

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.