What should we do? Should we help?"

The individual being beaten had an Eastern face, and Han Xia couldn't help but feel anxious when she heard cries for help in her native language.

Kang Li looked around, aside from onlookers, there were only onlookers.

Pursing her lips, Kang Li stuffed the items she was carrying into her teammate Han Xia's hands, "Wait here for me, I'll go help." She wasn't blind or deaf; she was at least eighty percent certain that the person being beaten was a compatriot.

Had she not come across the situation, it would have been another matter, but now that she had, she could not stand by and watch two people get hurt before her eyes.

Before Han Xia could respond, she saw Kang Li walk towards the center of the fight and, with her frail stature, swiftly took down three brawny men in no time!

"Sir, are you alright?"

Helping the middle-aged man who had fallen at her feet, Kang Li asked softly.

"I'm... I'm okay..."

The middle-aged man was dressed elegantly and carried himself with scholarly grace, sporting a pair of gold-rimmed glasses. With the help of Kang Li, he slowly stood up and looked towards the man climbing up from the ground, asking, "Ah Feng, are you injured?"

The man referred to as "Ah Feng" by the middle-aged man was a driver who appeared to be about the same age as the middle-aged man.

"Sir, I'm all right."

The driver, Ah Feng, whose full name was Jiang Feng, had blood streaming down his forehead, yet he shook his head at his employer, indicating he was unharmed.

"Kang Li!"

At this moment, Han Xia rushed over, "I just saw two police officers and reported the incident, they..." Before Han Xia could finish speaking, Kang Li's legs gave out, and she collapsed on the ground.

"Kang Li! Kang Li! What's wrong with you?"

Han Xia was near tears in her panic.

"Ah Feng, hurry, carry this young lady to the car, and take her to the nearest hospital!"

Only then did the middle-aged man shift his gaze to Kang Li's face, his expression changing from stunned to anxious as he tremulously ordered the driver, Jiang Feng.

"Yes, sir."

Jiang Feng responded.

The three brawny men lying on the ground couldn't even crawl up; not only had Kang Li broken one of their legs, but she had also dislocated their arms, and they lay curled up on the ground like worms, cursing under their breath.

"Are... Are you Mr. Jiang?"

The two police officers Han Xia mentioned approached, and one of them, upon seeing the middle-aged man, his pupils contracted immediately, and then he proceeded to confirm the identity of the middle-aged man.

"It's me, take them away into custody for now. I will arrange for someone to deal with today's incident later," said the middle-aged man without even glancing at the three brawny men on the ground, beckoning Han Xia to get into the car, while he himself sat in the passenger seat.

"Kang Li... you absolutely can't be hurt, otherwise, I don't know how I'd explain this to Director Loh..."

Chapter 692 Are You Worried That I'm a Bad Person?

Han Xia had tears streaming down her face, "It's all my fault, Kang Li—it's all my fault. I shouldn't have suggested going to help..."

Kang Li's complexion was as pale as paper, barely showing any sign of blood. Her lips quivered slightly as she gave Han Xia a weak smile, her voice sounding incredibly frail, "I'm okay, you... don't be nervous..."

Leaning on Han Xia, Kang Li looked towards the passenger seat, "Sir, you don't need to... don't need to take me to the hospital, just take us..." After giving their home address, Kang Li didn't hear the man's response and had to call out to the middle-aged man again, "Sir, please..."

"You need to go to the hospital."

The middle-aged man's mind was in turmoil, his voice still trembling a bit.

"Kang Li, let's go to the hospital first. Don't worry, I will call Director Loh."

The tears in Han Xia's eyes uncontrollably surged forth.

Before participating in the competition, some leaders and teammates might have doubted Kang Li's abilities, but the four gold medals she personally won this time were enough to prove that she was a dazzling rising star in sports.

Such a talent, upon returning to the country, would undoubtedly receive significant attention and be protected by the leaders.

But now, just because she had gone shopping and because of her suggestion, she would end up in the hospital. Would the leaders and teammates perhaps grind their teeth in frustration at her?

"I'm truly fine. I just can't muster up the energy. It's a chronic issue of mine; I just need to lie down for a few hours and I'll recover." Why does this body still suffer from such a sequela even after being carefully conditioned?

Kang Li felt like crying.

"You aren't lying to me?"

Han Xia asked with a sob in her voice.

Kang Li smiled, "Of course, I wouldn't lie to you. My family knows about this condition of mine. Simply put, it's just weakness." After pausing for a moment, Kang Li continued:

"You saw it too, I had to use a lot of strength to take down those three guys, but my body just isn't very good, and even though I know some martial arts, I still ended up physically drained, which led to this situation."

Hearing this, Han Xia stared in shock for a while, but after snapping back to reality, she shook her head, "I don't care, even if you say that, you must go to the hospital for a check-up."

The middle-aged man asked, "Are you two ladies from abroad?"

Han Xia, "Yes, we are from our country."

The middle-aged man asked again, "Are you here for the competition?" From his voice, it was apparent that the man had stabilized his emotions.

"Correct."

Han Xia said, "This is my teammate; she's Kang Li, who personally won four gold medals this time, earning our country great honor. Yet just because of my suggestion to help you, she ended up like this. If our coach finds out, I'm definitely going to be criticized."

"I will explain to your coach."

The middle-aged man said, "My last name is Jiang. You can call me Uncle Jiang or Mr. Jiang."

Han Xia, "I'm Han Xia, teammates with Kang Li, and also good friends. Once we get to the hospital, if the doctor says my friend is fine, we'll head straight back to our place, no need for Mr. Jiang to explain anything to our coach."

"Worried that I'm a bad person?"

Boya, the middle-aged man whose last name was Jiang, couldn't help but joke after hearing Han Xia's words.

Kang Li, "Mr. Jiang, you misunderstand; helping you was our own choice. It has nothing to do with what kind of person you are. Besides, from our brief interaction, I can tell that Mr. Jiang is a man of integrity, certainly not a bad person."

Chapter 693: Kang Li Accepts the Apology

"Miss Jiang really knows how to speak, we both have the Jiang surname, perhaps our ancestors. "

As if knowing what Jiang Boya was about to say, Kang Li smiled, "Mr. Jiang really likes to joke. You have lived abroad, and I have been raised domestically since childhood. Besides, the surname 'Jiang' could be the same phonetically but different in character."

"My surname is the 'Jiang' from the Yangtze River, may I ask which 'Jiang' is Miss Jiang's?"

"I'm sorry, my surname is the 'Jiang' from Jiang Ziya."

Upon hearing this, Jiang Boya's expression subtly changed, but his tone remained unchanged, "So Miss Kang was right, our surnames sound the same but are written differently!"

When Kang Li saw him turn his head to look at her, she curved her lips into a smile and said nothing.

"If it's convenient, Miss Kang, could you tell me about your family members?"

Jiang Boya's hands clenched slowly on his lap, a sign that he was somewhat nervous.

But why he was nervous, probably only he knew.

"It's not convenient."

Kang Li was straightforward.

Jiang Boya gave a bitter smile, "It seems that Miss Kang is guarded against me beforehand."

Kang Li: "I think Mr. Jiang should understand."

They were not familiar, so why should he inquire about her family situation? Wasn't that impolite?

"I was presumptuous, I'm sorry!"

Jiang Boya sincerely apologized.

Speaking of which, with his elegant yet reserved and composed demeanor, Mr. Jiang seemed like a middle-aged man. But judging by his appearance, he looked only about thirty-two or thirty-three years old.

Well, the real age of Jiang Boya was, in fact, just thirty-eight years old.

Considering he was genuinely handsome, tall, and well-built, if he were in modern times, he would definitely be the perfect "CEO dad"!

In fact, Jiang Boya indeed had a considerable fortune now and was a real diamond bachelor.

There wasn't any issue that made him unable to marry; it was just that he had no interest in dating the opposite sex. Instead, he focused on his work every day, committed to expanding his business empire.

"I accept Mr. Jiang's apology," said Kang Li.

As she spoke, Kang Li closed her fox-like eyes and rested her head on Han Xia's shoulder, remaining silent.

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After receiving a call from Han Xia at the hospital, Coach Wang Weimin and Director Loh were almost breathless with worry until they heard Han Xia say that Kang Li had been examined and was alright, though she needed to be observed in the hospital for half a day, then their hearts settled back in place.

Immediately after hanging up the phone, without stopping for a moment, both of them rushed to the hospital.

"Director, Coach, you don't need to worry, I'm really fine."

Lying in the hospital bed, Kang Li smiled at Director Loh and Coach Wang.

"Your face is so pale yet you say nothing is wrong?"

Director Loh's eyes were full of concern: "Are you sure nothing feels uncomfortable?"

Coach Wang sternly said, "Don't hide anything, tell the truth."

Kang Li: "I just can't exert strength temporarily, but I've experienced this before and it's nothing serious."

Director Loh: "Can you walk?"

Kang Li: "I'm afraid not right now."

"Director, Coach, it's my fault. I saw someone bullying our fellow countrymen and thought of helping out but unexpectedly. "

Han Xia, her eyes slightly swollen, stammered:

"I. I didn't expect Kang Li to collapse on the ground. Seeing her take down three tall men by herself, I thought there was nothing wrong with her. But when I ran up to Kang Li, I hadn't even finished speaking when I saw her. just losing all her strength. "

"Han Xia is not to blame."

Chapter 694: There's a Reason for Everything

Kang Li spoke with decisiveness, "When I hear a compatriot calling for help, I cannot pretend to be deaf."

The cry for help came from the driver, Jiang Feng. At the time, Jiang Feng was truly worried that Jiang Boya would be finished off by those three sturdy men.

Playmates as children, and as close as a right hand is to the left arm in adulthood, the two were not brothers but were even closer than brothers. Moreover, Jiang Feng was extremely loyal to Jiang Boya, willing to protect him in times of danger, even at the cost of his own life.

When he called for help, one of the sturdy men had already beaten him half to death, and his head was severely injured. Honestly, it was difficult for him even to get up. Having no other choice, he sought help from passersby to save Jiang Boya.

At this moment, Jiang Feng was lying in the next hospital room, his body wrapped in quite a few bandages.

Upon medical examination, the doctor diagnosed a slight concussion in his head. He needed to stay in hospital for observation and treatment for three days before discharge procedures could be processed.

"Good day to you both. The cause of this incident lies with me; someone intends me harm, and this Miss Kang—to save me and..."

With a polite smile on his face, Jiang Boya explained the details to Director Loh and Coach Wang, and then he said, "All of Miss Kang's medical expenses at the hospital will be covered by me, and in addition, I will prepare a generous gift to show my gratitude to Miss Kang and Miss Han."

"Mr. Jiang, I can accept you taking care of my medical expenses in the hospital, but there's no need for any generous gift."

Kang Li spoke before Director Loh and Coach Wang could say anything.

Han Xia waved her hand: "I didn't offer much help. Mr. Jiang, you don't need to prepare any gifts to thank me."

"Mr. Jiang, let's just proceed with that arrangement."

Director Loh made the final decision.

Jiang Boya remained silent for a moment, then nodded, "Okay, then."

As evening approached, Kang Li's health returned to normal. She didn't stay a moment longer in the hospital than necessary. With Han Xia's help in completing the discharge procedures, the two women were then taken back to their residence by Coach Wang.

As for Director Loh, he had already left by the mid-afternoon.

It must be noted that Jiang Boya was taken away from the hospital by someone appointed by Great Master Jiang to deal with the day's events, namely the near fatal incident that befell Jiang Boya.

From this, it was not hard to infer that the three sturdy men taken away by the police were most likely already in Old Master Jiang's hands.

Well, in fact, that was indeed the case.

Upon returning home, Jiang Boya attended to the day's events under Old Master Jiang's instructions, and this kept him busy for two whole days.

"Is everything clear now?"

"Yes."

"What do you plan to do about it?"

"I'll leave the mastermind and those three scums who laid their hands on me to the police for a public and official handling, as for my Second Uncle and their lot, I want them to move out and let them fend for themselves."

Old Master Jiang and his brother, Second Master Jiang, each had his own set of offspring: Old Master Jiang had only one son, Jiang Boya, whereas Second Master Jiang had three sons.

In their early years, the two brothers fled the country with their families to seek refuge. Not long after settling down abroad, they divided their family assets, as previously agreed upon while still in China.

However, they continued to live together over the years.

But as the saying goes, greed knows no bounds; the second son of Second Master Jiang coveted the family assets of Old Master Jiang and seeing that his cousin Boya was nearing forty and yet unmarried, he instigated Second Master Jiang to propose to Old Master Jiang that they adopt a grandchild from their household for Boya. However, Boya did not agree.

Consequently, the heart harbored resentment. The second son planned to eliminate Boya, because if something were to happen to Boya, Great Master Jiang's fortunes would inevitably pass into Second Master Jiang's hands.

And as the second son of the second household, the share he would receive, although much less compared to having his child being adopted by Boya, was still better than getting nothing at all.

It was with these motives that today's events unfolded.

Chapter 695: Family Love?

Nevertheless, the ambition of the Second Master Jiang's younger son was matched by his ineptness at executing his plans. In broad daylight, he orchestrated an accident, and the three brawny men he employed were simple-minded and brawny, never once considering that during daylight, someone might help Jiang Boya out of a tight spot.

This ensured the inevitable failure of his scheme.

"Big brother! Big brother... I beg you, for the sake of our blood relation, don't kick our family out of the estate, please?" Cries and the sound of knocking erupted from outside the study, causing both Jiang Boya and Old Master Jiang to frown.

"Uncle! I know that what Boxun did to his cousin was a bit too much, but my father didn't know, and neither did Boxuan or I. You can't take out Boxun's mistake on us, you can't just kick our whole family out of the estate!

Uncle... ever since we came to this foreign land, our family has been living with you in this estate, and so many years have passed. You can't disregard family bonds..."

"Don't talk to me about family bonds!"

With a sudden move, the study door was flung open by Jiang Boya. Old Master Jiang stood at the doorway, his gaze sweeping over the kneeling family of Second Master Jiang, eventually settling on Second Master Jiang's eldest son, Jiang Bowen:

"I don't believe for a second that your family was unaware of what Jiang Boxun did. Take advantage of the fact that I'm not completely furious yet. It would be best for your family to pack up and leave immediately. Otherwise, don't blame me if I have you thrown out!"

"Uncle..."

Jiang Bowen knelt on the ground, his face streaked with tears: "I truly didn't know, my younger brother told no one, otherwise, I, as his elder brother, would never have let him create such chaos?!"

Moving away from the estate wouldn't mean that his second branch of the family had nowhere to go, but over the years, living together with the main branch had meant that they never had to worry about food and drink and carried prestige when out in public.

To have them leave now, they might manage to get by for a short while, but in the long run, they would likely all end up facing the harsh realities of life.

That's because none in the second branch of the family could shoulder responsibilities, and his father had developed a gambling habit, squandering nearly all of the inheritance that they had received.

Add to that the fact that his younger brother Boxuan spent money like water, and even if he, the eldest, tried to control his father and brother, it was to no avail. He himself had tried doing business, but he could only ever earn a small sum, unable to make any substantial amount.

If they were cut off from the main family, relying on the profits from his company to provide for his family's daily expenses wasn't even worth considering.

Jiang Bowen was indeed terrified at the thought of life without the main family's support, which is why he had rallied his entire family to kneel in front of Old Master Jiang's study, hoping that their uncle would soften his heart and allow them to stay on the estate.

As for his second brother Jiang Boxun, at this point the only option was to sacrifice him to appease the main family's hatred towards their branch.

It wasn't that he was heartless, nor their father; it was simply that Jiang Boxun acted without thinking, essentially dooming himself!

Speaking of which, Jiang Bowen really couldn't comprehend.

For years, main family's Jiang Boya had neither married nor had any children out of wedlock. Why not adopt a child from their second branch? If the main family had agreed to their earlier proposal, none of this would be happening.

Yes, among the three brothers of the second branch, he had no sons but three daughters, his youngest brother Boxuan was still a playboy with no intention of marrying or having children.

But his second brother Jiang Boxun had two sons, the eldest aged thirteen and the youngest eight.

All in the second branch would not mind adopting one of their own blood to the main family, so what could the main family possibly be dissatisfied with?

Chapter 696 Too Much Calculation

Could it be that they were worried an eight-year-old child wouldn't grow close to them? Or were they bothered by the fact that their second branch was born out of wedlock?

Jiang Bowen had thought this more than once, but unfortunately, Old Master Jiang and Jiang Boya had never revealed their opinions, leaving him unable to fathom what the main branch really intended.

"Elder brother, you know I'm not capable of much. If you kick our family out, I'm afraid it won't be long before we end up on the streets!"

Second Master Jiang was a pitiable sight, tears and snot streaming down his face, full of regret as he said, "If I had known that my second son harbored ill intentions towards Boya, I would definitely have crippled him, leaving him bedridden for the rest of his life."

"Since you're already aware of my son's decision, you should understand that there's no room for maneuver in this matter."

Old Master Jiang spoke without expression, then turned and sat back at his desk. He said to Jiang Boya, "Give the order, have the servants help your Second Uncle's family pack up, and by the way, see them out the front door."

Jiang Boya nodded with a "Hmm" in response, then walked out of the study, casually closing the door behind him. He said to Second Master Jiang's family, "If you don't want to lose your freedom like Jiang Boxun, Second Uncle, you should take your concubine-born family members and leave immediately."

"Third Uncle! Third Uncle, please don't drive us away, will you?"

Jiang Ziyuan wanted to cling to Jiang Boya's legs, begging and crying, but a single look from his uncle Jiang Boya frightened him into not daring to approach. He knew that his father, mother, and grandfather. all wanted to have him adopted into the eldest grandfather's branch, to be adopted under the name of his uncle, to become his uncle's son.

When he learned about this, he naturally did not want to go through with the adoption, but his family listed many benefits, which all added up to mean that upon his uncle's death, all of the main branch's assets would belong to him.

However, although he was young, he understood that things would definitely not be as simple as his elders described, and besides, his uncle wasn't old and could, at any point, take a wife, who might bear his own children.

What then would become of him, a son who had been adopted?

So, knowing about the adoption, he was quite resistant in his heart, but to avoid being lectured by his elders, he never showed any dissatisfaction on the surface.

He listened to the elders and often ran to his eldest grandfather and uncle, playing the good child, seeking their affection and approval to be adopted into the main branch.

But it was all for nothing, the eldest grandfather and his uncle had no intention of adopting him.

He felt relieved by this, thinking he wouldn't have to leave his father, mother, and brother. They would still be a family.

But he had never expected that his father would hire someone to harm his uncle.

Now that his uncle knew what his father had done, demanding their whole family move out of the manor, Jiang Ziyuan felt both panicked and helpless inside.

He had been born in this manor and grown up there, nearly nine years old now. The manor was his home, and he had never thought he would lose it.

"Your father wanted your uncle's life, wanted the elder with white hair to mourn the younger with black hair, wanted to usurp the main branch's property. Can I continue to allow your whole family to live here?"

Jiang Boya said indifferently as he looked at Jiang Ziyuan and then shifted his gaze to Second Master Jiang, "Second Uncle, don't take others for fools. I've said all I have to say; you figure it out."

Leaving this last remark behind, Jiang Boya stepped away and left.

Hospital.

"Why is the neighboring ward empty?"

As he pushed open the door to Jiang Feng's hospital room, Jiang Boya couldn't hide the urgency in his eyes and immediately asked.

"They probably discharged."

Chapter 697: Unwilling to Mention

Jiang Boya, upon hearing those words, immediately thought of something. His expression grew more anxious and, without saying more to Jiang Feng, he hurriedly left the hospital room.

He drove directly to the address Kang Li had mentioned before. Along the way, even though he tried hard to control his emotions, he couldn't help but slam his hand on the steering wheel several times.

It was his forgetfulness about time, the matters concerning Jiang Boxun had made him lose track of it. He forgot that Kang Li only had to be observed at the hospital for half a day. If he didn't see her soon, the damned Jiang Boxun would wait for his wrath!

A dark glint passed through Jiang Boya's eyes, his expression unusually cold.

More than two hours later,

"What exactly do you want to do? I'm already locked up here, what more could you possibly want?"

Not having found Kang Li and learning that she had already returned to her country, Jiang Boya drove to the detention center. Upon seeing Jiang Boxun, he started beating him without a word.

"What am I not satisfied with? If it weren't for you wanting me dead, would I have ended up here?"

Boya landed another heavy punch in Boxun's abdomen. Behind his glasses, his eyes emitted a fierce, cold gleam. Grabbing Boxun by the hair, he uttered each word distinctly, "If it were up to me, you wouldn't be here; you'd be lying six feet under!"

"You..."

Jiang Boxun's face was bruised and swollen, and every part of his body hurt. Hearing Jiang Boya's words, he shivered uncontrollably, but soon regained his composure, freed his hair, spat some blood on the ground, and said:

"Jiang Boya, I didn't mean to harm you, otherwise, do you think you and Jiang Feng would still be alive?"

"We managed to survive by sheer luck, saved in time by kind-hearted people," Boya replied.

With that, Jiang Boya kicked Boxun hard, knocking him to the ground. His voice was detached: "Your uncles have already been driven out of the manor by me. Their fate from now on depends on their own abilities. As for you... reflect well here!"

With those words, unwilling to spare Jiang Boxun another glance, Jiang Boya casually adjusted the cuff of his suit before decisively turning and walking away.

Behind him, Jiang Boxun shouted, "Jiang Boya, you're ruthless!"

Upon hearing that, Jiang Boya let out a scoff. His eyes displayed sheer coldness.

He didn't stop, nor look back. Immediately upon leaving the detention center, he drove straight to the manor.

"No, I do not agree!"

Old Master Jiang sat behind his desk, his expression somber, promptly making his stance clear.

"Why?"

Gazing directly into Old Master Jiang's eyes, Jiang Boya demanded a convincing answer.

"Are you sure you don't know why?"

Old Master Jiang countered.

"So many years have passed..."

Before Jiang Boya could finish, Old Master Jiang interrupted him, "Stop saying so many years have passed. All I can tell you is that the timing is still not right."

Jiang Boya's eyes reddened. "Dad, do you still remember my mother and my mom?" In Boya's world, mother and mom were different people.

Of course, Old Master Jiang knew. He knew what Boya meant by "mother" and "mom" and how they were related to him.

"...Why suddenly bring up your mother?"

Old Master Jiang's expression seemed to become gradually distant as his lips moved slightly.

"I miss my mother and my mom, I want to return to my mother's side, to pay respects at my mom's grave... and Meimei, I don't know how she's doing now. Back then... back then when you took me away like that, did you think about Meimei who was about to give birth, did you consider, without me by her side, whether your grandson would be born safely?"

Chapter 698: Holding a Grudge?

Whenever he spoke of the past or recalled those days, Jiang Boya would feel a piercing pain in his heart.

Old Master Jiang's face was stern. After a long pause, he said, "All these years, you have not married because you've been pining for that girl? If that's the case, you had better get that thought out of your head. She's nothing but a servant of our family, of lowly status. How could she possibly enter the Jiang Family's door as my son Jiang Hongfa's daughter-in-law?"

Jiang Boya: "That's a feudal mindset! Domestically and abroad, people are considered equal. Besides, Uncle Fang has followed you and been wholly loyal. How can you still view his family with such old prejudice?"

Old Master Jiang: "No matter what society we live in, being well-matched in social and economic status is important! Moreover, let me make myself clear, even if I, Jiang Hongfa, were to have no descendants through you, I would never acknowledge a child born of a maid as my grandchild!"

Jiang Boya's eyes turned red: "Do you despise my child that much?"

Old Master Jiang: "I despise the woman who bore your child. Of low status, bearing a child who carries half of her blood, that is not the descendant I want!"

"My mother's family had a good reputation, she was beautiful and virtuous. Why didn't you have a child with her? Why did you have to be with my mother's sister and have me with her?"

"Marrying your mother was arranged by the family elders, a union of two families. I didn't have much affection for her, and your mother did not bear any children—not that I didn't let her, she simply could not conceive. As for... as for what happened between me and your mom, I have nothing to say."

Leaning back in his chair, Old Master Jiang lifted his head, slowly closed his eyes, and his thoughts drifted to decades ago, as if in a moment he saw that graceful figure standing under the peach blossoms...

"Speaking this way, do you feel justified towards my mother and my mom?" Jiang Boya was oblivious to what Old Master Jiang was thinking. He clenched his fists by his side, his tone grave: "I'll find a way to return to the country as soon as possible."

Old Master Jiang suddenly opened his eyes, straightened his body: "Are you wishing for me to die before your eyes?"

"..."

Jiang Boya's lips were tightly pressed, and for a long time, he said nothing.

"Whether it was taking you out of the country back then, or not allowing you to return now, I was doing it for your own good." Having said this, Old Master Jiang seemed to age instantly. He sighed deeply, waved his hand: "You may leave now."

Jiang Boya turned around and just as he reached the study door, he stopped: "The girl who saved me and Ah Feng...she..." He didn't turn to look at Old Master Jiang, and the rest of his sentence, although on the tip of his tongue, was ultimately swallowed back down.

The door to the study opened and closed, leaving Old Master Jiang alone inside.

"Wanqiu, all these years, have you resented or hated me?"

Old Master Jiang looked out of the window to the sky, his eyes filled with regret as he murmured: "...Yun'er, do you also resent or hate me? Resent me for leaving you sisters in the country, hate me for taking Boya away from your sister?"

Outside the study, Jiang Boya looked dejected. He stood at the doorway for a moment before walking to his own study. Once he sat down at the desk, he opened a drawer and took out an already yellowed black-and-white photograph from a black leather notebook.

Gazing at the photograph, his eyes gradually filled with tears.

"Mom, are you well? You visit Mom every year, don't you? Are you angry that I haven't returned for so many years?"

There were two people in the photo, one had her hair up in a bun, dressed as a young married woman, and the other, with two braids, wore a light blue cross-collared shirt with a black knee-length skirt underneath. They were two sisters, standing closely together,

Chapter 699: Will There Be Changes?

The older sister wore a warm smile, while the younger sister, although smiling too, had a noticeably shyer expression.

"I really want to go back, but I can't ignore Dad's feelings. What should I do? Mom, do you know? I almost died because of Jiang Boxun's schemes, but maybe it was fate—I was saved by a little girl at the last moment..."

Tears welled up and rolled down Jiang Boya's handsome face, leaving tiny splatters like broken flowers on the desk.

Abroad, Jiang Boya reminisced about his family and shared with them in the photos how he had been saved by Kang Li. Meanwhile, aboard the plane, Kang Li seemed to be resting her eyes but was actually recalling the plot of a book that had come into her mind when she first entered this world.

If she remembered correctly, the twin with mixed sex was supposed to have an accident soon.

More precisely, it was supposed to be during a trip to the mall with the original soul when the twins were lured out of the mall with toys by the kidnapper and then disappeared.

Weekend!

The incident will definitely happen over the weekend... During the week, the twins would be attending preschool, so they couldn't possibly be taken to the mall by the original soul. That means... the day after tomorrow, the twins will be in trouble.

But now that she is the original soul, will the same thing still happen?

Or could the date of the twins' accident change due to the butterfly effect?

Kang Li furrowed her brows tightly. At her side, Han Xia just happened to turn and look over, and thinking Kang Li was having a nightmare, she softly called out, "Kang Li... Kang Li, wake up..."

Opening her eyes, Kang Li was confused: "What's wrong?"

"You weren't asleep?"

Seeing no trace of sleepiness in Kang Li's beautiful eyes, Han Xia couldn't help feeling somewhat embarrassed.

Listening, Kang Li gently shook her head.

"I thought you were asleep and having a nightmare, so..."

Han Xia chuckled awkwardly, speaking uncomfortably, but before she finished, Kang Li smiled, "Thanks for your concern, I'm fine."

"Then why are you frowning?"

The question was purely out of concern.

"I was thinking about some personal issues; they seem quite thorny, and I couldn't help but react like that. I didn't mean to make you worry." The friendship with Han Xia felt sudden to Kang Li.

She didn't know how she and Han Xia had become friends; she only remembered that during the training days, Han Xia would often follow her around like a little tail outside of training hours, sharing insights about their teammates' personalities and amusing stories within the team.

In any case, they appeared to be good friends in the eyes of their teammates, and surprisingly, she had gotten used to Han Xia following her and chattering by her ear.

Occasionally, she couldn't help but wonder if Han Xia, like Wu Yue, was captivated by appearances, hence her gravitating towards her and becoming friends.

Regardless of the reason, from her perspective, Han Xia and Wu Yue had similar personalities—both were warm and straightforward.

"No need to apologize; I just saw you frowning heavily and thought to wake you, but unexpectedly, it led to a misunderstanding,"

Waving her hand, Han Xia spoke with a laugh; the awkwardness from before was gone.

Kang Li smiled and glanced at the time on her wristwatch: "Less than four hours until we land."

"Mhm."

Han Xia nodded, then asked, "Are you going straight home?"

Kang Li: "That's the plan."

"Right, your family will definitely be very happy to have you back, as will the neighbors around your home—I bet they could wear out your doorstep."

Hearing this, Kang Li didn't react at first; she blinked, "Why?"

Chapter 700: It's Your Glory Too

"What do you think?"

Han Xia did not respond, but her eyes were filled with meaningful depth.

Taken aback for a moment, Kang Li suddenly realized the implication, but she lightly smiled and said indifferently, "You also won a gold medal."

"Compared to you, I only got one."

Han Xia's face showed frustration. "I originally thought I could win at least two, but I underperformed. Just thinking about it makes me feel upset."

"Don't worry, it's not like there won't be more chances to win gold medals. Besides, didn't you also win a silver medal? Plus, in the event held in our North City in ten days, I believe you will achieve even better results."

Kang Li's eyes sparkled with a smile as she spoke comforting words.

"Let's hope your auspicious words come true and I really do achieve good results in the upcoming event," Han Xia said with a renewed smile. "The domestic audience should now be able to watch our competitions abroad, right?"

Kang Li: "That... I can't say for sure, but there definitely will be coverage in the newspapers and news."

In fact, recent media outlets and major newspapers indeed covered the events Kang Li and her team participated in abroad. No matter what others may feel about the number of gold medals Kang Li personally won,

people like Luo Yanqing, Director Song, Cai Xiufen, and Captain Kang, who cared about Kang Li, were all overjoyed and proud.

Back home, Captain Kang and Big Brother Kang learned of the news through the radio broadcast, while Luo Yanqing and Director Song found out by reading the newspapers. The two of them were extremely thrilled, but they did not show too much emotion outwardly.

"Team Leader, is this... really Comrade Kang?"

Wen Siyuan was having lunch in the cafeteria that day when he casually picked up a newspaper left on the table. He stared at it with wide eyes, and after a moment, he regained his senses, stood up with the paper, and walked over to where Luo Yanqing was sitting. Pointing at the photo of Kang Li receiving the award, he asked Luo Yanqing, unable to hide his astonishment.

"She's my wife."

Luo Yanqing nodded slightly, looking at the newspaper in Wen Siyuan's hand, his gaze landing on the photo of his petite wife standing on the podium with a gold medal in her hand.

Tall and straight, calm and composed, this was his wife, his pride!

"You all heard, didn't you? Comrade Kang Li mentioned in the newspaper these past few days is none other than Professor Luo's wife!" Wen Siyuan suddenly exclaimed, holding up the paper.

In an instant, the cafeteria burst into discussion.

"I told you, the Comrade Kang Li in the newspaper is Professor Luo's wife, but you didn't believe me. Now it's confirmed, isn't it? Professor Luo himself has admitted it!"

"It's so surprising! Professor Luo's wife looked so frail, yet she's an athlete who shone brightly in the international event and made our country proud. She's truly amazing!"

"Professor Luo is so patient, such great news, and he didn't even share it with us in advance."

"I am not surprised at all; knowing Professor Luo's temperament, it would be impossible for him to proactively talk to us about his wife."

Director Song and Luo Yanqing were eating lunch at the same table. Glancing at Luo Yanqing, he said with a gentle smile, "Everyone will know soon enough."

"This is Xiao Li's glory."

Brows slightly furrowed, Luo Yanqing swallowed the food in his mouth and responded to Director Song with an indifferent tone.

"It's your glory too, since you are Xiao Li's other half. Her excellent performance in the competition is undoubtedly linked to your support. Likewise, your achievements in research are also partly due to Li Bao's contribution."

"I haven't really done much for Xiao Li; on the contrary, she has given a lot for me."