

## SWEET BEAUTY

### Chapter 17 - If You Still Can't Accept Comfort Like This, I Can Go Deeper

Liang Zixuan said indifferently, "It's fine. Just treat it like a dog bite."

This little girl didn't take herself seriously.

The more persistent she was, the more Han Yuanjun felt sorry for her.

He looked at her. He didn't know why he was so concerned about her. He usually resented women who took the initiative to throw themselves at him. At this point, however, he desperately hoped that Liang Zixuan could pretend to be wronged and jumped into his arms to ask for comfort.

However, she didn't.

Han Yuanjun gritted his teeth in anger for an inexplicable reason. "Don't you think my shoulders are wide?"

Liang Zixuan froze for a moment. She subconsciously looked at his shoulder. She didn't know why he suddenly asked such a question.

She was about to answer when he asked, "Is it not enough for you?"

"Puff ..." Liang Zixuan almost vomited out blood as her face flushed.

Han Yuanjun, what did you mean by that?

Could it be that he felt wrong that she didn't want to lean on him?

Liang Zixuan hugged her guitar tightly and pouted. "Why should I rely on you?"

Han Yuanjun groaned, "Don't all women need wide shoulders to lean on?"

Could it be that she felt his shoulders weren't broad enough?

It wasn't that Han Yuanjun was boasting. He felt that not only was his face pretty, but even his shoulders were also wider than any man. He felt absolutely safe.

When the other women saw him, they couldn't help but stare at him like he was a peach blossom. They pretended to be quails and wanted nothing more than to jump into his arms.

He didn't even bother to spare a single glance at them.

It just so happened that he had suddenly become interested in Liang Zixuan, but in the end, she didn't even take him seriously.

How could he not feel depressed?

Liang Zixuan rubbed her nose. "You don't have to treat me like other women because I don't feel wronged."

In contrast, only people from the Wei Family and Hou Yingyi suffered.

When Han Yuanjun heard her words, he was furious. He felt that she hated him.

Glancing at Liang Zixuan from the corner of his eyes, Han Yuanjun suddenly raised his right hand, supported her head, and pushed it to his shoulder without saying a word.

Liang Zixuan almost fell into his arms. She struggled to get up but was held back by Han Yuanjun's dominating gaze.

"Young Master Han!" She gritted her teeth angrily, "Can you concentrate on driving?"

Han Yuanjun glared at her coldly, "I can concentrate on driving with one hand."

Liang Zixuan was so furious.

Who would forcefully comfort someone, regardless of whether they were willing or not!

She cursed him in her heart.

Han Yuanjun's voice suddenly became softer as he whispered into her ear.

"Deng Hui called to say that you have returned to the Wei Family. I didn't even have my dinner and immediately drove here. I'm afraid you'll feel wrong when you come home, but I'm also afraid you'll know about the matter between Hou Yingyi and Wei Xiaoqing."

He came to calm her down.

Liang Zixuan felt as if something had pierced her heart and a dull pain befell her.

She admitted that she felt terrible and that she had never received such concern in both her lives.

However, this person was Han Yuanjun. Liang Zixuan felt that she couldn't afford to offend someone like him, nor could she afford to play with him.

Although she didn't know how he knew about her, she didn't want anything to do with him.

She smiled, but her heart was restless. "Thank you, but I don't need comfort."

She pretended to get up again. This time, Han Yuanjun immediately put his arm around her shoulder and hugged her tightly, "Don't move!"

He whispered in her ear, "I've never comforted anyone, and I don't know how. If you are unable to accept this, then ..."

Han Yuanjun stopped the car at the side of the road.

He threw the guitar in Liang Zixuan's arm into the back seat, then pushed her back into the passenger seat.

His movements were too fast for her to respond. She didn't know what was going on, but she was held like a kitten.

Han Yuanjun's body was pressing hard against hers. Even she could feel his fast heartbeat through the material.

"Han--"

Before she could finish her sentences, Han Yuanjun took the opportunity to kiss her.

Liang Zixuan's eyes widened in surprise. She wanted to push him, but her hand was held tightly by him, and she was unable to move at all.

Her lips were filled with the taste of him, and even her breathing was entangled with him. Her face was burning as if she had been soaked in boiling water.

After a while, Han Yuanjun slightly lifted his head, but his lips were still pressed against hers. He looked at her with burning eyes and said in a low tone, "If you still can't accept comfort like this, I can go deeper."

This was his way of comfort?

Who told him she needed this?

Liang Zixuan was afraid that he would follow his words, so she nodded immediately. "I accept. I can feel your comfort, Young Master Han."

Han Yuanjun pursed his lips contentedly and raised his eyebrow, "So women should be comforted like this."

Should she feel honored?

For being the first woman who received Han Yuanjun's comfort.

But why did she feel like a rat, used by him as an experimental tool to understand women?

Han Yuanjun's eyes narrowed as he saw her frowning face.

"Looks like I haven't calmed you down enough."

Liang Zixuan immediately jumped in fear. She turned her face to the side and said in a panic, "Enough, that's enough. That's really enough!"

Han Yuanjun smiled and released her gently.

He returned to the driver's seat and put his hand on the steering wheel. "Is there anywhere you want to go? Or you wanted to return to the hospital?"

Liang Zixuan thought of her broken guitar and said, "If Young Master Han had time, please send me to Huancheng District. There is a music shop there, and I would like to repair my guitar."

If he had time? Of course, he definitely had time. Han Yuanjun would rather spend all his time today just to be with her.

The car was heading to Huancheng District. Liang Zixuan took the guitar from the back seat and got out. When she closed the door, she saw Han Yuanjun also come out.

Liang Zixuan pursed her lip, "Young Master Han, I'm here to fix the guitar."

Han Yuanjun nodded and casually closed the car door, "I know."

He then walked forward a few steps and realized that she was not following him. He turned around and frowned at her. "Aren't you here to fix the guitar? Why are you standing there?"

She's here to fix the guitar, but she didn't plan on doing it with him.

Han Yuanjun was a handsome man, and he was not her boyfriend. Therefore, it would be awkward for him to be by her side.

Furthermore, she was not a person who likes to seduce men.

Liang Zixuan then said carefully, "Young Master Han, I am very grateful for your help. You have helped me a lot ..."

"You are not sincere at all." Han Yuanjun suddenly interrupted her. "I told you before, I didn't even have my dinner and came straight to Wei Residence to comfort you. Can't you just treat me to eat?"

These words were uttered with complaints.