

# Stealing Your Heart Chapter 881

When they got to the hotel, Nan Cheng helped to carry Zong Yanxi's luggage up to her room. "Ms. Lin, please have a good rest. We'll have time to discuss business matters over the next few days."

"Thank you." Zong Yanxi took the luggage from him.

Nan Cheng shot a look at her before turning around to leave. Zong Yanxi stood by the door but didn't shut it immediately. Instead, she watched as the elevator doors shut behind Nan Cheng. At that moment, Gu Xian snuck out from a corner.

"Is he gone?"

Zong Yanxi dragged Gu Xian into the room. "Come on in, hurry up."

She shook off her high heels and changed into slippers. After placing her luggage on the rack, Zong Yanxi sat down on the sofa and asked, "Well, any news?"

During this one year, Zong Yanxi had become bosom friends with Gu Xian. He had been carrying out some investigations within the country on behalf of Zong Yanxi.

"After your "death," Jiang Mohan merged Jiangda Group and Wanyue Group into Hengkang Group. As for the will, I haven't discovered who forged your handwriting and planted it at the scene of the fire."

Zong Yanxi's eyes narrowed. Back then, she was certain that the person who left the will at the scene of the fire was the same person who wished her dead—Jiang Mohan. However, she had no evidence to prove that.

Right now, the most important thing was to find evidence of his actions.

"You just returned to the country! Why don't you rest for a while and go out for dinner with me? I'll pay for everything," Gu Xian said, smiling.

"I'm not up for it. I don't want to go out right now. I think I'll just make something for myself in the hotel room." Zong Yanxi rubbed her neck tiredly.

"No, no! Let's go out for dinner." Gu Xian pulled her up from the sofa. "Come on, put on your shoes!"

Seeing Gu Xian's enthusiasm, Zong Yanxi couldn't bear to turn him down. Rather reluctantly, she agreed to go for dinner with him.

She put on her shoes, and they left the hotel for dinner.

When they got into the car, Zong Yanxi asked, "Where are we going?"

Gu Xian said, "Just you wait! I've arranged everything perfectly for you."

As he spoke, he started the car and drove off gleefully into the night.

They pulled up in front of a high-class restaurant and got out of the car. Zong Yanxi used to come here all the time, so it wasn't a fabulous surprise to her. She turned to Gu Xian and said smilingly, "Thanks for the treat. Your wallet's going to take a hit."

"You don't come here everyday. Of course I have to treat you to something nice. Otherwise, how am I supposed to express my sincerity?" Gu Xian got out of the car and flung the car keys to the valet.

The two of them entered the restaurant. They chose a table in a quiet corner that was rather inconspicuous.

A waiter came over to them and asked for their order. Zong Yanxi was in no mood to order anything, so she asked Gu Xian to pick the dishes for her.

Gu Xian smiled. "I'm going to order what I like to eat, then."

Zong Yanxi smiled. "Sure! You're paying anyway."

As she spoke, her eyes roved around the room and fell on two people who had just entered the restaurant. It was Jiang Mohan, and next to him was Ling Wei.

Zong Yanxi raised an eyebrow. The road for enemies was a narrow one. She had just returned to the country less than a few hours ago, and it was the second time she had bumped into Jiang Mohan.

The two of them sat down at a table next to the window.

Ling Wei picked a few dishes and sent the waiter away with their order.

When he left, Jiang Mohan asked, "What do you have to discuss with me?"

Ling Wei smiled mysteriously. "Let's have dinner first."

An impatient look crept onto Jiang Mohan's face. "If you aren't going to tell me now, we can discuss it next time."

He got up to leave.

Ling Wei grabbed his hand immediately. In a low, pleading voice, she said, "Mohan, can't you just have one meal with me?"

"I have something on..." Jiang Mohan turned her down for the umpteenth time.

Ling Wei said pathetically, "Mohan, I like you. I've liked you for a very long time. You've already been divorced for a year. Can't you give us a chance?"

Jiang Mohan frowned, looking extremely perplexed. "Ling Wei, what are you talking about?"

"I said I've liked you for a long time..."

"Ling Wei!" Jiang Mohan cut her off. "You must have been knocked in the head."

With that, he shook off her hand and stalked out of the restaurant.

"Mohan!" Ling Wei got up and chased after him.

"Damn it! What sort of untimely coincidence is this? We managed to bump into him even at dinner," Gu Xian said grumpily.

Zong Yanxi shot a look of amusement at him. "Your Chinese is improving. Look how you curse! Wait a minute—I need to go outside for a while."

Ling Wei liked Jiang Mohan? How had I never noticed that before?

For a long time? How long ago did Ling Wei mean?

Zong Yanxi's fingers curled into a fist. Ling Wei used to be her classmate and bosom friend.

"I'll come with you," Gu Xian said immediately.

Zong Yanxi patted his shoulder. "We might attract too much attention if we go together. I'll go alone."

With that, she walked briskly out of the restaurant.

Outside, Ling Wei was still running after Jiang Mohan as he walked away. "Mohan, you've spent all your time and energy on working over the past year. Besides, you never allowed anyone to bring up her name in your presence. Why? Is it because you actually fell in love with her?"

Jiang Mohan stopped dead in his tracks. He turned around and stared daggers at Ling Wei.

"She's your enemy. She died because she committed suicide. Even though you divorced her, you aren't to blame for her death! Besides, she deserved to die for all her crimes!"

"Shut up!" Jiang Mohan snapped, raising his voice. His expression looked extremely dangerous. "You are not to bring her up again."

"Why not?" Ling Wei challenged, her eyes reddening. "Have you forgotten how your mother died?"

Jiang Mohan wrapped his fingers around her neck. Her words made him extremely furious. "Ling Wei, mind your own status."

Ling Wei refused to believe that he was treating her like this. "Mind my own status? When you were wooing Zong Yanxi, I helped you ask for her interests and hobbies as her classmate and good friend! I did that so you could win her heart! I've done so many things for you. How could you tell me to mind myself?"

His grip around her neck loosened a little. "Since you were a friend of hers, you should know how inappropriate this is."

"I would never have become friends with her if it weren't for you! Everything I did was out of my love for you. Mohan, are you going to remain single for the rest of your life? Why do you hate me so much? I could close one eye in the past, but now that she is dead, can't you give me a chance?" Ling Wei sobbed. "Are you so obsessed with her because she was the beloved heiress of a huge business empire?"

"You know I've never cared about status. I was born into an impoverished family myself." Jiang Mohan let go of her. "Please never say these words to me ever again."

"Mohan..."

Jiang Mohan got into the car and left.

Ling Wei stood rooted to her spot, watching the car speed off. She felt so horribly wronged.

Zong Yanxi leaned against a wall nearby, feeling extremely dazed after eavesdropping on their conversation. She had always thought of Ling Wei as a good friend, and had never expected her to befriend her with a motive in mind.

Worse still, Ling Wei had befriended her for Jiang Mohan's sake.

Hahahaha!

There was nobody around her who treated her with genuine kindness. Jiang Mohan and Ling Wei, who were once lover and friend to her respectively, had gotten close to her to benefit their own causes.

The people she had invested so much care into had tricked her, harmed her willfully, and tried to wrest her family assets from her.

How could the world be so cruel?

Gu Xian walked over to her. "Are you alright?"

Zong Yanxi quickly wiped the tears from her eyes. "I'm fine."

"Go in and have something to eat," Gu Xian said.

She nodded in agreement.

When they sat back down at the table, Gu Xian asked, "What did you hear? Your expression looks pretty awful."

He regretted his words almost instantaneously. Zong Yanxi was in a horrible mood as it is—if he continued to bring up the topic, she might lose her appetite completely.

"Haha. Let's... Let's have dinner first." Gu Xian placed a few pieces of vegetables into her bowl.

"You should eat more too," Zong Yanxi said, trying to cheer up a bit more.

After dinner, Gu Xian sent her back to the hotel and told her to rest well.

However, Zong Yanxi tossed and turned for a long time in her bed, unable to sleep. An image of Jiang Mohan's cruel expression flashed in her mind again—the face of a man who had once professed his love for her!

He had forced her to divorce him, and nearly caused her to die.

Jiang Mohan!

She grabbed the corners of the pillow and pulled them viciously.

The next morning, Zong Yanxi put on a suit and arrived at Hengkang Group.

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Standing at the entrance, she looked up at the magnificent building and curled her lips into a cold smile.

How stupid of me to believe in every word he said... I have always trusted in him wholeheartedly, loving him with all my heart, but look what I get at the end?

"Ms. Lin." Nan Cheng approached her. "You're here ahead of time."

Zong Yanxi looked professional in her workwear, with her hair styled into a bun. "I came early because our company values our collaboration greatly. Hopefully, there will be a fruitful negotiation today."

"This way, please." Nan Cheng made a gesture for her to enter.

Zong Yanxi made her way into the building. In an instant, a lot of familiar faces came into sight. It seemed like not much had changed though a year had passed since the day she left. However, she knew everything was no longer the same. She was not her old self anymore, and her state of mind had changed as well.

"Is President Jiang married yet?" she asked casually.

It took a moment before Nan Cheng responded, trying to sound euphemistic. "He is still single."

"Oh." Zong Yanxi seemed unconcerned.

After they came out of the elevator, Nan Cheng led her all the way to the meeting room and pushed open the door. "Ms. Lin, please take a seat. President Jiang will be here in a minute."

Zong Yanxi slightly nodded and entered the meeting room. She settled down in the seat and placed her documents on the table, waiting for Jiang Mohan's arrival.

Right then, a secretary brought her a glass of water.

"Thanks." She took a sip of it, then casting her eyes over the empty meeting room as she put the glass down.

"President Jiang."

Zong Yanxi straightened up the moment she heard the sound of the secretary greeting Jiang Mohan from outside the meeting room.

She could hear his familiar footsteps coming closer and closer. Her heart stirred at his familiar scent, but she managed to collect herself.

Nan Cheng followed suit as Jiang Mohan made his way to the other side of the long conference table and took a seat opposite Zong Yanxi.

"This is the contract. President Jiang, please have a look at it." Zong Yanxi pushed the document in his direction.

Jiang Mohan took the document and flipped it open.

Zong Yanxi leaned on the backrest. "As we all know, the Xinhai Investment is operating in good condition. Only in August alone this year, the Xinhai parent company has made a net profit of 762 million. Not only that, but it is also supported by two considerably large trust companies in the industry. It is unlikely that they will let us buy out Xinhai's shares. If we were to takeover Xinhai, we need to have a comprehensive plan and strong capital funding to back us up. In this contract, I have included our respective percentage of capital input to be put into the acquisition project. We can further negotiate if you see a need to amend the terms in the contract."

Jiang Mohan shifted his gaze from the contract to her.

"Is there any problem?" asked Zong Yanxi with a gentle smile on her face.

"No. It is just that your tone reminds me of a person— someone I shouldn't even think of." Jiang Mohan put the document aside. "Well, no pain, no gain. It's reasonable for each



company to contribute equally to this acquisition project. But I have one condition—we are acquiring Xinhai Investment in the name of Hengkang Group, and you need to give up two more percent of the interest.”

“Since both companies contribute equally, why can’t we takeover Xinhai Investment in the name of Rui Mei? I know it’s just a matter of formality, but...”

Jiang Mohan interrupted her in a domineering manner. “Fine then! We’ll carry out the acquisition in the name of Rui Mei, but there’s no room for negotiation in terms of interest. Hengkang Group will hold fifty-two percent of the shares.” This was the negotiating tactic that usually got him the best deal. As a profit-oriented businessman, he was not someone who would back down on the bargaining table.

Zong Yanxi knew Jiang Mohan pretty well since they had been together for a long time. It was within her expectation that this man wouldn’t make any concession. “As you know, it is not an easy feat to buy out Xinhai Investment. We can carry out the acquisition project under the name of Hengkang Group, but Rui Mei will be the one to come up with the acquisition proposal. President Jiang, what do you think?”

Jiang Mohan leaned forward, lacing his fingers on the table. With an overbearing aura, he looked down at Zong Yanxi. “Ms. Lin, you look rather young. I wonder how is it possible for someone your age to take charge of this millions worth project?”

“President Jiang, it seems to me that you’re not much older than me either, but...” Zong Yanxi smiled faintly as she gave a resigned shrug. “You’re already the president of such a huge company.”

With her body leaning forward, she looked straight into his eyes and retorted, “President Jiang, I wonder how is it possible for someone your age to become the president of Hengkang Group?”

Jiang Mohan narrowed his eyes upon meeting her gaze. “Who are you?”

Zong Yanxi let out a chuckle as she leaned back in her chair. “President Jiang, aren’t you a little too forgetful? I’m your business partner. Who could I possibly be?”

Jiang Mohan’s hand tightened. It is two completely different faces, but why does she feel so familiar to me?

Zong Yanxi interrupted his train of thoughts. "President Jiang, what do you think about my suggestion? If there's no problem, we can sign the contract today, and then our company will be able to come up with the proposal within a month. So, is it a deal?"

Nan Cheng tried to bargain with her. "Ms. Lin, with regards to the acquisition proposal, our company can..."

Surprisingly, Jiang Mohan made a concession and gave the final word. "We'll do according to Ms. Lin's suggestion." With that, he signed the contract.

Nan Cheng looked at his superior with his eyes saucer-wide. "President Jiang..."

"That's it." Jiang Mohan closed the document, handing it over to Zong Yanxi.

Zong Yanxi was pleased since she didn't expect he would accept her suggestion with alacrity, thinking she might still need to drive a hard bargain.

Jiang Mohan fixed his gaze on her handwriting when she took a pen and signed the contract. To his disappointment, unlike the person he had in mind who had fine handwriting, hers was crabbed and messy.

Zong Yanxi looked embarrassed. "I'm sorry, my Chinese handwriting is a bit messy."

Jiang Mohan cast his eyes downwards to hide his disappointment.

Zong Yanxi closed the document. Then, she took the initiative to stretch her hand out for a handshake. "Here's to our cooperation, President Jiang."

Jiang Mohan reached over and shook her hand, but he didn't retract it immediately. Instead, he held onto her hand and asked, "Have we met before?"

Zong Yanxi retracted her hand. "President Jiang, why are you asking me this?" she asked smilingly.

"Sorry about that." Jiang Mohan returned to his senses and excused himself. "I have something to attend to, so I'll be going now."

With that, he rose to his feet and headed out of the meeting room. As he reached the door, he halted and gave Nan Cheng an order. "Nan Cheng, send Ms. Lin back to her hotel since she is not familiar with B City."

Nan Cheng stood up. "Yes, President Jiang." He couldn't help looking at Jiang Mohan. President Jiang is acting weird today.

As Jiang Mohan vanished from sight, he retracted his gaze and gestured for Zong Yanxi to follow him. "Ms. Lin, please."

"Sorry for the trouble," Zong Yanxi said with a faint smile while collecting her documents.

"It's nothing." Nan Cheng led her out of the meeting room, just like the way when he brought her in.

Meanwhile, Jiang Mohan was back in his office. Sitting behind his desk, he too realized that he was acting weird today.

He pulled the drawer open and took out a crystal photo frame. He had kept the photo in the drawer since she passed away, not daring to take another look at it. The photo finally saw the light of the day after a year since her death.

His heart twitched in pain at the sight of the picture. Memories came flooding back as he caressed the face of the person smiling broadly in the photo.

He still remembered she was the one who requested him to put the photo on his office desk.

With her arms wrapped around his neck, she coaxed, "Mohan, I want you to look at me every day."

"It's silly," he said helplessly.

"People are bound to be silly when they are in love." Disregarding his reluctance, she placed the photo on his office desk and remarked with self-admiration, "Oh! I'm just beautiful!"

Yes, you are indeed beautiful. He asked the lady in his arm playfully, "You said you want me to look at you every day. But to be fair, shouldn't you place my photo in your house as well?"

The latter held his hand, placing it on her chest as she replied smilingly, "You're in my heart, and I will think of you every day."

At that time, he knew he should retract his hand, but he was reluctant to.

Looking at her smiling face, he couldn't help curling his lips. All he could see was nothing but her.

Bang!

He slammed the photo frame on the desk with a bang, hunching over while holding his chest. No matter how hard he tried, he couldn't seem to suppress the dull pain in his heart.

He mumbled to himself, "You know what, I hate it when I see your smile. How could you be so heartless? How could you be so happy enjoying your campus life when it was not even long after my mother's death? You weren't sad at all despite her losing her life. How could you be so cold-blooded? How could you die just like that, walking out of my life forever..."

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Knock! Knock!

Right then, there was a sudden knock on the door.

Jiang Mohan clenched his fist, trying to calm himself down. Then, he put the photo back into the drawer, flipped a document open on the desk before him, and said, "Come in."

Ling Wei entered and handed a document over to him. "President Jiang, please sign this document."

Jiang Mohan flipped the document open, his face devoid of expression.

"You look pale. Are you not feeling well?" Ling Wei asked with concern, not mentioning a word about what happened yesterday.

Jiang Mohan pursed his lips while remaining silent.

Ling Wei bit her lips. "Mohan..."

"There you go." Jiang Mohan tossed the document over the desk after signing it, making it clear that he was unwilling to listen to a word she said.

Ling Wei clenched her fists but eventually swallowed her words. She picked up the document and then handed a gilded invitation card to him. "The Dreams Foundation has sent you an invitation to the charity gala."

Usually, this type of event was meant to serve as a platform for the wealthy and influential figures to build a good reputation.

It was a win-win activity. On the one hand, the rich could earn a good reputation for making donations. On the other, the foundation could provide help for the needy using the money collected.

Jiang Mohan cast a glance at the invitation card. "I got it."

"I'm going with you." Ling Wei was afraid that he might turn her down, so she quickly added, "You need a partner for that kind of occasion."

Jiang Mohan gave a slight nod. "You can leave now."

Standing in front of the hotel room with an apparel box in one hand, Gu Xian knocked on Zong Yanxi's door with the other.

Meanwhile, Zong Yanxi was typing behind the computer in her home wear with a pair of anti-radiation glasses on the bridge of her nose. She went to answer the door after she heard someone knocking.

Upon seeing Gu Xian, she asked, "What brings you here?"

"It's urgent." Gu Xian slid into the room before Zong Yanxi even invited him in.

Zong Yanxi closed the door. "Would you like some drinks?" she asked while taking off her glasses.

"No thanks. Come and try this on." Gu Xian handed a gown to her.

"What's going on?" Zong Yanxi held a bewildered look on her face. "Why am I trying the gown?"

"Of course, there's a solid reason why." Gu Xian held both sides of her arms. "There's this charity gala. I don't have a partner, so I'm now inviting you as my partner to the gala."

Zong Yanxi raised her brow. "I don't have time for this."

"I don't care! Either you go with me, or you'll lose a friend." Gu Xian slouched into the couch, acting petulant.

Zong Yanxi had no choice but to pick up the gown. "It is rare for you to ask for my help. Since you've helped me a lot, I'll return you a favor today."

"It isn't embarrassing to be my partner, is it?" Gu Xian let out a chuckle. "No one can call a man like me ugly."

Zong Yanxi was amused. "You sure know how to blow your own horn."

"Do you mean to say that I'm ugly?!" Gu Xian feigned an angry look, glaring at her.

"Fine, fine. You're not ugly." Zong Yanxi grabbed the gown and went into her room.

A moment later, she reappeared in the white gown. "How do I look?"

Gu Xian's eyes lit up. "It suits you well! You've got to admit that I have pretty good taste. We'll be ready to go after you style your hair."

"Don't I need a makeup?" asked Zong Yanxi.

With a smile, Gu Xian reassured her, "You look gorgeous even without makeup."

However, Zong Yanxi held a different opinion on this matter. "I should at least apply light makeup. This is your first time making an appearance as the person in charge of the gala. I can't afford to let you lose face at such an important event."

Gu Xian was promoted as the head of the subsidiary company after a year of hard work. He might seem to be a person with a carefree attitude, but he was indeed a competent leader in the workplace.

"That would be fantastic!" Gu Xian's smile grew wider.

Zong Yanxi shook her head resignedly at the man exclaiming in triumph.

At seven at night, the entrance of the event hall was jam-packed with luxury cars. One could easily see how grand and magnificent the charity gala was.

Ling Wei dressed up in a black gown for the charity gala, looking all gorgeous and enticing. She became the center of attention the moment she showed up arm-in-arm with Jiang

Mohan at the venue. Her heart burst with joy upon hearing some of the people saying they looked like a perfect match.

She turned to look at Jiang Mohan in anticipation, only to find that he was indifferent. At that instant, the disappointment in her heart was hard to ignore.

Meanwhile, a car pulled up in front of the entrance. The next moment, the driver pulled the rear door open, and Gu Xian got out of the car in his grey suit, which made him look mature and staid. He was chivalrous like a charming prince when he held out his hand for Zong Yanxi.

Zong Yanxi put her hand in his, flashing him a smile as the latter helped her out of the car.

“Take my arm.” Gu Xian straightened up. There was a trace of sobriety in his manners, which replaced his usual cheekiness.

Zong Yanxi locked his arm and heard him saying, “Let’s go.”

The two made their way into the event hall.

The attendees all knew Gu Xian as the head of the subsidiary company, but the beautiful lady standing beside him was the one who got their attention.

“Today is certainly a gathering of beauties!” Someone exclaimed.

Gu Xian held his head high as if he enjoyed it a lot when people were casting envious glances at him.

Ling Wei turned her head and was surprised to see Zong Yanxi. Didn’t she just come back from abroad? How does she know Gu Xian? Why is she here with him?

As if the commotion in the crowd had caught his attention, Jiang Mohan turned around to see Zong Yanxi standing beside Gu Xian elegantly. She looked as pretty as a picture in her pearl white bias cut gown, which perfectly wrapped her curvaceous figure. Her black hair was tied into a loose bun, with loose tendrils of hair framing her face.

Jiang Mohan was in a daze as her temperament reminded him of the person that used to walk beside him, with her arm in his.



“Mohan.” Ling Wei tightened her grip around his arm.

Jiang Mohan finally returned to his senses and saw Gu Xian walking toward him.

“President Jiang.” Gu Xian greeted him. Even though he hadn’t engaged in any business dealing with Jiang Mohan, that man was a big name in B City. He had to admit that Jiang Mohan was certainly a capable man since he managed to become who he was today.

Zong Yanxi knew there was a high possibility that she would meet Jiang Mohan on such an occasion, but she didn’t expect Ling Wei to be his partner.

She sneered internally but projected a calm facade. “President Jiang, the two of you look perfect with each other.”

“Tha— “

“We’re just friends.” Jiang Mohan interrupted Ling Wei.

Right then, the voice of the host rang out. “Fate has brought us together today! We are all here today with a great heart full of compassion.”

After a short preamble, the host’s voice grew even louder and more passionate. “Tonight, we are organizing this charity gala in the hope of making some contributions to the needy. First of all, I would like to thank you for your support and send you warm regards on behalf of the organizer. Tonight’s fundraising will proceed in the form of an auction. Of course, all of the auction items are donations from our fellow philanthropists from different industries. The fund raised will go to the needy through the Dreams Foundation. For our love and our dreams! Let the auction begin! Our model will present to you our first auction item.”

A model in an evening dress with full face makeup proceeded onto the stage.

A murmur broke out when the crowd saw the model holding nothing in her hand. A man asked teasingly, “Are you auctioning the model?”

The host displayed a perfect smile. “Sir, of course, we are not auctioning the model. Allow me to introduce you to tonight’s first auction item—a limited edition diamond ring from an anonymous philanthropist.”

A huge diamond ring came into sight as the model raised her hand.

Zong Yanxi was shocked upon seeing the ring.

Jiang Mohan's face, too, was clouded over. That was a custom-made diamond ring when he proposed to Zong Yanxi. She never took it off once he put it on her finger. He thought it was long gone with her when she died...

Locking her gaze on the ring, Zong Yanxi couldn't help wringing her hands. She only found out that her ring was missing after being rescued by Gu Xian. I thought I've lost the ring... Why would it suddenly appear at the auction?

The host rang out again. "This ring itself is of great value, so its reserve price is considerably high. The starting bid is ten million!"

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The high bidding price of the very first item caused the room to fall silent.

Gu Xian could sense that something was off with Zong Yanxi and asked in a low voice, "What's wrong?"

"Nothing. I'm fine." She was just slightly rattled at the sight of something she hadn't seen for so long.

A man's voice piped up from the second floor. "Thirty million."

His voice broke the silence.

The crowd was shocked at the daring spike of twenty million.

Jiang Mohan clenched his fists tightly. "Fifty million."

Ling Wei looked at him before looking at the ring on the model's finger. Her expression started to sour.

She recognized that it was Zong Yanxi's ring.

"One hundred million," someone said from the second floor again.

The crowd collectively inhaled sharply. Is that person insane?

"Two hundred million," Jiang Mohan said in a loud and confident voice.

No one made a higher bid. That price had already shocked the magnates in the room. They might have been rich, but they knew money was hard to come by.

The emcee was getting fired up as well because of the unexpected popularity for the very first item. He called out in a loud voice, "Two hundred million! Anyone else?"

No one said anything.

The emcee spoke again. "Two hundred million going once! Going twice..."

"Three hundred million," the same mysterious person from the second floor called out.

Everyone was trying to catch a glimpse of the mysterious second floor buyer. Did his money grow on trees? How could he be so generous? The prices being called out had already surpassed the actual value of the ring.

"Mohan, it's not worth it. That other buyer isn't even showing his face. He might be in cahoots with the auction and is just joining in to hike up the price..."

"Three hundred and thirty million."

Ling Wei hadn't even finished her sentence before Jiang Mohan cut her off.

"President Jiang is truly generous," someone chuckled.

A ring being auctioned off for so much? This was definitely going to be in the news tomorrow.

Zong Yanxi's gaze landed on the man in front who was out-bidding the other buyer.

Anyone could tell that he was already willing to spend much more than what the ring was actually worth.

Could he still be in love with me?

No. That's impossible.

If he did, he wouldn't have left me to die.

He's probably just trying to soothe his conscience.

However, she was curious about the mysterious second floor bidder's identity. She looked up but couldn't see the person in question because the second floor was closed off.

"There has to be something fishy going on." Gu Xian also felt like this was all just a trick on the auctioneer's part.

"What do you mean?" Zong Yanxi asked.

"They're purposely calling out more and more so that they can hike up the price of the items."

"I don't think so." Would that dimwit actually get into such a petty argument with the mysterious buyer from upstairs? He clearly wouldn't.

It was as if the person upstairs were only calling out prices because he was sure that Jiang Mohan would bid an even higher amount.

"Three hundred thirty million going once! Going twice!" As the emcee called out the current highest bid, his voice slowed down for dramatic effect. "Three hundred thirty million going thrice! Congratulations, President Jiang! We would also like to thank you for your generosity today. Now, may the model please hand the ring over to President Jiang."

The model slipped off the ring and placed it in a velvet box she was holding. She walked toward Jiang Mohan.

Ling Wei dug her nails into her palm. She's already dead! Why is he still not over her?

"President Jiang." The model presented the tray to Jiang Mohan.

Jiang Mohan took out the ring and squeezed it tightly before tucking it into his pocket.

He looked extremely calm on the surface, but his hands were clenched into fists inside his pocket. The ring cut deeply into the soft flesh of his palm.

"We shall present the next item."

The model appeared again—this time with a painting.

The emcee introduced the original artist.

A painting by a famous artist like this had a high reserved price, and Gu Xian wasn't the least bit interested. He was representing his company after all, and he couldn't randomly make bids as if he were joining on his own. He would only bid for items that were worth it.

Zong Yanxi only tagged along for the sake of it, so she had no interest either. She dragged him to a quiet corner.

"Have you ever seen that ring before?"

Gu Xian shook his head truthfully.

Zong Yanxi thought to herself, Could it be that someone picked it up and wanted to earn some money off it?

She couldn't think of any other excuse.

"Did you manage to find out who died that time?" She had to go overseas to receive her treatment when it happened, so she was already gone before Gu Xian could make head or tail of the case.

They had never brought it up again after that.

Gu Xian shook his head. "Nothing."

Zong Yanxi frowned slightly. How could that person have died in the fire that was started to kill me off if they had nothing to do with me?

Something felt off about all this. Based on regular protocol, the police would have announced the victim's identity, but they hadn't done so in this case.

"This will be starting off at three hundred thousand!"

Gu Xian turned at the sound of that. He was still willing to bid for items that were worth it. After all, he couldn't just show up to an auction and leave empty-handed.

"I need to use the restroom." Zong Yanxi could tell that he was interested in the next item, so she ended their conversation and stalked toward the bathroom in her high heels.

In the bathroom, Ling Wei was looking at herself in the mirror. She had delicate features and a body to die for. What did Zong Yanxi have that I don't? Why can't Jiang Mohan just pay attention to me?

"Zong Yanxi, you're already dead, so why are you still trying to take him away from me?"

She couldn't stand it. It was unfair! She had done so much and was getting nothing in return.

"I should have killed you even sooner! That way, he wouldn't have fallen for you in the first place!"

# Stealing Your Heart Chapter 885

Her reflection looked menacing and desperate with her features twisted by greed.

She managed to calm herself down after a while and walked out of the bathroom.

However, she stopped halfway.

Someone was standing right in front of her.

Ling Wei narrowed her eyes. "Ms. Lin, when did you get here?"

Zong Yanxi relaxed her tense fists and said with a smile, "A minute or two."

Ling Wei's expression changed instantly.

Zong Yanxi chuckled lightly. "I'm kidding. Why would I hang out at the bathroom for that long? What's up with the sour face?"

Ling Wei glanced at her without speaking and walked away.

Zong Yanxi continued standing there as the corners of her lips raised in a smirk.

So Ling Wei is the one who wanted to kill me.

Zong Yanxi would never have guessed.

She turned around and looked at Ling Wei's retreating figure as her gaze slowly turned sharper.

Only Zong Yanxi would truly know the pain she was put through.



She walked into the bathroom and looked at the marble sink. The surface was so clean that she could see her silhouette reflected in it. She then raised her eyes to the mirror and looked at her completely different face. The injury could have healed on its own, but she was the one who had chosen to completely change her own face.

She used to be blind and foolish.

Now, she was a completely new person. She would make everyone who tried to crush her and lie to her pay for what they did.

She walked out of the bathroom. Instead of returning to the auction, she walked outside the hall and stood on the platform. She texted Gu Xian: I'll wait for you outside.

Today's weather was brilliant. The moment she looked up, a wide expanse of stars leapt into her eyes. As she looked at the stunning night sky, tears began to well up in her eyes. "They say people turn into stars when they die. Which star are you? Are you watching over me too?"

She was still wallowing in the pain of having lost her child when warmth suddenly surrounded her shoulders. A familiar presence appeared next to her and her heart clenched. She turned around only to be met with Jiang Mohan's face.

"It's getting cold. Ms. Lin, you should take care of yourself."

The jacket he had put around her was still warm with his body heat and smelled like him. She tried to calm herself down in the face of such familiarity and said mildly, "President Jiang, how nice of you to care about me."

"We're business partners now. If you got sick, it would greatly hinder our progress." Jiang Mohan was dressed in a simple black button-up with his tie tied neatly around his neck. He had one hand in his pocket and looked forward with a sense of aloofness.

"I thought you suddenly started caring about me. If I may ask, why were you so persistent in getting that ring? It certainly isn't worth as much as you paid for it."

Jiang Mohan turned to look at Zong Yanxi and paused for a second before saying, "Ms. Lin, if you had to hesitate to ask, then you shouldn't have asked at all."

After that, he walked off the platform and toward the black car parked near the road.

Zong Yanxi looked up, trying to hold back a cold chuckle. Why is he acting all deep and brooding?

"President Jiang," Zong Yanxi called out. She walked carefully down the stairs in her high heels and took off the jacket around her shoulders. "I'm not accustomed to using other people's belongings."

Jiang Mohan reached out to take the jacket. At that moment, Zong Yanxi caught sight of Ling Wei walking out of the hall and pretended to stumble. "Ah!"

Jiang Mohan instinctively caught her and she slung her arms around Jiang Mohan's neck with a startled expression on her face.

They were very close, and both her dress and his shirt was made of thin fabric. The sudden intimate contact spread warmth around the two of them and Jiang Mohan couldn't help but tighten his hold on her.

"Yanxi," he blurted out.

Zong Yanxi wanted to squirm out of his grasp, but when she caught sight of the figure dashing over with no regard for her image, she continued acting as if she had gotten a shock and was still recovering in Jiang Mohan's embrace.

She could change her face, but she couldn't change the way her body felt or the way others saw her.

Jiang Mohan drank in the sweet familiarity of it all and buried his face closer to Zong Yanxi's neck as he said, "I miss you so much."

"Mohan." Ling Wei's expression was nasty.

Zong Yanxi looked at Ling Wei's frantic demeanor and smirked coldly before getting back in the act, pushing Jiang Mohan away.

Jiang Mohan didn't expect the sudden push and stumbled back, but he quickly recovered and asked, "Ms. Lin, are you alright?"

"Yes, President Jiang. I'm fine," Zong Yanxi said with a smile.

Ling Wei looked at Jiang Mohan. "We should head back."

Jiang Mohan remained silent. He no longer looked at Zong Yanxi. His gaze was laced with a sense of confusion. What's wrong with me?

"Mohan?" Ling Wei spotted the shift in his expression and reached out, wanting to touch him, but he turned away before she could do so. He was extremely confused. Why am I feeling such things toward a woman I'd barely just met? In fact, why did I do such things to her? The driver opened the back door for Jiang Mohan and he went into the car.

Ling Wei glared at Zong Yanxi and warned, "Stay away from President Jiang."

Zong Yanxi smirked. "Why? Does he belong to you?"

Ling Wei clenched her fists. "It doesn't matter whether he belongs to me or not. You'll never be good enough for him."

"Based on what I've heard, Jiang Mohan doesn't even like you." Gu Xian strolled over casually from the platform with a box in hand and continued pouring salt on the wound. "Jiang Mohan's wife has been dead for a year, no? If he liked you, wouldn't he have married you by now?"

Ling Wei bit her lip and glared at Gu Xian before she turned and walked toward the car.

"You alright?" Gu Xian asked Zong Yanxi.

She nodded. "I'm fine."

"We should get going." He reached out an arm to help her only to realize how cold she was when he brushed against her cold skin. He took off his own jacket and placed it on her shoulders.

"Thanks." Zong Yanxi looked down.

"No need for that between us." He thought about something for a second before asking, "I saw everything that happened just now. Are you still in love with him?"

Zong Yanxi laughed. "What do you think?"

"I wouldn't know. Love truly stumps me."

"No, I'm not. Not unless I suddenly went crazy," she replied firmly.

She would never fall for Jiang Mohan again.

"What if he fell to his knees in front of you one day?" Gu Xian opened the car door.

Zong Yanxi paused. "I'll never bend, not even when he's on his deathbed."

"Keep those words in mind." Gu Xian gave her a thumbs-up.

Zong Yanxi swatted him on the shoulder. "Idiot."

Gu Xian smiled and got into the car.

Meanwhile, Jiang Mohan had reached his house. Ling Wei piped up, "I'll stay with you."

Jiang Mohan replied coldly, "There's no need for that."

"Mohan."

"It's getting late. Go home." After that, he told the driver to send Ling Wei back home.

Ling Wei reached to open the door, trying to follow Jiang Mohan, but his driver stopped her. "Ms. Ling, President Jiang has already told you to go home. You should respect his wishes."

She stayed where she was until she could no longer see Jiang Mohan.

Jiang Mohan had been staying here for a year now. After the divorce, he hadn't returned to the house he'd shared with Zong Yanxi.

After heading in, he tossed his jacket onto the sofa haphazardly and walked to his alcohol cabinet. He chose a bottle, twisted off the cap and poured himself a glass. As he raised the glass to his lips, he started thinking about how Lin Ruixi felt in his arms.

That strange feeling stuck with him, unwilling to disappear.