

# 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?”