

Stealing Your Heart Chapter 880

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

Definition of Xian—arousing revulsion or strong indignation

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Both companies were very eager to work together.

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

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

Only her eyes held an uncanny resemblance.

He looked at her name. *Lin Ruixi*.

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

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

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

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

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

“Yes, President Jiang.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“But...”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The same stubbornness flowed through their veins!

"Be careful."

"I will be."

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

Jiang Mohan followed his gaze.

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

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

She pulled her luggage and walked over to them steadily.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He was genuinely curious about this.

"Nope," Zong Yanxi replied simply.

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

