

Stealing Your Heart Chapter 886

He took out the ring—its diamond still as brilliant as ever. It looked the same as it always had, but its owner was no longer here.

He downed the glass of alcohol in one gulp and slammed the glass onto the table with a loud smack.

That year, he had customized this ring specially for her. It wasn't the most expensive piece of jewelry she'd ever received. After all, she was from a rich family and had more than enough jewelry, including much more expensive pieces.

Despite that, she had never taken off the ring once after putting it on for the first time.

"I love it, Mohan!" She had exclaimed, her face glowing in happiness.

"I'll wear it forever." She then slung her arms around his neck and said, "Mohan, I love you. I trust you. I'm willing to do anything for you."

Jiang Mohan looked at her innocent and beautiful smile and asked, "Why?"

Zong Yanxi held him tightly as she replied, "Love requires mutual trust and both giving and taking, right?"

Her parents were a good example.

At the time, he thought she was too innocent for her own good. To him, those were the words of a sheltered little princess who didn't know the true struggles of adult life. How could there ever be infinite love?

His parents had loved each other once, but look at them now.

They had fallen out of love and left each other behind after getting a divorce.

He didn't want to believe in her so-called love. He didn't believe there was such a thing.

He couldn't believe it.

"But why am I missing you so much when you're not around anymore? Why does my heart hurt so much when I looked at something that was once yours?"

He tightened his grip on the glass, threatening to shatter it.

Buzz...

The phone in his pocket suddenly started ringing. He didn't pick up and just rested his face on his palm as his eyes started misting over.

His phone kept ringing even after he ignored it as if whoever calling him was determined to get through.

He took out his phone and immediately hung up at the sight of the caller ID.

Even after that, it started ringing again.

He collected himself and answered the call in a cold voice. "What is it?"

"Your dad is really sick. You should come back and visit him." The woman's voice on the other side sounded tentative, almost like she was pleading with him.

He didn't reply, but his expression slowly started to darken as his gaze became cold.

"After all, he is your father. You'll start to regret it afterwards if he... Well, just come and visit him."

Regret?

He smirked mockingly and hung up. Speaking of regret, he did have something he wanted to ask his father.

He called the driver and told him to prepare the car.

The driver agreed, and Jiang Mohan picked up his jacket and put it on as he walked out.

His driver was already waiting in front of his door. As he walked over, his driver opened the door for him and he entered the car.

After his driver shut the door and got in the car himself, they drove off.

Jiang Mohan massaged his brow, trying to relieve some of the drowsiness the alcohol had caused.

After a while, the car stopped and his driver opened his door for him. As Jiang Mohan got down, he said, "Give me the keys. I'll go home on my own later. You can go off for the day."

The driver passed Jiang Mohan the car keys. After looking up at the house from below, Jiang Mohan entered the building with an expressionless face.

He knocked on the door and it opened quickly. It was his stepmother, Qiu Mingyan.

"Come in, quick." She moved to one side, making way for Jiang Mohan to pass through.

Jiang Mohan walked in with a chilly expression and said, "I have to talk to him in private."

Qiu Mingyan looked slightly hesitant, but she said quietly, "Okay. No one will bother the two of you."

Jiang Mohan walked toward the room.

He opened the door and saw his father who was lying on the bed. He walked in and closed the door before pulling up a chair next to his father.

"You came." As a father greeting his son, he didn't hold an ounce of the strictness that a father usually had toward his child nor did he sound warm and inviting as a family member. Instead, he treated Jiang Mohan with the casual frigidity between strangers.

Last year, he had gotten a stroke which caused his lower half to become immobile. Since then, he'd been bedridden.

Jiang Mohan rarely visited.

“Do you have anything to say to me?” Jiang Mohan asked with an expressionless face.

Even though he rarely visited, he still knew about his father’s condition. His father had at least a few more years to live. Qiu Mingyan’s sudden call must mean that they had something to ask of him.

As for what that was, it had to be their son—Jiang Mohan’s half-brother.

He was the apple of their eye and was so spoiled that he hadn’t even gone to university before dropping out and mixing in with the wrong crowd.

He didn’t have a proper job and loved mucking around outside.

“Mohan,” Jiang Jun said hesitatingly. He wasn’t showing even an ounce of a father’s dignity. “You only have one brother. Are you willing to watch him go about without even a stable job?”

Jiang Mohan replied mildly, “My mom only has one son.”

Jiang Jun started tensing up, but for his youngest son, he painted a smile on. “Mohan, the reason your mother and I got divorced is because we were no longer in love...”

“I know. You love your current wife.” Jiang Mohan cut him off.

He looked at Jiang Jun with an undecipherable emotion in his eyes. “If you didn’t love my mom, why did you guys get married in the first place?”

He didn’t wait for Jiang Jun’s reply before saying, “At the time, you two were from the same kind of family—poor ones. To put it simply, you were on each other’s level, so you married her. If you never came out to the city, then you two might have spent the rest of your lives together, but you got out here and started making a name for yourself, which put you and her at different levels. Since you were richer than she was, you could no longer stand that she was a village woman who didn’t know how to doll herself up or talk about cultured things with you. You felt embarrassed having her around. That’s why you no longer loved her.”

He paused before continuing, “Have you ever thought about who was the one who took care of your son and your parents while you were out there desperately trying to make a breakthrough? When you weren’t there, she shouldered every burden in the family and was

as responsible as a father should have been, but you tossed her away because of one excuse—you no longer loved her.”

Jiang Mohan’s expression was starting to become more and more chilly. “You didn’t love her because she didn’t have soft skin and a slim figure anymore. She didn’t have the youth she once possessed when you two got married. She wasn’t young anymore, so her hands became rough and her skin started becoming sallow. That’s why you didn’t love her.”

“All that was so long ago. Why are you so caught up about it? Does thinking about it make you happy?” Jiang Jun frowned.

Jiang Mohan scoffed coldly and asked, “Happy? Father, pray tell, what does happiness feel like?”

Jiang Jun fell silent.

“Cat got your tongue?” Jiang Mohan mocked. “Nothing else to say?”

“Let go of things that happened in the past, alright? It won’t do you any good,” Jiang Jun tried advising.

“If she didn’t die, I wouldn’t hate you this much. She died because of you!” If you didn’t divorce her, she wouldn’t have to become someone’s housekeeper and she wouldn’t have died!

If only Jiang Mohan had more time. He definitely would have taken proper care of her once he was old enough.

Sadly, she never had the chance to see him grow up.

“After she married you, she did everything a wife was supposed to do. Where did it go wrong? If you didn’t love her, why did you marry her in the first place? Why did you throw her away and leave her to suffer alone for so much of her life?”

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While his father was out there chasing his dreams, his mother had watched over their house alone as she took care of him.

What did she get in the end?

Jiang Jun had nothing to refute his son's accusations with. After all, he was sad about his ex-wife's death for a while. It was hard not to feel sad for the woman whom he had married and had a child with.

"Mohan, I'm sorry for everything that happened before. I apologize to you and your mother. Can you please give your brother a job so he stops messing around all day? Do it for your father," Jiang Jun said in a pleading tone.

Jiang Mohan chuckled. "Is this why you suddenly became so sick I had to visit?"

"Mohan, half of the company is under your brother's name. Are you planning to swallow all of it on your own?" Jiang Jun changed his tone. Clearly, bowing his head to his son wasn't helping much.

Jiang Mohan stood up. "Take good care of yourself."

After that, he started walking toward the door without even glancing at Jiang Jun.

"Jiang Mohan, how dare you? I'm your father!" Jiang Jun said angrily.

"So?" Jiang Mohan said, stopping and turning to look at Jiang Jun. "Is that why I have to look out for your son?"

Jiang Jun clenched his trembling fists. "You already have the company to yourself. Why is it so hard for you to give your brother a job? Are you really that cruel?"

Jiang Mohan walked toward the bed and looked at his father, towering over him. "Your company was already bankrupt. My mother's money was what helped to fill in the gaps and stopped it from getting completely ruined. How is that cruel of me? Also, Qiu Mingyan managed to lose a thousand but you all pointed the finger at me. Do you still remember how you treated me then? Did I take the money?"

He had just moved in with the family when Qiu Mingyan lost the money. "There's never been any outsiders in our house and I've never lost anything until a thousand disappeared from the allowance I keep in my drawer. I don't know how that happened," was what she had said.

She didn't say anything outright, but it was clear that she was accusing Jiang Mohan of stealing since he was an "outsider." Since the money had gone missing after he showed up, wasn't she insinuating that Jiang Mohan was the thief?

Jiang Jun had also accused him of stealing and kept pestering for him to return the money.

Jiang Mohan claimed his innocence. Despite so, Jiang Jun didn't believe him and forced him to apologize and return the money.

Jiang Mohan was a stubborn person, and since he really did not take the money. How could he admit to something like that?

Jiang Jun then started whipping him with his belt.

Qiu Mingyan had watched him from one side as her eyes flashed with happiness at his pain.

After the beating, he was locked away for three days and three nights without a drop of water to drink or a grain of rice to eat.

Then, Jiang Youqian finally admitted that he was the one who had taken the money. What exactly had Jiang Jun said to his beloved youngest son?

"Youqian, you should have just asked from us. Why did you just take it without asking?"

Qiu Mingyan spoken up then, "Youqian's still young. He'll make mistakes. When he's older, he'll know not to do such things."

Jiang Jun merely smiled at his dearest youngest son without harsh punishments.

Toward Jiang Mohan, Jiang Jun hadn't even smiled. In fact, he had beaten him severely and still refused to apologize after finding out Jiang Mohan was wrongfully accused. "Why are you so stubborn?" he had scoffed coldly.

Jiang Mohan wasn't being stubborn then. He was simply holding onto his dignity. He'd rather get beaten than own up for something he didn't do.

He couldn't even remember how many times it happened throughout his earlier years.

"I've already said that I will not forgive anyone who wronged me and my mother." He bent down and smirked. "You should thank me for not hunting you down and killing each and every one of you. Don't ask any more of me."

He stood up and looked around the room. "It's good enough that you have a house like this and a good doctor to treat you."

After that, he walked toward the door and opened it only to see Qiu Mingyan. She was probably eavesdropping and didn't expect Jiang Mohan to open the door so suddenly, so she smiled awkwardly. "I wanted to ask if you two would like something to drink."

Jiang Mohan didn't pay her any mind and walked past her. He knew exactly what this woman was capable of.

After leaving the Jiangs, he drove off. As he sped on the highway, he noticed how empty the streets were at that hour. The bright city lights were the only thing breathing life into the night sky.

No matter how bright and colorful those lights were, he had never paid much attention to them.

At that point, he was alone and helpless.

He owned so much and yet felt so empty.

His heart must be hollowed out at this point.

His car flew across the streets of the city. He didn't even have anyone he could complain to. He had everything, but he had no one.

Finally, he parked the car in front of a pub.

He walked in. At this hour, the pub was full of life. Bright neon lights flashed and the smell of alcohol filled the air. A dance song pumped through the speakers and the people on the dance floor were dancing as if it was their last day on Earth.

He walked to the bar and ordered a bottle of alcohol.

Obviously, it was just for him.

Soon enough, the bottle of liquor was half empty.

He filled his glass once more and downed it in one gulp.

Placing the glass back on the counter, he continued to fill it up when a dainty hand with red painted nails rested on his arm. "Isn't it lonely to drink alone? I'll drink with you."

A woman sat down next to him.

Even with half a bottle of liquor sloshing in his belly, Jiang Mohan didn't feel drunk. He simply felt less alert than normal.

He opened his heavy-lidded eyes and looked at the woman next to him. She had on a tight black bodycon dress which flaunted her decent figure. Her pale, slim legs were bare and she had on a pair of red stilettos that matched her nails. At the moment, one of those legs was slowly inching toward him.

The woman was trying her best to control herself. After all, such a fine man was hard to come by in these parts and she had to grab the opportunity and smiled. "I'm all alone, too."

Jiang Mohan narrowed his eyes and spat coldly, "Screw off."

The woman, however, was pretty confident in her skills. She was a regular customer here and she managed to get with everyone she had come up to. She brushed Jiang Mohan's words off as a miscommunication.

She continued smiling and picked up the bottle of liquor, pouring some into her own glass as she pressed closer to him. "Should we exchange this one?"

Jiang Mohan's eyes frosted over and he looked at her angrily. "Did you not hear what I said?"

The woman paused before smiling even wider. "I-I heard you, but I feel like you need some company, and I think I'm a good candidate."

As she spoke, her flirting became even bolder as she placed his hand on her chest.

Before she could feel the pleasure of being felt up, she felt a sharp pain in her stomach and she was thrown backward.

With a loud crash, she slammed into a table and landed on the floor.

She held her stomach in disbelief, her heavily made-up face clearly shocked. The people on the dance floor turned around at the sudden scene.

The woman crawled up and looked even more enraged at being witnessed by so many people. "What kind of man are you? How could you hit a woman?"

Jiang Mohan didn't even look at her. He took out his wallet and threw some red notes on the counter before walking off.

The woman ran over and tried to stop him. "Are you not going to take responsibility after hitting me?"

His gaze sharpened. "Move!"

The woman wanted to blackmail him for hitting her, but at the sight of his glare, she no longer dared to do so. She moved aside unwillingly.

Jiang Mohan walked out.

He walked to his car and had just opened the door when he caught sight of Lin Ruixi walking out of the cinema.

He looked at his wristwatch. It was already past midnight.

"Ms. Lin," he greeted after he closed his door and walked toward her.

Zong Yanxi turned and frowned slightly when she saw him. She hadn't been able to sleep, so she decided to go out and watch a late night movie. It's a wonder she managed to bump into him! It really was hard to avoid one's enemies.

On the surface, though, she greeted him with a smile. "Hello, President Jiang."

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Jiang Mohan walked towards Zong Yanxi as he turned to glance at the movie posters at the entrance of the cinema.

"Are you here alone?" He asked.

Zong Yanxi chuckled, "There isn't anyone else here to keep me company, is there?"

"Which one did you watch?" For some reason, he felt curious about it.

There were three new movies being screened that month, including those of the sci-fi and romance genres.

Zong Yanxi turned around to look at him. "Lovestruck," she said.

"Ms. Lin, do you have a boyfriend?" Jiang Mohan asked again.

"President Jiang, you seem to be really interested in my personal affairs," Zong Yanxi laughed.

Jiang Mohan felt a little embarrassed.

His questions seemed to come to mind naturally, and he simply asked without thinking twice.

"Sorry about that." He pulled a serious face. "It's getting pretty late. You should go back soon and have a good rest," he said, walking off to his car.

Zong Yanxi stayed put. As she watched him leave, she suddenly called out to him, "President Jiang, have you ever been in love?"

Jiang Mohan stopped in his tracks, turning around.

"I know that this is not related to work, so there's no need to answer me. It was a good movie by the way. If you have the time, it might be good entertainment for you," she continued before walking off.

At that moment, she could not help but wonder if he had ever felt attracted to her in the days that they had spent together.

Does it really matter though? Like that would change a thing.

She smiled bitterly and took a deep breath.

Jiang Mohan simply stood there. The poster for the movie "Lovestruck" caught his eye.

It seemed to depict a love story between two childhood friends.

He shifted his gaze towards Lin Ruixi, but he could somehow see the shadow of another woman on her.

No, that's Lin Ruixi! Why am I always seeing things?

He was sick of feeling that way. She is irreplaceable. I shouldn't feel that way.

Even as he got in his car, he turned back again to look at that poster. Memories flooded his mind.

He first met her at a very young age.

She had a smile that warmed his heart like rays of sunshine.

Jiang Mohan's eyes darkened with a tinge of passion and love that he was unaware of.

He could not even recall when he began feeling that way, but that smile of hers always had a place in his heart.

Every time he thought of it, he would feel his heart throb.

It took him a long time to clear his head and get on his way.

The next day.

A squeaky phone alarm mercilessly aroused Zong Yanxi from her sweet slumber. She answered her mobile phone in annoyance. "Hey, go check out the news!" It was Gu Xian's voice.

"What news?" She asked.

"It's a scandal about your ex-husband." Gu Xian sounded really smug.

Zong Yanxi finally sat up, rubbing her eyes.

"What scandal?" She asked.

Gu Xian ended the call to send Zong Yanxi the link to the news article. Clicking on the link, the headlines read "President of Hengkang Group Exposed," and the article showed an image of Jiang Mohan kicking a woman onto the ground.

Gu Xian followed up with a text afterwards: What? Your ex-husband hits women? How violent! Did he hit you too?

Zong Yanxi ignored his text message, and read on. It was common knowledge that tabloids would often blow things out of proportion just to get more views.

The article basically talked about how Jiang Mohan slept with a woman, but refused to pay her the amount she had in mind, causing things to end up in a fight.

Zong Yanxi was rather amused. Refusing to pay money when he's that rich? Fighting, even. How ridiculous.

Gu Xian texted again, worried because Zong Yanxi had not replied to him: You aren't feeling upset about this, are you?

Zong Yanxi finally texted back: Why would I feel upset?

Gu Xian responded: What do you mean, why? Your ex-husband is hooking up with other woman in the club!

Zong Yanxi was unfazed as she replied: You're right. He indeed is my ex-husband. I repeat, my ex-husband. Hence, it is none of my business.

Gu Xian then heaved a sigh of relief as he replied: Alright then. Have a great day!

Zong Yanxi put away her mobile phone and got off her bed. She had work to do that day.

In order for Zong Yanxi to get back at Ling Wei for what she did to her, she needed to gather evidence on the incident where she got kidnapped.

However, Zong Yanxi had no leads, and dared not contact those people involved, fearing that her parents would find out about what she was doing.

All Zong Yanxi could do was to check for any footage or records of Ling Wei entering and leaving the villa where the former used to live with Jiang Mohan.

Though it had been quite some time since the incident happened, the surveillance footage would be worth a look because the place had a top-notch security system.

After having breakfast, she promptly left her house.

In the span of a year, the place which used to be her residence had turned into a wasteland. Dried, dead leaves covered the courtyard, and thorny weeds infested the lawn.

Zong Yanxi tried using the old passcode to unlock the gate. To her surprise, the gate swung right open. Jiang Mohan did not change the passcode when he left.

As she stood in the courtyard, fleeting memories of the past flashed through her mind. Once upon a time, she genuinely believed that she would happily spend the rest of her life with him there.

Reality hurts.

Regaining her composure, she walked towards the door of the villa. The passcode there was also unchanged.

The air in the villa was stone cold. A thick layer of dust masked every inch of its interior.

And yet, it used to be her dream house when she had just gotten married with Jiang Mohan.

Zong Yanxi's eyes watered up.

How pathetic! How foolish!

She dragged her feet, walking towards the study. The study was also the control room for the security systems of the villa.

Having lived there for three years, she knew about every little design and detail of the villa at her fingertips.

In the study, Zong Yanxi sat herself down before the computer.

Although Jiang Mohan had moved out since the divorce, the water and electricity were not terminated.

The computer screen lit up in an instant.

Zong Yanxi accessed the records of the security system, and entered the date and time of the footage she needed to examine.

To her dismay, the footage for that exact time interval had already been deleted.

Well, of course Ling Wei would have cleaned up the footage to hide her deeds.

Despite the unfortunate turn of events, Zong Yanxi believed that it was impossible to commit a perfect crime. Even without that particular surveillance footage, she could still obtain evidence from the people who kidnapped her back then.

There has to be a way.

After shutting down the computer, she hastily made her way out, knocking a book off the tabletop.

Thud! As the book landed, specs of dust fluttered in the air.

She bent down to reach for the book, but a photograph fell out from it. It was a photograph of a woman holding a young boy in her arms.

Zong Yanxi's eyes widened. Much to her surprise, the woman happened to be Aunt Wang, and the boy was Jiang Mohan.

All of a sudden, her knees felt weak, and she fell back onto the chair.

So that's why he hated me so much?

Simply because he thought that my family was responsible for his mother's death?

Is that it?

What about our wedding?

Was that just a part of his plan for revenge?

Was I just his pawn in his plot?

Zong Yanxi face convulsed into a chilling smile. Love? No, it was just a bait to hook me in. Haha...

"Jiang Mohan... Good work. How foolish of me to have believed in your every word? To have thought about having children with you?"

Looking up, she tried her best to hold back her tears. "Do you still not understand, after three years of living together with me? I almost died in that car crash too! Uncle Shen barely made it out alive. How could you? How could you think of us as the villains who killed your mother?" Tears streamed down her face.

The pain in her heart was unbearable. Nothing could even compare to the agony she felt upon realizing how Jiang Mohan thought of her.

"And yet, I wanted to spend the rest of my life with a man who neither loved nor trusted me?" She cried.

When Zong Yanxi finally stood up again, her tears had dried. She inserted the photograph back into the book, and placed it down on the desk. As she left the room, her lips arched into a cruel smile.

This is it. We shall be nothing but enemies from now on.

She strode off, her footsteps firm and strong.

When she closed the gates, her mobile phone rang. It was Gu Xian.

“What’s up?”

“Fancy a meal?” Gu Xian replied.

“You’re pretty free, huh?” Zong Yanxi said as she walked.

“Well, I was wondering if you needed some company since you just came back. If you don’t need it, it’s alright...”

“My bad, my bad. How about you come pick me up?”

Zong Yanxi gave Gu Xian her location.

The villa was located in the suburbs, near a hill. You could see the azure oceans from there, and the air was fresh. The only downside to it was its distance from the city.

“Okay, wait for me,” Gu Xian said before hanging up.

Zong Yanxi continued on the path leading to the roads.

It was a remote path known to only a few.

As she walked, she noticed Ling Wei’s car parked by the roadside. It was the same old red Porsche that she had seen before.

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Zong Yanxi muted her mobile phone as she crept toward the car, knowing that Gu Xian might call again.

Walking on the roads would be too obvious. She took cover in the bushes on the foot of the hill as she got closer.

It was only then that she saw the black jeep parked in front of the red car.

“What’s with this terrible meet-up location?” A man in shades grumbled, his annoyance apparent in his voice.

“I’d like to loan a few of your men. Don’t worry, money wouldn’t be a problem,” Ling Wei said.

The man smirked. “There’s no way that I would accept your requests again. The two men whom I sent out a year ago are still missing till this day.”

“So what if they went missing? That has nothing to do with me. I paid the money, and you guys are responsible for the rest.” Ling Wei crossed her arms. “I’ll pay a lot more this time.”

The man took off his shades, thinking. “Why are you doing this again?” He asked.

“None of your business. I just need your men.” She cut him off with swagger, and said, “You aren’t worried about taking a request from me, are you? Don’t you know me well enough by now?”

The man stayed quiet as he considered her request.

The two men from a year ago were nowhere to be found—dead or alive, there were no traces of them whatsoever. He had always felt guilty about what happened to them.

"One million," Ling Wei continued.

Twice the amount that I offered a year ago.

Still hiding in the bushes, Zong Yanxi saw her mobile phone screen suddenly lit up in her pocket. It was Gu Xian. He had already arrived at the meet-up point, but could not find Zong Yanxi.

Phew. Who knows what might happen if I didn't mute my phone...

Zong Yanxi inhaled deeply, declined the call, and continued keeping her eye on Ling Wei.

The man seemed to be in a dilemma. A million was sure a great price, but he did not want his men to go missing again. After a moment of silence, he replied, "I'll accept your request, but my men have to come back alive."

"Sure thing," Ling Wei said.

"I'll send out two men tomorrow," he said, getting on the car.

Ling Wei looked around, making sure that nobody was in the area before leaving.

Seeing that they had left, Zong Yanxi crept out of the bushes.

From what she had heard, she could deduce that Ling Wei commissioned the man who disguised himself as Jiang Mohan's underling a year ago.

Who is her target this time?

She felt a chill down her spine. How did I not see this earlier on? How did I not realize that Ling Wei is such a cruel, cold-blooded person?

Her mobile phone screen lit up again. She quickly answered the call. "Where in the world are you?" Gu Xian sounded really worried.

"I'll be there in a second." She sped off to the roadside.

"Where did you go?" Gu Xian paced about restlessly near his car.

"Sorry, I-I was held up," Zong Yanxi said apologetically.

"God knows how worried I was! Are you alright?" Gu Xian gushed, upon seeing Zong Yanxi.

Zong Yanxi shook her head, saying, "I'm fine."

"I thought that you had gotten into some accident again. Come on, let's go." Gu Xian opened the car door for her.

As Zong Yanxi got into the car, she turned to look at Gu Xian, her eyes all serious. "Thank you so much, Gu Xian."

"Don't be cheesy. Let's get on our way," Gu Xian said, making a disgusted face.

Zong Yanxi knew that he was not actually angry.

"What were you doing in such a secluded place?" Gu Xian asked as he drove the car.

"I had some work to do here," Zong Yanxi said.

"Are you done with it?"

"Very much so. I got my hands on some groundbreaking evidence."

Though she could not find what she initially hoped to obtain, she acquired something much better.

Gu Xian glanced at her through the rearview mirror, and said, "You're really feeling okay?"

"I am. I really am," Zong Yanxi replied for the umpteenth time, sighing.

"That's good to hear," Gu Xian said with a smile.

Zong Yanxi widened her eyes and stared at him in bewilderment.

"Hold on. What are you talking about?"

"I mean, your ex-husband is hooking up with some other woman at the club! I'm just worried that you might feel upset or something."

"What does it have to do with me?" Zong Yanxi did not want to waste any more time on that topic. Why is he still talking about that?

"Are you really not bothered?" Gu Xian stole another glance at her.

Zong Yanxi ignored him.

"Alright, alright... My fault for asking too much. By the way, there were so many reporters visiting Hengkang Group today, to interview Jiang Mohan." Gu Xian changed the topic.

"I said I'm not interested in his affairs. What are you trying to get at?" Zong Yanxi could not wrap her head around why Gu Xian would not stop talking about Jiang Mohan.

"Okay, okay. I'll stop." Even through their conversations, Gu Xian still could not figure out how Zong Yanxi was truly feeling deep down. She used to love Jiang Mohan so much, but now...

The scenery outside flew past like frames in a film. Zong Yanxi took out her mobile phone and sent Gu Xian the photo of the man from just now.

"Please run a background check on this man for me," Zong Yanxi said.

Gu Xian took a brief look at the photo and asked, "What for?"

"He's linked to the person who hurt me back then."

"Got it." Gu Xian drove on.

They got back to the city area in no time. Although they agreed to have lunch together, Gu Xian received a call from his secretary about some urgent matters he had to attend to.

"You can drop me off here," Zong Yanxi said after overhearing their call.

"Too bad we can't have lunch together today." Gu Xian sounded disappointed.

"It's alright, we have plenty of time to do that in the future," Zong Yanxi replied.

“You’re right. Okay, I’ll drop you off here.”

“Yeah, work is more important.”

Gu Xian stopped the car by the roadside. “Thanks! Stay safe okay?” Zong Yanxi told him as she got out of the car.

He muttered a “yes” and drove off.

Zong Yanxi was rather familiar with the area she was in. There should be a bus stop straight ahead, and its route goes past the hotel I’m staying at too.

She got on her way.

All of a sudden, a black car came to a halt beside her. “Ms. Lin?”

Sure enough, as Zong Yanxi turned around, she found herself staring into that pair of deep, dark eyes which she was all too familiar with.

The only difference this time was the heart-wrenching pain she had begun to feel, knowing that he was just a liar seeking for revenge.

I wonder if he thought of me as a complete fool—a complete idiot through and through when I acted all whiny and told him that I loved him.

Stealing Your Heart Chapter 890

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“Ms. Lin? What are you doing here?” Jiang Mohan was shocked to see her here.

Zong Yanxi’s hands curled into fists, and she had to force herself to keep her thrashing emotions in check in order to keep her calm façade.

“I...” Her voice came out dry. “I lost my way...”

“Get in the car. I’ll give you a ride.” He locked his gaze with hers.

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Zong Yanxi relaxed her curled fists and smiled. “Thank you for the offer, President Jiang.”

Jiang Mohan remained silent.

She pulled open the door and slid into the car.

“President Jiang, I was wondering if you’ve settled your matters?” She went straight to the point. “I don’t wish for anything to happen during the period of our collaboration.”

Jiang Mohan kept up with his silence and steered the car onto the road.

Whatever happened yesterday was an accident. He was set up by someone with the intention to ruin his reputation, but he had already settled the matter.

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He was also upset about the incident.

“I’m assuming you haven’t had lunch yet, have you, Ms. Lin? Let’s head for lunch. It’ll be my treat.” Jiang Mohan suddenly blurted out.

Zong Yanxi gave his suggestion some thought. "How could I ever reject such a sincere offer from you, President Jiang?"

Jiang Mohan cast a glance at her through the rear mirror. There had not been a single time where she had not surprised him every time they met.

It was the same this time.

It was as though she possessed some kind of charm that drew him close to her, making him want to fall at her feet and make her his.

He repulsed that feeling.

He loathed being controlled by women and being at a loss of power due to them.

The car slowed to a stop at the main entrance of a fancy restaurant.

Zong Yanxi took a closer look at the restaurant they were at and immediately felt her emotions churn. This was the restaurant that she used to love. It was where she used to drag Jiang Mohan to, and it had all her favorite dishes.

Why did he bring me here?

Did he know something?

Zong Yanxi felt slightly anxious.

Jiang Mohan had already slipped out of the car, but upon seeing that she hadn't done so, he walked over and opened the door for her. "Ms. Lin."

Zong Yanxi remained glued to her seat. "I'm not hungry. President Jiang, perhaps you should send me back to the hotel."

"We're already here, Ms. Lin. You might as well get out and have a meal." Jiang Mohan had no intentions of sending her back and gave her a clear signal to vacate the car.

Zong Yanxi bit down on her lip and lowered her head as she exited the car. Jiang Mohan took the lead into the restaurant, with her closely in tow. He was a regular in this restaurant, so the manager came down personally to show them the way in. "President Jiang."

Jiang Mohan nodded in acknowledgement.

"I've prepared a vacant table for your use. It's secluded as well." The manager brought them over to the VIP sector near the window.

Zong Yanxi cast her glance downwards as she followed him in.

"Here you go, miss." The manager pulled out the chair for her.

She thanked him politely before taking a seat.

"The usual." Jiang Mohan ordered as he sat down.

The manager was shocked. He visited here often with his wife, and he always ordered the same few dishes because they were the favorites of his wife. Now that he is here with another woman, why is he still ordering the usual dishes?

Jiang Mohan looked up at the manager. "Li?"

"Oh! Yes, sir. I'll let the kitchen know. Please give us a moment." The manager smiled sheepishly.

With that, the manager disappeared into the kitchen to prepare their meal. Zong Yanxi took a sip of her glass of water and asked, "President Jiang, are you fond of this restaurant?"

"Yes." He didn't even give a second thought to her question. It was only after he replied did he realize that it wasn't he who was fond of the restaurant. This was her favorite restaurant.

He often visited this place and slowly got used to the routine of ordering the same few dishes. He wasn't even sure if he came here often because he actually liked the food here or out of habit. He just liked coming here.

Zong Yanxi gently shut her eyes, her pretty eyelashes trembling in the slightest.

"Actually, it was my ex-wife who used to love this place." Jiang Mohan leaned back and gazed at her. Sunlight shone in from the window next to them, and its beams bathed Zong Yanxi in a faint warm light. For a split second, he thought he saw her again.

He rubbed his fingers together. "You look like her."

Zong Yanxi's head shot up. She frowned. Did he realize something?

She thought she heard him wrongly. "I look like your ex-wife?"

She unconsciously reached up to touch her face. I look so different now. Even Mom and Dad won't be able to recognize me if they saw me. How is it possible that he could tell?

She racked her brains for an answer to what went wrong but drew a blank.

Her expression was getting more annoyed by the minute.

"It's not your looks. It's just the vibe you give off." Jiang Mohan stared at her as he continued, "Actually, it's not really the same."

Zong Yanxi was perplexed. What is he talking about? Is this a test? Or was it just out of instinct?

"What do you mean?" She asked.

"Ms. Lin, you are really pretty, but you don't have the kind of warmth that she used to radiate. You could almost never catch her without a smile. When she smiled at me, her eyes would crinkle into crescents, and it would always warm my heart." His eyes softened when he spoke of her, but the moment those eyes landed on Lin Ruixi, they lost their tenderness. "You're too depressing. You're the total opposite of her. Although you know how to plaster a smile on your face, it's often too fake and insincere."

Zong Yanxi tugged at the corner of her shirt below the table. Too fake? Insincere?

She used to pour her heart and soul, and had given him her everything. I was sincere to you once, but you only thought of how to scheme against me.

"I used to be like your ex-wife. I left nothing in the dark to the person that I loved. I was sincere to my ex-boyfriend. I gave him everything. But the only thing that I got in return was his lies. He deceived me. He hurt me so much that my heart was bruised all over. I never dared to smile with sincerity after that. I was too afraid of meeting another scum of a man. Even though the human eye has a resolution of 576 megapixels, it's not nearly enough to see through the heart of a man." She downcast her eyes and forced out a bitter laugh.

"Do you hate your ex-boyfriend?"

Jiang Mohan asked suddenly. If she were still alive, what would she have thought?

Would she hate me?

Hate?

That word was too much of an understatement to what Zong Yanxi was feeling.

"If it were possible, I would wish for the opportunity to kill him myself." She locked her gaze with his as she spoke.

Jiang Mohan was suddenly met with her cold hard gaze and didn't know how to react to her words. "You..."

At that moment, the manager walked toward them with the waiter, so he shut his mouth.

The manager and waiter laid out the food on their table. "President Jiang, all the dishes are ready."

Jiang Mohan acknowledged him briefly.

"Please enjoy your meal." The manager and the waiter left.

They were presented with a whole table of good food, but Jiang Mohan barely had any appetite. He continued with their conversation from before. "Do you think you'll be able to do it? To kill someone that you used to love?"

"This is someone who had lied to me and hurt me. Why wouldn't I be able to do it? Love? From the moment he decided to hurt me, those pitiful remaining wisps of love were all lost to the wind. All that's left is hatred." Zong Yanxi leaned in to close up some distance between them. "If it were possible, I would want to dig out his heart to take a closer look. How could he have the heart to lie and hurt me like that?"

Jiang Mohan nervously swallowed his saliva. Lin Ruixi's words reminded him of himself.

She had such a strong personality. This would be something that she'll do as well, wouldn't it?

If only she were still alive... Even if she hated me, even if it was as much as Lin Ruixi hated her ex-boyfriend, but at least she was still alive.

Unlike now, she had left me completely alone in this world.

"President Jiang, you called her your ex-wife. What's the reason behind your divorce?" Zong Yanxi raised a brow as she asked.

Jiang Mohan was a secretive man. He hid all his emotions and thoughts deep inside him, which was why he was able to look calm and collected on the outside. "I suddenly recalled that I have some matters to attend to. Enjoy your meal, Ms. Lin."

He promptly stood up to leave after that.

Zong Yanxi sat upright and unmoving at the table.

Is he feeling guilty?

So guilty that he couldn't even answer the question?

Jiang Mohan!

She shut her eyes and hid all her emotions back inside of her before she opened her eyes again. She picked up the chopsticks calmly and took a bite of her favorite dish.

Perhaps it was because her heart was in a different state, or it was because a different chef had prepared the dish, she found that she was not as fond of the dish as she used to be.

Everything has changed. I am not who I used to be anymore.

She picked another chopstick full of food and chewed on it. "Jiang Mohan, you murdered my child. An eye for an eye. I'll be sure to make you pay for it."

She put down her chopsticks and lifted her head to look at the sky. What a bright and sunny day.

She picked up a napkin and dabbed her mouth with it, leaving after she was done cleaning up.

It was very easy to flag down a taxi around this region, but she had no plans to head back to the hotel just yet. She walked on the path along the road. One year was not a very long time. There weren't many changes to the surroundings.

The only thing that had changed was her heart.