

Stealing Your Heart Chapter 941

All Tian Qifeng had to do was make sure that Jiang Mohan would not look for her for a month.

The latter stood up from his seat and gave it a thought. In the end, he agreed to it.

Knowing that Zong Yanxi was alive was the best news he could receive. He did not want to give her any more trouble because of his own emotion.

Yet, a one-month wait was torturous for him. Minutes felt like hours, and days felt like months.

Throughout most of that time, Jiang Mohan would be in the office until almost midnight.

He kept himself busy to the point where he would handle every big and small matter on his own.

The scandal had brought down the valuation of the company and negatively impacted the staff's morale. The silver lining was that the way Jiang Mohan stayed in the office and worked his head off helped him to regain the trust of his staff.

Everyone thought Jiang Mohan was doing his best to save the company, but the truth was that he just couldn't fall asleep at night.

As the one-month wait was coming to an end, Jiang Mohan returned to his villa. It had been a few days since he had showered or changed, so he desperately needed to clean himself up at the moment.

It was perhaps because he now knew that Zong Yanxi was alive that he could bring himself to enter the villa again. After all, this was the place where they spent a few years of their married life.

After showering, he went to get his clothes from the wardrobe. As he opened the doors, he noticed a piece of paper sitting quietly inside. His curiosity got the better of him and he reached for it.

It was an ultrasound report, dated back to the day he requested a divorce.

His eyes widened as he carefully read every word on it.

The report belonged to Zong Yanxi, and it clearly mentioned that she was seven weeks pregnant.

Jiang Mohan held the paper with his shaky hands, unable to believe what he had read. He stood there, stunned and finding it hard to breathe.

She's pregnant?

He was shocked and felt uneasy. Did she still want the baby after what I've done to her?

His heart ached as he reached for the bed to support his trembling body. He tightly grasped his chest, where the pain remained.

Why? Why didn't she tell me? If she did... I would never have...

Suddenly, his phone on the bedside table vibrated.

Jiang Mohan ignored the call and continued to stand completely still, drowned in regret and pain.

An hour later, someone rang his doorbell. Jiang Mohan still did not have any intention to move.

The doorbell rang again, and again, and again.

The call an hour ago was from Nan Cheng. As he received no response, the assistant rushed to the office, only to learn that Jiang Mohan had left.

Nan Cheng then drove all the way to the villa. Jiang Mohan's car was parked at the property, indicating he was present inside the villa.

Nan Cheng became worried when no one answered the door even after a few minutes.

Since Jiang Mohan had been working day and night for the past few days, he could've gotten sick and collapsed.

Nan Cheng was about to call a locksmith to force open the door when he heard a click. It finally opened.

Nan Cheng was relieved to see his boss. "Are you alright?"

The incessant ringing of the doorbell managed to pull Jiang Mohan out of desperation and back to reality.

"What are you doing here?" Jiang Mohan asked in a hoarse voice.

"Are you feeling unwell? You look terrible."

"I'm fine. If there's nothing else, leave me."

All Jiang Mohan wanted at that moment was to be alone.

The reason Nan Cheng was eager to see his boss was because he had learned everything that was about the accident, and decided to share the findings with Jiang Mohan.

"I've found out everything about the accident."

That managed to attract Jiang Mohan's attention as he raised his head abruptly to look at his assistant.

"The person who was driving the car at that time was indeed Shen Peichuan," Nan Cheng explained.

It was something that Jiang Mohan already knew. Shen Peichuan was in the driver's seat at the time of the accident, with Zong Yanxi and his own mother in the back seat.

It was a miracle that anyone was able to survive after the car ran off the bridge. Unfortunately, Jiang Mohan's mother, who was Zong Yanxi's nanny, didn't.

After the accident, Zong Jinghao gave the victim's family a hefty sum of money as compensation since she passed away while working.

At that time, Jiang Mohan was still a kid. All he learned was that his mother had passed away in her employer's car and that the employer had paid them to keep quiet about the incident.

That way of thinking stuck with him ever since then. His impression was reinforced when he later saw Zong Yanxi walking into school with her parents and a happy smile on her face, while he had lost the person most important to him.

It was at that time that he vowed to avenge his mother's death. As time passed, the hatred only grew.

He planned everything from getting close to Zong Yanxi to dating her and marrying her. All for the sake of revenge.

Noticing how pale Jiang Mohan was, Nan Cheng became even more worried. "I think you should head to the hospital. You look very sick."

Jiang Mohan was now barely able to stand. He stumbled towards the couch and sank into it. "I'm fine. Tell me what you have found out."

Nan Cheng pursed his lips and reported, "According to my investigation, the car ran off the bridge and fell into the river because someone had tampered with it."

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Jiang Mohan's face only turned even paler after hearing that. "Who did it?"

"Someone from the fallen Gu family. The family had some beef with the Zong family at that time. The intended target was Zong Jinghao, but..." Nan Cheng paused, not knowing how to relay the next piece of information.

Guan Jing intentionally let Nan Cheng learn of the accident down to every detail. Given the incident occurred long ago, only a few people knew about the event, but Nan Cheng managed to locate a maid that once served the Zong family.

Little did Nan Cheng know that the maid who knew of the event, Aunt Yu, had passed away a few years ago. The "maid" that he met up with was actually someone else disguised as a former Zong family maid under the order of Guan Jing.

Even though the maid was fake, the information she gave was real.

Guan Jing was so skilled with controlling everything from behind that Nan Cheng didn't even suspect a thing.

"But what? Spill it out!" Jiang Mohan ordered.

"The reason Shen Peichuan was driving the car that day was because Zong Yanxi wanted to buy a birthday cake for Aunt Wang, one of the Zong family's maids. Since Zong Jinghao was busy that day, he asked Shen Peichuan to help drive her into the city. The tragedy happened when they were on their way to the cake shop," Nan Cheng summarized the whole event.

Nan Cheng took a deep breath and continued, "If I'm not wrong, wasn't it your mother's birthday that day? Zong Yanxi was buying that cake for your mother. She and Shen Peichuan were victims as well... They were just lucky..."

"That's enough... Leave me alone." Jiang Mohan stopped Nan Cheng from speaking any further. No matter how hard he tried, he couldn't hide his trembling voice.

"Please don't blame yourself. At the very least, Mrs. Jiang is safe..."

"Get out!" Jiang Mohan yelled but quickly calmed down. "Just... I just want to be alone for a while."

In that instant, all Jiang Mohan felt was helplessness, unlike his usual domineering self.

Just like any other person, he had no idea how to fix the mistake he had made.

Nan Cheng was afraid to leave his boss alone since the latter looked completely devastated. "She's still alive, so there's still a chance for you to make up with her."

"What do you know?" Jiang Mohan glared at his assistant. "What the heck do you know?"

All the yelling and anger were actually directed towards himself. He was afraid that Zong Yanxi would never forgive him. He was even more terrified that he had lost his own child.

Ever since his mother's passing, Jiang Mohan had never felt what it was like to have a family. When he was living with Zong Yanxi, his anger and thirst for revenge made him ignore the warmth that a family could bring to him.

Many times he yearned for a family, for a child of his own. And as it turned out he did have a child. He was just uncertain whether that child was still alive.

Nan Cheng had already guessed that the truth would hurt Jiang Mohan a lot. What the former did not expect was for the latter to get so emotional, unlike his usual self.

Jiang Mohan abruptly stood up and accidentally hit the table. Nan Cheng tried to help him but was shoved away; he could only watch his boss limp slowly toward the stairs and walk up.

"Sir..." Nan Cheng quickly followed behind.

"Can you just leave me alone for a moment?" Jiang Mohan raised his voice.

"I... I'll be waiting downstairs then. Call me if you need anything..."

Jiang Mohan ignored him and went back to his room. The ultrasound report was still on the bed.

As he approached the report, his legs finally gave in and he collapsed.

Now sitting on the floor next to the bed, he grabbed the report as tears filled his typically apathetic eyes.

All the anger and hatred he'd felt for all those years were all fabricated.

He was the one in the wrong.

Not only that, but he also even hurt the woman who once gave him all her heart.

He had lost the most important thing to him.

Nan Cheng sat in the living room, occasionally glancing at the stairs. He wanted to check on Jiang Mohan but was afraid of disturbing the latter, so he ended up staying put.

Days passed and Nan Cheng never left the villa.

On a certain day, Zong Yanxi walked out of the international airport and saw Tian Qifeng already waiting for her.

Having regained her former face, she was much prettier than before. She even gave out a warmer vibe.

Tian Qifeng took her luggage and asked, "Did everything go smoothly?"

Zong Yanxi nodded and asked about the events that had happened in her absence.

"Everything went as planned. Including the final installment of Jiang Mohan's investment, we've received a total of three billion from him. Coupled with the drop in his company's share price, he had lost a whole lot of money," Tian Qifeng reported, "He spent most of his time working after you left, and I've heard from some of his employees that he worked like a maniac for the past month. But I heard that has been absent for the last two days."

"If everything goes well, Xinhai Company will declare bankruptcy soon," remarked Zong Yanxi without any expression on her face.

What she meant was the fund that was used to acquire Xinhai Company would be a total loss. Even if they did acquire the company, it would only be a shell.

"It's time to end things between him and me," Zong Yanxi calmly added.

She didn't let her emotion take over her reasoning because she clearly understood what her goal was.

Tian Qifeng opened the car door for her to get in.

The bodyguard then sat in the driver's seat, but he did not start the engine right away.

"Why do I have the feeling that you still feel something for him?" he asked.

"What makes you think that?"

"Isn't he the main reason you got your old face back?"

"Are you kidding me?" Zong Yanxi scoffed. "I did this because I want to use this face to end things with him."

That was Zong Yanxi's goal. To end things using the name and face that he was familiar with.

Her face when they were together as a couple.

She genuinely loved him once with all her heart. Now was the time to put an official end to that.

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Tian Qifeng blinked and asked, "Are men really that undeserving of forgiveness once we make mistakes?"

Zong Yanxi looked at him weirdly. Why is he asking me the same question over and over again?

"You sound like you want me to reconcile with him."

Tian Qifeng heaved a sigh, "I just want to know how severe the punishment is for men when we make mistakes. If what he did is not unforgivable, then there's still room for another mistake."

His words rendered the woman speechless.

"I'm just kidding," he said while starting the car, "Are we going to the hotel?"

"No. We're going to Hengkang Group."

"Let's take a rest today. You can have the discussion tomorrow," uttered Tian Qifeng. They had just gotten off the plane and he was concerned that Zong Yanxi would tire herself out if she had to deal with Jiang Mohan right away.

"No. Let's just go to Hengkang," replied the woman as she stared out the window.

She wished to settle this matter quickly so she could return to see her parents; she knew that they had been worrying about her.

Because she wanted to seek revenge from Jiang Mohan, she had avoided her parents for the whole year and they cooperated by not showing themselves. She knew they missed her.

I don't want to stay here anymore. I must resolve this matter as soon as possible and restart my life. I can't let my past haunt me forever; I still have a long road ahead of me.

Whilst she was deep in her thoughts, Tian Qilang voiced out, "But we don't know if Jiang Mohan is at his office. Wait, let me check."

With that, he took out his phone and called the company's secretary.

"President Jiang is not in the office," answered the secretary.

"Ms. Lin is back and she needs to discuss something with him."

Silence ensued on the other end of the phone before the secretary responded again, "Let me ask first. I'll call you back."

"Sure."

The call ended and the secretary contacted Nan Cheng.

Meanwhile, Jiang Mohan had been upstairs for too long that Nan Cheng almost lost his cool. The former had not even taken a sip of water. All he did was stare into space the whole day, and it worried his subordinate.

Just then, he received a call from the secretary who inquired about Jiang Mohan's whereabouts. "I've just received a call from Mr. Tian of Rui Mei. He said Ms. Lin has returned and she's requesting to meet President Jiang. Do you know where he is?"

"She's back?" asked Nan Cheng emotionally.

Maybe she's the only one who could cheer up Jiang Mohan.

His excitement was so obvious that the secretary was taken aback. "Yes, and she wants to meet President Jiang."

"Noted. Let her come to the office. I'll inform President Jiang."

"Okay."

When the call ended, Nan Cheng rushed upstairs and pushed open the bedroom door, only to freeze by the door as he noticed Jiang Mohan sitting on the floor with his back against the bed, holding a piece of paper.

I've never seen him this miserable before.

He approached Jiang Mohan in light footsteps. "She's back."

Jiang Mohan lifted his head upon hearing Nan Cheng's voice. "Mrs. Jiang is back, and she's waiting for you at the office."

The former had always wished to meet Zong Yanxi, but right at this moment, he found himself too scared to do so.

He was afraid to face her and ask her if the child was still alive.

Nan Cheng crouched down. "Take this opportunity to apologize to her. You still have a chance to save your relationship."

Jiang Mohan looked at him. "Do I really?"

He had lost all hope. That question was directed more to himself.

"She loved you so much in the past. She'll surely give you a chance," replied Nan Cheng resolutely.

"You think so?" Jiang Mohan himself had doubts. If he were in her shoes, he would definitely not forgive anyone for hurting him so deeply.

"She's back; I have to meet her." He stood up but almost fell back down. His legs had turned numb as a result of him sitting for too long. Seeing this, Nan Cheng instantly helped him, but he swatted the latter's hand away. "I'm fine."

"Wait for me downstairs."

He needed to tidy himself up and be in his best appearance to meet the woman.

Nan Cheng nodded before turning to leave the room.

After Nan Cheng left, Jiang Mohan took a shower, changed out of his wrinkled clothes, and put on a black suit. The black suit was tailored. It fit him perfectly before, but now there were gaps, indicating that he had lost weight in just a day.

He had tried his best to conceal his lethargy; however, the haggardness was still noticeable.

When he was done, he went downstairs and found Nan Cheng waiting for him in the living room. The latter raised his head and heaved a sigh of relief when he saw his boss in a slightly better mood.

"I'll start the car," he said before going out, leaving Jiang Mohan in the living room.

The man looked around the familiar room as memories of him and her rushed into his head. They had spent three years of their lives together here, creating unforgettable moments.

Ever since she left, he had not stepped foot into this house anymore in fear that he would reminisce every moment he had with her.

He nodded to himself in determination. From this moment on, I want to start over with her.

With that thought in mind, he went out of the house and into the car. Nan Cheng started driving as soon as Jiang Mohan was seated inside.

Along the way, Nan Cheng stole glances at Jiang Mohan through the rearview mirror, seemingly wanting to say something but decided against it.

Shortly after, they arrived at the Hengkang Group building.

Nan Cheng parked. He stepped out of the car and was about to open the door for his boss when Jiang Mohan had already opened the door himself and left the vehicle.

Jiang Mohan raised his head to look up at the building before strolling forward, with Nan Cheng following closely behind.

While walking, Nan Cheng took out his phone to call Jiang Mohan's secretary to ask for Zong Yanxi's location.

"Mrs. Jiang is in the reception room," he informed as they entered the elevator.

Jiang Mohan did not respond. While he seemed emotionless, he was clenching his fists.

When the elevator doors opened, he hesitated a bit before exiting and made his way toward the reception room.

On the other hand, Nan Cheng headed to the secretary's desk to inform her not to let any clients disturb Jiang Mohan today, no matter what.

"But what if it's urgent and related to work?" questioned the secretary, puzzled.

"Then ask them to come to me. Do not allow anyone to meet with President Jiang today, okay?"

"Okay." She nodded.

In the meantime, Jiang Mohan halted his steps in front of the reception room's door. With his hand on the doorknob, he inhaled deeply before twisting it to open the door.

Upon entering the room, he saw Zong Yanxi sitting with her back to him; he stared at the familiar figure before him.

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Zong Yanxi heard the door opening behind her. She did not turn her head, however, because she knew it must be him.

Jiang Mohan slowly walked to the chair opposite her with his head involuntarily turned towards her.

"Yanxi," he called subconsciously.

Hearing that, Zong Yanxi lifted her emotionless eyes at him.

"President Jiang," she replied coldly.

"Are we going to treat each other like strangers now?" he asked while sitting down.

Zong Yanxi smiled, "Were we ever familiar with each other? We shared the same bed for three years, but you never wanted to get to know me, and I was never in your heart. So haven't we always been strangers?"

Jiang Mohan stared at her in a daze. "Back then—"

"I didn't come here to talk about the past. Let's talk about the present." She pushed the tablet she brought in front of him. On the screen was today's breaking news.

Right after Hengkang invested the last instalment of its funds, Xinhai Investment declared bankruptcy, meaning that all the invested funds had amounted to nothing.

Of course, that was only how it appeared on the surface. In actual fact, the sum of money would be transferred to another company under Rui Mei.

Jiang Mohan remained calm as he also knew about it. He only gave a quick glance at the screen before looking at her again. "This is what I owe you."

"Is money the only thing you owe me?" she questioned. Her cold gaze now had a tinge of emotion.

Jiang Mohan stayed quiet as his clenched fists which were on the table.

Zong Yanxi stood up. "You also owe me not one but two lives. That fire should've taken my life, too, not just the baby's! But I'm still alive. Jiang Mohan, you will never be able to repay all that you owe me!"

With that, she turned to walk towards the door. Then she paused her steps with her back facing him. "From now on, we're nothing but strangers."

With that said, she left the room.

"Wait," uttered the man as he grabbed her hand and stared at her with bloodshot eyes. "Why didn't you tell me?"

Zong Yanxi raised her head to look at him. "Tell you what?"

"The baby," he replied with a hoarse voice.

The woman laughed as her eyes reddened. "Did you give me a chance? Have you forgotten how you were in the past? Need me to remind you?"

Jiang Mohan was unable to respond. His aching heart was suffocating him.

The baby's gone... and it's my fault.

Despite that, he still felt some hope. "You're just lying to me because you want to seek revenge from me, right?"

"Even if I loathe you so much that I want you dead, I won't use my child to seek revenge from you. Because you're unworthy of that!" shouted Zong Yanxi.

Jiang Mohan looked into her trembling eyes and damp lashes. "I... killed my child?"

How he wished she could deny his claim at this moment! But that did not happen— that was the truth.

“I am sorry...”

He did not know what else he could say.

Zong Yanxi swatted his hand away forcefully. “I don’t need your apology. All I wish is that you’ll never be loved again. I want you to be miserable your whole life and die single!”

After that, she left the room for good, leaving him frozen on his spot while staring at her retreating figure.

Feeling as though a sharp knife had cut through his heart, he had to hold the door frame to support himself.

From not far away, Nan Cheng saw his boss in an unsteady state and quickly approached him. “President Jiang,” he called. Just before he reached Jiang Mohan, the latter suddenly dashed out to chase after Zong Yanxi.

At this moment, Zong Yanxi was already in the car. Tian Qifeng glanced at the rearview mirror and saw Jiang Mohan running out of the building. Ignoring the man, he stepped on the gas and sped off.

Even so, Jiang Mohan refused to give up. He hopped into his own car.

She can hate me all she wants, but I want her back by my side.

Meanwhile, Tian Qifeng sped the car down the road so fast that he was confident Jiang Mohan could not catch up. Still, he did not dare to slow down.

Jiang Mohan watched as Zong Yanxi’s car turned right and entered the tunnel. He took a shortcut by crossing over the viaduct on the left. Just at this moment, a car suddenly dashed out of the tunnel at full speed. Visibility from inside the tunnel was suboptimal and the driver had trouble seeing clearly ahead of him due to the bright setting. By the time he could adjust his vision, he was no longer able to stop the car in time. “Watch out!” he shouted.

Hearing the driver's shout, Jiang Mohan raised his head, only to see that the other car was mere inches from his. He wanted to avoid it but it was all too late. The two cars slammed into each other with an impact so great that it made Jiang Mohan fly out of the car in projectile motion and crash onto the tunnel entrance. His car finally came to a stop a few meters away from his body.

Jiang Mohan lay on the ground. He felt a warm liquid trickling onto his face as his vision became blurry. "I love you, Yanxi. I want you here... with me."

With that, he fainted and fell into the darkness.

In the meantime, Zong Yanxi was checking plane tickets on her phone, completely clueless about Jiang Mohan's pursuit.

"I think I saw Jiang Mohan's car following us earlier, but I managed to shake him off," Tian Qifeng informed Zong Yanxi through the rearview mirror.

Hearing that, Zong Yanxi raised her head and glanced back but did not see his car.

"Should I stop?" questioned Tian Qifeng.

"No. You did the right thing. I don't want to see him at all."

"Have I become smarter?" the man bragged.

"Weren't you always smart?" Zong Yanxi put her phone into her pocket before shutting her eyes, indicating that she did not want to continue talking.

Seeing her gesture, Tian Qifeng stayed quiet.

They arrived at the airport half an hour later, and Tian Qifeng accompanied her to just outside the restricted area. "I wonder if we'll ever cross paths again once you leave."

Now that they had settled the issue here, it was also time for him and his brother to leave. However, they were not going to the same place as Zong Yanxi. She would head to Thailand while they would fly to M Nation to report to Guan Jing regarding the events that had happened here. After that, the brothers would return to the army.

Zong Yanxi looked at him with her luggage in hand. "We haven't known each other for long, but I'm very grateful for what you both have done for me. Thank you." She made a slight bow to Tian Qifeng. "Say goodbye to your brother for me."

Tian Qilang did not come along.

"I will. It was a pleasure to meet you. Look for me if you need a bodyguard in the future. You can find me by contacting Mr. Guan," he said.

"Okay," she replied and shook his hand. "Goodbye."

"Bye."

Zong Yanxi walked towards the boarding gate and stopped at its entrance. She turned and looked around her. People were strolling back and forth. Some were standing in the crowd hugging each other, some were holding hands and were reluctant to let go, while others were smiling as they bid farewell to one another.

I see love, friendship, and familial warmth here.

She lowered her gaze and moved on.

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The plane flew across the sky, leaving a contrail.

Zong Yanxi did not inform anyone of her return, not even Zhuang Jiawen, whom she had always kept in touch with.

She knew where her parents lived, so she hailed a taxi and went directly to their residence after getting off the plane.

It was already nighttime. She was beyond exhausted, for she had not taken any rest after dealing with Jiang Mohan.

Of course, she did this on purpose so her parents would not be too mad at her when they saw her weary face.

She hoped that upon seeing her haggardness, her parents would not ask her to explain the past.

Shortly after, the taxi came to a halt in front of a small river. She paid the driver and got out of the car. To get to the other side, she had to board a small boat. Of course, the river also came with a bridge for that purpose, but the bridge was quite a distance away and she had no energy left to walk.

She lifted her wrist to look at the time. It's a little after eight. I still can board the boat. She was familiar with the boat schedule because she had taken it before.

Unfortunately, when she glanced at the river, no boats were in sight.

Did I remember it wrongly?

She let out a sigh. I guess I still have to walk to the bridge. Though she was worn out, that was the only option she had right now.

Both sides of the river were paved with verdant and neatly trimmed lawns; there were banana trees everywhere. The weather here was much hotter compared to where she came from.

It was nighttime and she was sweating after walking for just a short while. She still had ways to go before reaching the bridge.

She decided to take a break in the middle of her walk, and took out her phone. Her heart ached as Jiang Mohan's face suddenly flashed across her mind.

Though she seemed tranquil, it was actually difficult for her to erase her feelings for him. After all, she had loved him even before they were married.

She was brave and gave him her whole heart, yet everything ended up this way.

She had intended to check her phone but then decided against it. She shook her head, trying to get rid of her messy thoughts.

From now on, he's no longer in my life!

When she was about to continue her short journey, she noticed some movements in the grass. Curious, she went to check on it. Pushing aside the grass under the guidance of the light from street lamps, she spotted a tiny brown poodle with doe eyes and a red collar. It seemed like it had run away from its owner.

She stretched out a hand to pat on its head. "You're really cute."

She used to have a dog, too, but hers was covered with snow-white fur and it was much bigger than this one.

However, it died of old age. She never had pets after that because she did not want to go through the pain of loss again.

"Where is your owner?" She asked as she carried the dog.

Despite being in a stranger's arms, the dog did not panic, nor did it struggle to set itself free. Instead, it buried itself in Zong Yanxi's arms, which made her laugh. "Why are you so clingy to a stranger? Aren't you afraid I'll take you away? You'll never meet your owner again."

"Torah," a young girl called. Hearing its name, the dog jumped out of Zong Yanxi's arms and ran towards its owner.

The little girl seemed to be around four to five years old. She was wearing a puff sleeve dress and her slightly blonde hair was tied into two braids. Zong Yanxi could see the girl's facial features clearly under the light. She had thick eyebrows, bright eyes, and pale skin. Perhaps she was mixed-race—most people in this country did not have fair skin. The girl picked up her poodle and patted its head as she spoke in Thai, "Where were you? I've been looking for you."

After that, she lifted her head and stared at Zong Yanxi.

The latter was not that familiar with the language; she could only understand basic sentences.

"Is this... your dog?" she asked in not-so-fluent Thai.

"Who are you? Why were you holding my Torah?" the little girl ignored her question.

Zong Yanxi was unable to respond since she did not understand her. On top of that, she was rushing to go to her parents' house.

Because of the language barrier, Zong Yanxi remained silent. She smiled at the little girl and gestured that her dog was adorable before walking on.

The little girl blinked as she stared at Zong Yanxi. She then put the dog down to hook a leash around its collar. "Let's go home."

With that, she trailed behind the woman.

Zong Yanxi was aware of the little girl behind her but she said nothing. After walking some distance, she noticed the little girl was still following closely behind with her dog. She then halted her steps and turned to ask the girl, "Where... is your family?"

Fearing that the little girl would not understand, Zong Yanxi used hand gestures to communicate with her.

Though it was a total mess, the little girl still understood her question as she pointed to a remarkable-looking mansion across the river. "My house."

Oh. So her house is also across the river. But it's late. Why is she wandering alone outside?

"Let me hold your hand," she uttered to the little girl.

We're going in the same direction anyway. I can accompany her.

The little girl was just like her dog. She was not afraid of strangers and took Zong Yanxi's hand.

This behavior is dangerous. What if she encounters a kidnapper? How did her parents teach her?

When they reached the bridge, the little girl suddenly stopped walking. "I'm tired."

Zong Yanxi stared at her without saying a word.

The little girl then tugged at her legs and gave a yank on her arms. "Carry."