

Stealing Your Heart Chapter 876

To Zong Yungan, who had spent a life of luxury, today's events were all new to him. When he realized that someone was trying to kill him, he lost his composure as he stood motionless on the spot because he didn't know how to react.

The lady pounced onto him and bit him hard on the neck.

"Argh!" Zong Yungan shrieked loudly.

Actually, the lady didn't have anything in her hands. It was her silver nails that led to the misunderstanding that she was holding something sharp.

She was unarmed, but she felt indignant at Zong Yungan abandonment, so she wanted to drag him to the depths of hell with her!

"Help!"

Zong Yungan flailed around in pain, but the lady's arms were like tentacles which clung onto him tightly. It was a gory scene—blood trickled down her mouth.

Shen Peichuan enjoyed the show for a little while before he pulled the lady away.

Zong Yungan clenched his neck and screamed, "Go to hell, b*tch! Go to hell!"

After that, he kicked in the direction of the lady maniacally.

However, no one sympathized them as they stood by and watched. It was only until Shen Peichuan had had enough when he asked someone to pull Zong Yungan away.

“Lock them up. We have all the evidence we need right now, so we can press charges.” He left soon after.

Shen Peichuan headed towards the monitoring area and bumped into Zong Jinghao. He stepped quickly towards Zong Jinghao and said, “I will take care of the rest. They’ll rot in jail.”

Zong Jinghao replied with a nod.

When the restrained Zong Yungan saw Zong Jinghao and Shen Peichuan, he shouted, “Didn’t you say you’ll let me go? Why did you break your promise? A*shole! Zong Jinghao, I’m your uncle! How dare you do this to me!”

Shen Peichuan commanded coldly, “Take him away.”

In a flash, Zong Yungan and his angry voice disappeared from the corridor.

Zong Jinghao’s expression was gloomy and devoid of warmth. He instructed, “Take care of everything and don’t leave any loose ends.”

We need to avoid any unnecessary trouble.

Shen Peichuan replied, “Alright.”

Zong Jinghao left and drove to his villa.

When he arrived, he saw a familiar car parked at his doorstep.

He parked his own car and stepped out from it. At the same time, Bai Yinning got out of the car with Gao Yuan’s help and nodded slightly when he saw Zong Jinghao. Bai Yinning said solemnly, “I only heard what happened when I came from Baicheng today.”

Zong Jinghao kept his silence.

Bai Yinning asked helplessly, “You should be quite annoyed to see me, right?”

The silence continued.

"This is for your son. Please help me pass it to him." Bai Yinning gave Zong Jinghao an exquisite box and said, "My days in Baicheng seemed to be drawn out. A lot seemed to have happened here."

However, Zong Jinghao didn't receive his gift as he replied coldly, "Are you done, Mr. Bai?"

Bai Yinning smiled. "Do you still have animosity towards me?"

Zong Jinghao ignored him and walked towards his villa.

Bai Yinning froze on the spot as he didn't retract his hands that were holding onto the gift. He asked Zong Jinghao, "I already have a wife, so why are you so petty?"

Zong Jinghao suddenly stopped as he turned around to face Bai Yinning. "I have a question for you."

"Go ahead." Bai Yinning was surprised. What questions would he have for me?

"What would you do if someone else fancies the one you love?"

Bai Yinning replied without hesitation, "I would skin him alive and beat him up."

Zong Jinghao smirked coldly. "That's exactly what I'm thinking right now."

Bai Yinning was rendered speechless because he was tricked.

"Mr. Zong, is this how you treat your guest? You didn't even invite me inside or offer me a glass of water."

Zong Jinghao deemed it unnecessary to reply.

Bai Yinning let out a self-deprecating laugh. I made a fool out of myself. His narrow-mindedness really never changed after all these years.

But I'd probably do the same too, honestly.

I can share everything else in the world except for love.

He took a look at the second floor of the villa as his gaze turned determined. He instructed softly, "Gao Yuan, let's go."

Actually, Gao Yuan felt that he shouldn't have come in the first place.

"Actually, Mrs. Bai is quite a nice lady."

Although Zhou Chunchun is immature, but she genuinely likes Bai Yinning, and her family treats him well.

I really don't understand why is he so insistent on winning over the heart of someone else's wife.

He already knows that he can't succeed, yet he still doesn't want to let go. Isn't he just making things hard for himself?

Bai Yinning took a look at Gao Yuan and ultimately fell silent. In fact, he too knew that Zhou Chunchun was a nice lady.

When Bai Yinning and Zhou Chunchun returned to the Zhou family, Mrs. Zhou was elated because she had not seen her daughter in a while.

She made a table full of dishes and started to tease her daughter after the meal.

People their age loved to bring up children when they speak, especially since Zhou Chunchun was their only daughter. Naturally, they wanted a grandchild, but Zhou Chunchun shyly said that she didn't want to become a mother just yet.

Actually, she wanted to, but her marriage with Bai Yinning was just a marriage in name.

Mrs. Zhou tugged her daughter's hands and said, "You're getting older now, so you should have a baby with Yinning. That way, your Dad and I can rest assured."

Zhou Chunchun looked down and fell silent.

When Mrs. Zhou saw her daughter's expression, she asked, "Did you and Yinning get into a fight?"

Zhou Chunchun shook her head. "We're doing great and he treats me very well. I'm tired, so I'm gonna go to bed now."

She didn't want to listen to her mother's nagging.

When she opened the bedroom door, she saw Bai Yinning sitting by the window with a book in his hand. She approached him and asked, "What are you reading?"

Bai Yinning closed the book and she saw the title—Where Does The Wind Come From. She knelt beside him and asked, "Is it good?"

"It's very calming."

Zhou Chunchun rested her head on his lap. "Then I'll read it when I'm free."

She was always this docile and obedient when she was with him.

Bai Yinning ruffled her hair before he held her hands while gently holding her waist. He carried her up and placed her on his lap as he whispered, "I'll treat you well."

He was telling the truth. However, he still couldn't love her.

Zhou Chunchun enjoyed his embrace and replied, "I know."

She knew that he would keep his promise and she knew that he didn't promise her love.

"Did you meet Xinyan?" Zhou Chunchun asked suddenly.

"No. How did you know that I went out because I wanted to visit her?"

Zhou Chunchun smiled sweetly. "I've been with you for a long while, so I know you well."

Bai Yinning raised his eyebrows. "So I can't be myself when I'm with you anymore, right?"

She's getting smarter!

Who said that she was dumb?

"I know, but I won't get angry. I will always stay by your side," Zhou Chunchun muttered.

Bai Yinning turned towards the window to look at the moonlit sky.

Under the same night sky, Sang Yu felt apologetic when she saw Lin Xinyan gently rocking the baby. The baby was easily startled, so he lost sleep easily and cried sporadically.

He suddenly woke up just now, and he only calmed down after Lin Xinyan took him into her arms as if he could sense her familiar warmth.

Lin Xinyan saw that Sang Yu was standing by the door, so she whispered, "Come and take a seat. Don't keep standing."

Sang Yu lowered her head and apologized, "It's all my fault..."

"What does it have to do with you?" Lin Xinyan knew Sang Yu wasn't to blame for it. Instead, someone with ill intentions was.

"Don't think too much about it. You're pregnant too, so you shouldn't overthink." Lin Xinyan consoled her.

"The baby cries a lot. Should we bring him to the hospital?" Sang Yu asked.

"Maybe some other day." She realized that the baby calmed down whenever he was in her embrace and threw a tantrum whenever he slept alone in his cot.

Maybe he was shocked when they brought him to some foreign place and treated him badly. He'll get better under my care.

Sang Yu approached them and took a look at the baby. The baby was drowsy now, so his eyes were closed. "He'll definitely be a handsome man when he grows up."

Lin Xinyan stared at her son as her gaze softened.

After all, every mother thought the best of their children.

"How great it'll be if I have a daughter," Sang Yu said as she stared at the baby.

Stealing Your Heart Chapter 877

“That way she’ll have a brother to protect her,” Sang Yu added.

Lin Xinyan said to her, “If you have a daughter and she marries my son, he can protect her for the rest of her life.

Sang Yu smiled because she was looking forward to it.

What if that actually happens? It’ll be such a nice coincidence!

When Zong Jinghao came up, Sang Yu left.

He took a look at the baby who was fast asleep in Lin Xinyan’s arms.

Zong Jinghao stretched out his hands and said, “Let me carry him.”

Lin Xinyan looked up and saw his tired countenance, so she whispered, “Go and take a rest first. He can accompany you.”

“I’m not tired.” He took the baby into his arms and the baby continued to sleep in his embrace.

Lin Xinyan stepped out of the room to give them some space.

Downstairs, Zhuang Zijin and Cheng Yuwen were about to head out to pick up their two kids.

“Put on more clothes. It’s getting chilly out there.” Zhuang Zijin passed Cheng Yuwen a jacket.

Cheng Yuwen replied, “It’s not chilly in the car.”

“Just wear it. You’re not young anymore, so you shouldn’t take the risk.” Zhuang Zijin put the jacket on him and Cheng Yuwen didn’t protest anymore. After putting on the jacket, Zhuang Zijin straightened his collar and made sure everything was in order before saying, “Let’s go.”

Cheng Yuwen nodded and let her go ahead first while he closed the door behind them.

Meanwhile, Lin Xinyan was in a daze when she watched the scene unfold from the staircase. Ever since Zhuang Zijin and Lin Guoan’s divorce, she had never seen Zhuang Zijin acting so intimately to a man.

Shortly after they left, the doorbell rang. She went downstairs to open the door and saw a delivery guy. “Hi. Is there a Ms. Lin Xinyan here?”

Lin Xinyan replied, “That’s me.”

“This package is for you. Please sign here.” The delivery guy passed a box to her.

She signed and received the box. She then closed the door and inspected its contents. There was an exquisite piece of jade carved into a pendant inside. I wonder who is this from?

Just as she was about to put back the pendant, she saw a card inside the box, so she took a read.

“I originally planned to give it to your son personally, but I didn’t want to trouble you because your husband was too petty. I could only send it via delivery. I heard about what happened to Zong Qifeng and I’m very sorry. My deepest condolences to you. I think he would wish that you would spend your days in smiles rather than tears, and I think he would pray for all our happiness! —Bai Yinning”

Lin Xinyan closed the card and put it back into the box. She then took out the jade pendant and put the box into a drawer.

She graciously accepted his kind act.

When she opened the bedroom door upstairs, she saw Zong Jinghao lying sideways on the bed with the baby in his arms. They were both sleeping soundly.

She took out a blanket from the cabinet and gently covered them with it. After that, she took out the jade pendant and wrapped it around the baby's neck. The baby moved his pink and supple lips while he remained fast asleep.

She cast her son a loving look as she gently stroked his face. When she turned to look at Zong Jinghao, she felt her heart ache.

He didn't sleep much these days, so he's skinnier now.

She interlocked her fingers with him and planted a kiss on his forehead. "I feel so sorry that you have a lot of regrets in your life. I'll stay by your side for the rest of our lives."

The man who was seemingly fast asleep, twitched his eyebrows suddenly, but Lin Xinyan didn't notice it since it happened in a flash.

Time seemed to fly. It was already New Year's Day in a flash.

Life was peaceful then. The baby could already make some sounds and Sang Yu's stomach was clearly bloated as well. She took a leave from her studies for one year to focus on taking care of her health.

Su Zhan and Qin Ya were also living a happy life in C City. Even though they didn't have kids, their careers were successful and their days were well spent.

Besides that, Cheng Yuwen and Zhuang Zijin decided to live together.

Lin Xinyan was the one who suggested it. She could tell that Zhuang Zijin and Cheng Yuwen took good care of each other and were each other's emotional support. At their age, love wasn't present anymore, but she still felt that they should have a partner to spend the rest of their lives together.

Lin Xinyan thought that time was precious, so the most important thing was to live a happy life regardless of what others might think.

They didn't register their marriage or hold a wedding ceremony. Instead, they only invited everyone for a dinner during New Year's Day.

During the meal, Sang Yu said, "Xinyan, I'm having a girl."

"Huh?" Qin Ya smiled and looked at her. "Are you really arranging your daughter's marriage before she's even born?"

After all, Lin Xinyan had two sons.

Zong Yanchen was older, but the baby was only one year older than her daughter.

Sang Yu ate a piece of tofu and smiled. "So what? Judging by the parents' good looks, their son will definitely be a handsome one too. I need to call dibs on him first before everyone else does."

"Tsk." Su Zhan mocked, "She's already thinking about that even before her daughter is born." He took a look at Shen Peichuan and said, "She thinks even more than you."

Shen Peichuan poured him a glass of beer. "Are you sure that she's the only one who made that decision?"

Su Zhan was speechless.

Fine!

Keep boasting, hmph!

"Let's eat." Su Zhan placed some food in Qin Ya's bowl. "We'll go skating in Switzerland in a few days."

They were the most joyful couple because they could remain in the dating phase for the rest of their lives.

"So petty." Shen Peichuan knew Su Zhan well.

"Don't be jealous." Su Zhan smiled and asked, "Do you and Sang Yu know what passionate love is? You haven't even spent much time together before you're both shackled down by the baby. That's no fun at all. Look at us! We can go anywhere in the world we want."

He then stood up and took out a box from his pocket containing a diamond necklace.

"Ya, a present for you." He put the necklace on Qin Ya. Qin Ya was wearing a black jacket, so it made the diamond seem even more dazzling. "I wish for our eternal happiness."

After that, he planted a gentle kiss on her forehead.

“Stop hogging all the attention.” Sang Yu waved her hands. “The stars of the show today are these two people.”

Zhuang Zijin and Cheng Yuwen were somewhat embarrassed sharing a meal with all the youngsters. After all, they weren’t young anymore, yet they...

“Let’s have a toast together.” Lin Xinyan picked up her glass and held Zong Jinghao’s hand with her other hand. He smiled and as he gazed at Zhuang Zijin and Cheng Yuwen, he said, “Let’s toast for Mom and Yuwen’s health and longevity.”

“Cheers!”

The clinking of the glasses permeated throughout the room as the laughter drove away the sadness.

Meanwhile, snow was falling outside.

Winter had already come, but this was the first snow.

“I wanna play in the snow.” Zong Yanxi excitedly tugged Zhuang Zijin’s hands as Cheng Yuwen held her other hand. “Let’s go.”

Everyone went out because they were all excited about the snow.

In a flash, all the treetops and rooftops were covered in a layer of white.

“Let’s take a walk outside too.” Lin Xinyan stared at Zong Jinghao with a gentle gaze.

Zong Jinghao took a jacket from the coat rack and put it on her. He then buttoned up the jacket and placed her hands into his own. His hands were just as warm as usual, and Lin Xinyan felt the warmth pervading her entire body, giving her a sense of security.

Because of the snow, the night sky didn’t seem so dark.

As they walked hand-in-hand down the street, two rows of footprints tagged behind them. Snow decorated their hair as Lin Xinyan said cheekily, “Your hair is white.”

Zong Jinghao stopped and stared at her while she met his gaze with a loving glance of her own.

"I wouldn't mind even if all your hair turns grey. I will still love you."

After that, she tiptoed and planted a kiss on his chin. She wanted to continue their stroll after the kiss, but he stopped her by pulling her towards him.

With a gentleness in his eyes that could melt the snow, he caressed her flushed face and planted his lips all over her eyes, nose, and lips. The kiss grew deeper as time passed and she kissed him back passionately while wrapping her arms around his neck.

It was as if they wouldn't stop until they melted into each other's arms.

A few years later.

"I never loved you."

During their three-year wedding anniversary, Zong Yanxi wanted to tell Jiang Mohan she was pregnant with his child. But before she could do that, he gave her a "present" of his own instead.

"Why?" Tears rolled in her eyes, but they never slipped down her cheeks because she didn't want to believe it.

Was he lying all along?

If he was, why?

Jiang Mohan approached her and she stepped back. He grabbed her by the chin and hissed, "I married you only because you're the lady of the Zong family. I married you not because of love, but because of hatred!"

He had planned twenty years for this day!

"Hatred?" Her lips trembled. Some women would break down in tears in that moment while some women would beg for a second chance. However, Zong Yanxi only stood motionless as she concealed the hopelessness she felt.

She endured the pain silently.

“Yes. Hatred. Does your father and you think that lives can be bought with money?” His gaze was sharp and cold.

Zong Yanxi was perplexed. “What are you talking about?”

What does he mean? What does this have to do with Daddy?

Jiang Mohan let her go and threw the divorce papers in front of her. “Sign it.”

Stealing Your Heart Chapter 878

“What if I refuse to sign it?” She still had a little bit of hope within her. She hoped that he still harbored some feelings for her. After all, she was adamant that her child should grow up with a father.

“Have you forgotten what you once said? You promised to love me for a lifetime.”

“Shut up!” Jiang Mohan took a step back, a look of consternation flashing in his eyes.

No!

He didn't love her. He had only gotten together with her in order to take revenge for his mother.

“You've lost everything! I don't care what you want. Even if you refuse to divorce me, I'll make sure you do!” As soon as he finished speaking, he stomped out of the door.

Jiang Mohan was afraid that his heart would soften if he stayed in the room any longer.

No, no! He couldn't go easy on her—the woman who caused the death of his own mother! All the emotions and love he had invested in her were merely a ploy to set the stage for his revenge.

How could he fall in love with a woman who killed his own mother?

No!

That couldn't happen.

It was impossible!

Zong Yanxi watched him leave. She tried to hold in her tears, but they rolled down her cheeks anyway.

She gazed at the divorce papers that Jiang Mohan had thrown onto the table in a huff. She felt a jolt of pain in her heart. It was painful—really painful. Her legs turned into jelly, and she slid onto the floor with a thud.

At that moment, a few men in black suits rushed into the room and pulled her up from the ground. Their leader said, “We have orders from President Jiang. He wants you to sign the divorce papers right now. You should probably do as he says and save us the trouble from using physical force on you.”

Zong Yanxi looked up from the ground in a daze. She didn’t recognize any of these men, and doubted that she had seen them before. However, those orders sounded very much like they came from Jiang Mohan’s mouth. She burst into laughter.

Was he going to be so cruel to her?

Since she was a child, she had watched her parents grow in love with each other. She hoped that she would be able to meet her true love when she grew up and enjoy the same romance her parents did. And yet...

“I’ll sign it.” Her fingers shook uncontrollably as she picked up the pen slowly and signed her name on the dotted line on the divorce papers. Every stroke of the pen felt like a knife to her heart. After signing her name, she flung the pen down in despair.

“Here, take this to him.”

The man in black smiled cruelly. “We’ll do that, of course. However, President Jiang has more orders for us.”

Zong Yanxi stumbled backwards in horror. “You...”

Before she could finish speaking, she was knocked out by a blow to her head.

The men bound her limbs using ropes and dragged her out of the villa. A red Porsche was waiting right outside the gates. The woman in the driver seat poked her head out of the window and saw the men walking over with Zong Yanxi. She said sternly, “Get her into the car quickly!”

The men stuffed Zong Yanxi into the car roughly and got into the vehicle themselves. The woman drove off without another word.

Ouch. Zong Yanxi was startled awake by the horrible pain. She felt as though her entire body was on fire. When she opened her eyes, a scene of horror greeted her—the surroundings were completely engulfed in gigantic flames.

Her eyes shot open immediately. She screamed for help. “Help me!”

At that moment, she heard the distinct drawl of a male from a distance. “Mrs. Jiang, I suggest that you accept your fate and die. President Jiang says that he never wants to see you again. He has ordered us to put you to death.”

After she signed the divorce papers, the men had informed her that President Jiang had more plans for her.

Haha!

Haha!

“Jiang Mohan! I truly loved you, believed your every word, and gave my all to our relationship! In the end, you refused to see me, and ordered your men to kill me instead. Don’t you feel sorry towards me at all?”

Zong Yanxi’s eyes were red with tears. Her heart shattering into pieces, she screamed bitterly, “Jiang Mohan, I hate you!”

She had been tied up and abandoned in the flames, and she couldn’t even rescue herself if she wanted to. As the flames crept slowly towards her, threatening to swallow her up, she giggled maniacally and hollered, “Listen to me, Jiang Mohan! If I make it out of here alive, I’ll...”

Before she could finish speaking, the smoke filled her lungs and knocked her out completely.

In Jiang Mohan’s office at Jiangda Group, a tall, slender figure stood brooding in front of the French windows that overlooked the entire city.

"Mohan." The door swung open, and Ling Wei walked into the room, attired in a sleek Western suit. "Mohan," she continued, "Congratulations."

Jiang Mohan didn't reply to her. He continued standing by the windows without so much as turning around to look at her.

"Your wish for so many years has finally come true, and you've finally gotten your hands on Wanyue Group. Aren't you happy about this?" Ling Wei asked hesitantly.

Although she was Zong Yanxi's classmate and bosom friend, she knew exactly how much Jiang Mohan had been tormented by the memories of his mother.

For this man, she was willing to do just about anything.

That was because she loved him!

She had waited for so long, and this day had finally come for her.

"Of course I'm happy." Jiang Mohan turned around slowly to gaze at her. His face was completely devoid of any emotion and expression. In fact, for a man who had just gotten his overdue revenge, he didn't look very pleased at all. The image of Zong Yanxi's tear-stained face looking back at him remained fresh in his mind.

He clapped his hands together suddenly.

Forcing the damning image out of his mind, he said coldly, "Inform the departments that I want to have a meeting now."

"Alright." Ling Wei shot him a perturbed glance and left immediately.

On hearing the announcement, the department heads flooded into the meeting room quickly.

Jiang Mohan was the last to enter the meeting room. He announced to everyone that Jiangda Group would cease to exist from today on.

Jiangda Group was founded by his father a few decades ago, and it now belonged to Jiang Mohan. He now had Wanyue Group on his hands, too.

He wanted to merge the two companies into a new corporation called Hengkang Group.

Once the two companies merged, the pooling of their resources would allow for the business to expand. Besides, Wanyue Group had always been a leading enterprise. Now, the challenge lay in creating a new image for it before they presented it to the public again.

"It'll be very busy around this time. Ling Wei, please assist Nan Cheng in settling matters regarding the companies' merger."

"Alright," Ling Wei replied, feeling exhilarated.

She had always been jealous of Zong Yanxi. Zong Yanxi had everything—a beautiful face, a powerful family, and doting parents. She had been born with everything Ling Wei desired. Even the man Ling Wei loved, Jiang Mohan, ended up marrying Zong Yanxi too.

Now, the tables had finally turned. Zong Yanxi had lost everything, including Wanyue Group, which she had inherited from her parents.

She had even lost her husband, too!

Ling Wei delighted in the fact that Zong Yanxi finally knew what it meant to lose everything she had.

Nan Cheng had been working for Jiang Mohan for a long time, so he knew everything that was going on in his private life. However, unlike Ling Wei, he didn't take pleasure in gloating at Zong Yanxi's downfall. Rather, he felt extremely worried for his boss.

Although Jiang Mohan had only married Zong Yanxi to take revenge for his mother, they had lived together as a couple for years. It was impossible for Jiang Mohan to have no affection for her.

Losing a pet was like a knife to one's heart. Losing a person was probably worse.

Nan Cheng was afraid that Jiang Mohan had taken his revenge in a fit of anger, and that he was now regretting his decision.

"President Jiang, should we wait a little while before we proceed with the merger? After all, Wanyue..."

“What’s there to wait for?” Ling Wei snapped. “That woman deserves everything that happened to her.”

“Back then, her parents and Mohan’s mother had fallen into the river, but only her parents survived the accident. They tried to settle the matter by giving Mohan some hush money and pretending the incident never happened. His mother might have been a maid, but a maid’s life is a life, too! Mohan is perfectly justified in taking his revenge!”

The door to the office swung open at that moment. Jiang Mohan’s secretary was standing outside. “President Jiang!” she called. “The policemen are looking for you.”

Stealing Your Heart Chapter 879

Two uniformed policemen walked into the room and said, "A fire broke out this afternoon at an abandoned factory in the eastern suburbs. Here's what we found at the scene."

One of the policemen handed over a sealed zip lock bag that contained a mobile phone and a will.

Jiang Mohan's face paled a little. Coldly, he asked, "What's the meaning of this?"

"We've just began our investigations into the matter, but we believe that the fire was started by your wife as a means for her to commit suicide."

Jiang Mohan's heart skipped a beat. Feeling a little light-headed, he wondered if the policemen were lying. How is it possible that Zong Yanxi tried to kill herself? No way!

He took the zip lock bag from the policeman and inspected its contents. The mobile phone did belong to Zong Yanxi. The will, when he unfolded it, was written in her handwriting as well.

It said, Mohan, there's no meaning in my life anymore after losing you. See you again. No, goodbye forever!

Jiang Mohan froze. Though he didn't realize it, his voice was shaking a little as he asked, "Where's my wife now?"

"The fire was too big, so we are still unable to ascertain what happened to her," the policeman replied. "Right now, I need to ask you a few questions. Have you and your wife been experiencing any marriage troubles recently? Do you think they might have played a part in causing your wife's suicide?"

Jiang Mohan didn't reply. He snatched his phone up from the table and stalked out of the room.

“Sigh...”

Nan Cheng walked over. “If there are any questions, I’m free to take them.”

Ling Wei glanced at him, then ran out of the room and chased after Jiang Mohan.

Jiang Mohan drove back to the villa. He flung open the door, only to find the house completely empty of people. As he walked further in, he realized that everything was exactly as it had been when he left. However, the divorce papers he had left in a neat stack on the table were now scattered everywhere.

He walked over to the table and glanced down at the divorce papers. Zong Yanxi had signed her name on the dotted line, agreeing to the divorce.

She...

Has she really signed it?

She seemed so reluctant to do so previously.

Jiang Mohan fell onto the sofa in a daze. His entire mind was buzzing with fear. As he tried to organize his thoughts, his mind drew a blank.

“Mohan.” Ling Wei walked into the room and stood in front of him. “You’ve already divorced her. Whether she’s alive or dead has nothing to do with you anymore.”

Jiang Mohan looked up and fixed his eyes on Ling Wei. “Nothing to do with me anymore?”

“That’s right. You married her in the first place because you wanted to take revenge on her family.” Ling Wei squatted down before him. “Have you forgotten how your mother died? Are you behaving like this because you have feelings for her? Don’t forget that she’s your enemy!”

“I’ve never forgotten!” Jiang Mohan clenched his fists. He still remembered the events that led up to his mother’s death. Back then, she was working as a helper in the Zong family home. A few weeks into her job, she had met her untimely demise.

His mother was in a car with two other people, but the two of them emerged from the accident perfectly fine. His mother was the only person out of the three of them to have died.

Jiang Mohan had knelt down next to his mother's corpse and begged his father to seek justice for his mother. To his horror, his father accepted the Zong family's hush money, and refused to conduct an investigation into his mother's suspicious death.

"Mohan, have you forgotten how difficult it was for your mother to bring you up as a single mother in the countryside? Just when he started to make money, your father tossed her aside and left her to suffer on her own. You were going to wait till you were older to repay your mother for bringing you up, but she was murdered before you could do that. Are you going to sympathize with the people who caused her death?"

Jiang Mohan looked away from Ling Wei. "No."

He said this very half-heartedly. Jiang Mohan wondered if there was something wrong with him. He had managed to take revenge after so many years, but he didn't feel happy at all.

"Since you've already divorced her, what happens to her from today onwards is none of your concern. Mohan, think of your mother up in heaven!" Ling Wei continued to press the issue of his mother. She knew that he was deeply devoted to her.

Otherwise, why would he come up with a decades-long plan just to avenge her?

Jiang Mohan placed the divorce papers into a small drawer. Yes, he had nothing to do with Zong Yanxi now. Whatever happened to her from now on was no longer any of his concern.

He took a deep breath to rearrange his emotions. "Let's return to the office."

Ling Wei said, "Okay."

When they got back to the office, the policemen were still there.

"From what I know about her personality, she isn't the sort of person who would commit suicide. Please investigate this matter further." Nan Cheng had a pretty clear understanding of Zong Yanxi's character. Even if Jiang Mohan chose to divorce her, she would never give up her own life so easily.

"Of course. You have my word that we'll investigate this case very thoroughly," the policeman replied.

At that moment, Jiang Mohan walked over. Towering over all of them at 1.85 meters tall, he had legs that were long. His classic black suit hugged his figure in the right places, showing off his built figure.

"I've already divorced this woman, so whatever happens to her now is none of my business. I don't care if she lives or dies, because frankly, that's none of my business either. Please don't bother to come down and explain the details of this case to me again. Thank you." As soon as he finished speaking, Jiang Mohan turned to Nan Cheng and said, "Send the policemen off."

He then turned and headed straight into his office.

The two policemen exchanged a look with each other. They glanced at Nan Cheng and asked, "Did he really divorce his wife?"

During their wedding, much praise had been said about the couple, who looked like a match made in heaven.

However, they had gotten a divorce in the end, and the wife had even chosen to commit suicide.

Nan Cheng nodded. "Yes, they've already gotten a divorce."

The two policemen grasped the situation immediately. They left to report the details to the chief police officer.

Jiang Mohan decided to take his mind off this matter. He was very busy in the office now, and all his time was being taken up by his work.

When the fire at the factory was finally extinguished, the firefighters discovered two corpses among the ashes.

The workers at the morgue discovered that one belonged to a female, while the other one belonged to a male.

The female corpse was identified as Zong Yanxi, while the identity of the male corpse remained uncertain.

When news got out, everyone started wondering if Zong Yanxi had cheated on Jiang Mohan, and tried to have a little rendezvous with her lover.

Far from a grand display of the couple's love, their wedding now seemed like a complete farce.

At Aihua Hospital, Zong Yanxi sat stiffly before the television, a veil draped halfway across her face. Her eyes were fixed on the screen, and they were full of anger.

"Why did you ask me to swap the female corpse's DNA with yours? Why do you want everyone to think that you're dead?" Gu Xian asked her, stuttering a little in his broken Chinese. He had spent his entire life living overseas before returning to China recently, and his Chinese was still rather patchy.

Zong Yanxi turned to look at him. "Do you think I'm the sort of person who would commit suicide?"

Gu Xian shook his head. "Life is precious. Only fools would kill themselves."

"I want to make everyone think I'm dead so that they will let their guard down." Only then would she be able to take back what once belonged to her!

She was the only daughter of the Zong family. She grew up as her father's favorite, and he had made her the sole stakeholder of Wanyue Group on the day of her eighteenth birthday.

Her twin brother, Yanchen, enlisted in the army a long time ago. He was assigned to a top-secret department, and Zong Yanxi had not heard from him for a very long time.

Meanwhile, Uncle Shao passed away in the year Zong Yanxi's younger brother turned twelve. He then went to C City to live with Uncle Su and Aunt Qin. After he turned eighteen, he inherited their business, the JK Group, and rarely ever came back to visit.

All the Zong family's assets landed in her lap, but she had carelessly given them away instead.

Zong Yanxi refused to let her father's biggest enterprise be taken over by outsiders. Otherwise, how was she to repay the kindness and love her father had shown her over the years?

Gu Xian gazed at her with a look of respect. Zong Yanxi had experienced so much, but her love for her family remained at the forefront of her mind.

"Don't worry, I'll help you out," Gu Xian comforted her. "You need time to recuperate first. Your injuries are pretty serious."

Zong Yanxi nodded and asked, "Have you found out what happened to your father yet?"

"Nope, not yet." Truth be told, Gu Xian was searching rather blindly. All he knew was that his father was in the country, and in B City, but that was very little to go on.

The clues were practically useless. It was impossible for him to find his father using them alone.

Zong Yanxi had made his acquaintance through work. During the fire, he had saved her life due to a miraculous coincidence.

"By the way, what about the two corpses that were found on the site of the fire?" Zong Yanxi wondered if those two people had something to do with her.

"I'll help you investigate that. Truth be told, I have no idea who they are either," Gu Xian said.

"I meant to ask this—do you have a very poor relationship with your mother? Why else would she have given you a name like Gu Xian?" Song Yanxi couldn't imagine what sort of mother would give their child such an inauspicious name.

"What does Xian even mean?" Gu Xian didn't understand the meaning of his name.

"You can look that up on the internet," Zong Yanxi replied blandly.

Stealing Your Heart Chapter 880

Gu Xian took out his phone and looked it up on the internet, as Zong Yanxi suggested. Immediately, hundreds of definitions jumped out at him from the screen.

Definition of Xian—arousing revulsion or strong indignation

Gu Xian waved his phone in Zong Yanxi's face. "Is this really what my name means?"

Zong Yanxi glanced through a few definitions. None of them sounded very pleasant.

Gu Xian's mother had probably named her son that in a fit of rage.

"Do your parents get along well?" Zong Yanxi asked.

"Well?" Gu Xian pursed his lips. "I've never even seen my father before. Besides, my mother forbade me from mentioning him in front of her. Do you think they have a good relationship?"

Zong Yanxi knew she had asked too many questions. His name alone told her everything she needed to know about his parents' rocky relationship.

"Well, then, did you take on your mother's surname?" she asked.

Gu Xian nodded. "I don't know my father's surname."

"With that little information you have, you won't be able to find him. Besides, people migrate in and out of cities all the time—he might not be in B City anymore."

"It doesn't matter to me. Anyhow, my mother doesn't know I'm here to search for him. If she finds out, she's going to throw a fit." Finding his father wasn't of utmost importance to Gu Xian. He only wanted to see how his father was like.

If he was destined to never meet his father in this lifetime, then so be it.

When Zong Yanxi recovered somewhat, Gu Xian arranged for her to fly overseas and receive treatment at a foreign hospital.

At Hengkang Group, Ling Wei knocked on the door of Jiang Mohan's office and entered the room with a document in her hand. As she handed it to Jiang Mohan, she said, "Here's the information regarding the Rui Mei personnel who will be coming over to discuss the agreement with us."

Rui Mei was a foreign company. They were hoping to work together with Hengkang Group this time in order to expand their business into the local market.

Through this agreement, Hengkang Group stood to profit from the use of half of Rui Mei's resources. It was a win-win situation no matter how one looked at it.

Both companies were very eager to work together.

Jiang Mohan scanned the documents and first noticed that the person was from their country. When his gaze landed on her photo, he was immediately riveted by her eyes. He couldn't help but feel a little stunned—they reminded him too much of a certain person who was already dead.

He took a quick look at her personal information. As expected, none of her details matched that of the person he was thinking about.

Only her eyes held an uncanny resemblance.

He looked at her name. *Lin Ruixi*.

Even her name had a "Xi" in it, just like she did.

"Should I send Nan Cheng down to the airport to welcome her?" Ling Wei asked.

"What time is her flight arriving?" Jiang Mohan snapped the file shut and asked.

Ling Wei replied, "Three o'clock this afternoon."

"I'll go by myself." Jiang Mohan picked up the phone and gave his secretary a call. "Book the Rui Mei delegate a room in one of the top-class hotels in the area."

“Yes, President Jiang.”

Jiang Mohan hung up the phone. He picked up another document from his desk and started flipping through it.

Ling Wei protested, “President Jiang, you don’t have to make a trip down to the airport yourself...”

“What about it?” Jiang Mohan looked up at her and asked coldly. “Are you going to decide these things for me, too?”

Ling Wei quickly explained, “No. I’m just afraid that, by humbling yourself like this, you might cause Rui Mei to look down on us. Besides, the delegate is merely the person-in-charge of this cooperation project. Nan Cheng and I could just go by ourselves. It might not be appropriate for you to go.”

Ever since he got a divorce with Zong Yanxi a year ago, Jiang Mohan had channeled all his energy into his work. After the merger of his two companies, business had been doing very well.

Of course, he had a big role to play in that.

“It’s a greater show of our sincerity if I were to go myself, and that’s final. Now run along.”

“But...”

“Now, Ms. Ling.” Jiang Mohan’s voice sounded a little too cold for comfort. Evidently, he didn’t wish to discuss this matter further.

Ling Wei didn’t dare to continue speaking. Jiang Mohan’s personality was much colder now than it had been before. In the past, he used to listen to her and occasionally take her advice, but he had been growing colder to her of late. She could feel him deliberately keeping her at an arm’s length.

This wasn’t what she had hoped for. Ling Wei’s greatest desire was for Jiang Mohan to accept her as his woman.

She pursed her lips and left the room. When the door clicked shut behind her, Jiang Mohan placed the documents onto the table and pinched his nose bridge in exasperation. He didn’t know why he insisted on going to the airport by himself.

He had never even seen that delegate before. Was he going just because her eyes looked like Zong Yanxi's, and because her name shared the same character as hers?

He gazed out of the French windows, his eyes darkening a little.

At precisely ten minutes to 3pm, a black luxury car pulled up outside the international airport. Nan Cheng got out of the car and opened the door for Jiang Mohan, who bent his head and stepped out of the vehicle too.

At the entrance of the airport, a slender woman stood among the masses of people. Her beauty was so astounding that it was easy to distinguish her from everyone else. Her long hair curled down to her waist, giving her a very feminine look, while a pair of ginormous sunglasses hid the top half of her face from view. Her red lips were succulent and lascivious. She wore a coat in the shade of camel brown, which was belted at the waist and revealed her exquisite figure. The six-inch heels on her feet made her look even more imposing.

Her phone rang. She stopped in her tracks to take the call.

Zhuang Jiawen was calling her. "Yanxi, do you really not need my help?"

Her "death" had been all over the news. Naturally, he had caught wind of it, too.

However, Zong Yanxi refused to let him interfere with her plans.

"I'll solve my own problems, thank you." Actually, she didn't want anyone to find out what she was about to do. There was always the fear of her secret getting out.

"Alright, then. If you do need my help, you have my number." Zhuang Jiawen didn't press the issue. He understood her personality.

She had been hurt so deeply and betrayed by someone she loved. Zong Yanxi was determined to get revenge by herself. If Zhuang Jiawen were in her shoes, he would be against the idea of receiving help from someone too.

The same stubbornness flowed through their veins!

"Be careful."

"I will be."

“Is that her?” Nan Cheng pointed at the woman who was taking a phone call.

Jiang Mohan followed his gaze.

Zong Yanxi felt someone staring at her. She turned around and saw Jiang Mohan standing just a few meters away from her. Her grip on her phone tightened a little. She thought it would take a while before she could meet him in the meeting room, but he had turned up at the airport to receive her.

“I’m hanging up first.” Zong Yanxi ended the call.

She pulled her luggage and walked over to them steadily.

Nan Cheng walked up to her. “Hello, are you Ms. Lin?”

Zong Yanxi nodded wordlessly. Nan Cheng reached for her luggage and said, “I’ll take that for you.”

She let him take the luggage, and strode up to Jiang Mohan confidently. She whipped off her sunglasses and stuck out her hand to him. “My name is Lin Ruixi. I’m the person-in-charge of this project on Rui Mei’s end.”

Jiang Mohan gazed at her eyes. The dark orbs glittered with a mysterious light.

They weren’t like Zong Yanxi’s eyes at all. Although they looked very similar, Zong Yanxi’s eyes revealed her playful and innocent nature tempered by a little grit, while this woman’s eyes were dark and mysterious.

Seeing Jiang Mohan frozen in thought, Zong Yanxi said again, “President Jiang.”

Jiang Mohan snapped out of his daze. He took her hand and shook it firmly. “Nice to meet you, Ms. Lin.” When their hands separated, Jiang Mohan could still feel the lingering coldness of her palm.

In a business-like voice, Zong Yanxi said, “I didn’t expect you to receive me at the airport yourself, President Jiang.”

“Oh, of course. This project is very important for us.” Jiang Mohan made up a lame excuse.

Zong Yanxi smiled blandly at him. “Same goes for all of us at Rui Mei, President Jiang.”

Nan Cheng spoke up. "It's a little inconvenient for us to speak here, don't you think? Ms. Lin, why don't we show you to your hotel first?"

"Alright. Let's discuss business matters during the meeting itself." Zong Yanxi turned to Nan Cheng. "I'll have to trouble you to lead the way. I'm not very familiar with this area."

"Have you never been to this city, Ms. Lin?" Jiang Mohan asked.

He was genuinely curious about this.

"Nope," Zong Yanxi replied simply.

Jiang Mohan looked down, feeling a little disappointed for some reason.

