

Stealing Your Heart Chapter 888

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Jiang Mohan walked towards Zong Yanxi as he turned to glance at the movie posters at the entrance of the cinema.

“Are you here alone?” He asked.

Zong Yanxi chuckled, “There isn’t anyone else here to keep me company, is there?”

“Which one did you watch?” For some reason, he felt curious about it.

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There were three new movies being screened that month, including those of the sci-fi and romance genres.

Zong Yanxi turned around to look at him. “Lovestruck,” she said.

“Ms. Lin, do you have a boyfriend?” Jiang Mohan asked again.

“President Jiang, you seem to be really interested in my personal affairs,” Zong Yanxi laughed.

Jiang Mohan felt a little embarrassed.

His questions seemed to come to mind naturally, and he simply asked without thinking twice.

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“Sorry about that.” He pulled a serious face. “It’s getting pretty late. You should go back soon and have a good rest,” he said, walking off to his car.

Zong Yanxi stayed put. As she watched him leave, she suddenly called out to him, “President Jiang, have you ever been in love?”

Jiang Mohan stopped in his tracks, turning around.

"I know that this is not related to work, so there's no need to answer me. It was a good movie by the way. If you have the time, it might be good entertainment for you," she continued before walking off.

At that moment, she could not help but wonder if he had ever felt attracted to her in the days that they had spent together.

Does it really matter though? Like that would change a thing.

She smiled bitterly and took a deep breath.

Jiang Mohan simply stood there. The poster for the movie "Lovestruck" caught his eye.

It seemed to depict a love story between two childhood friends.

He shifted his gaze towards Lin Ruixi, but he could somehow see the shadow of another woman on her.

No, that's Lin Ruixi! Why am I always seeing things?

He was sick of feeling that way. She is irreplaceable. I shouldn't feel that way.

Even as he got in his car, he turned back again to look at that poster. Memories flooded his mind.

He first met her at a very young age.

She had a smile that warmed his heart like rays of sunshine.

Jiang Mohan's eyes darkened with a tinge of passion and love that he was unaware of.

He could not even recall when he began feeling that way, but that smile of hers always had a place in his heart.

Every time he thought of it, he would feel his heart throb.

It took him a long time to clear his head and get on his way.

The next day.

A squeaky phone alarm mercilessly aroused Zong Yanxi from her sweet slumber. She answered her mobile phone in annoyance. "Hey, go check out the news!" It was Gu Xian's voice.

"What news?" She asked.

"It's a scandal about your ex-husband." Gu Xian sounded really smug.

Zong Yanxi finally sat up, rubbing her eyes.

"What scandal?" She asked.

Gu Xian ended the call to send Zong Yanxi the link to the news article. Clicking on the link, the headlines read "President of Hengkang Group Exposed," and the article showed an image of Jiang Mohan kicking a woman onto the ground.

Gu Xian followed up with a text afterwards: What? Your ex-husband hits women? How violent! Did he hit you too?

Zong Yanxi ignored his text message, and read on. It was common knowledge that tabloids would often blow things out of proportion just to get more views.

The article basically talked about how Jiang Mohan slept with a woman, but refused to pay her the amount she had in mind, causing things to end up in a fight.

Zong Yanxi was rather amused. Refusing to pay money when he's that rich? Fighting, even. How ridiculous.

Gu Xian texted again, worried because Zong Yanxi had not replied to him: You aren't feeling upset about this, are you?

Zong Yanxi finally texted back: Why would I feel upset?

Gu Xian responded: What do you mean, why? Your ex-husband is hooking up with other woman in the club!

Zong Yanxi was unfazed as she replied: You're right. He indeed is my ex-husband. I repeat, my ex-husband. Hence, it is none of my business.

Gu Xian then heaved a sigh of relief as he replied: Alright then. Have a great day!

Zong Yanxi put away her mobile phone and got off her bed. She had work to do that day.

In order for Zong Yanxi to get back at Ling Wei for what she did to her, she needed to gather evidence on the incident where she got kidnapped.

However, Zong Yanxi had no leads, and dared not contact those people involved, fearing that her parents would find out about what she was doing.

All Zong Yanxi could do was to check for any footage or records of Ling Wei entering and leaving the villa where the former used to live with Jiang Mohan.

Though it had been quite some time since the incident happened, the surveillance footage would be worth a look because the place had a top-notch security system.

After having breakfast, she promptly left her house.

In the span of a year, the place which used to be her residence had turned into a wasteland. Dried, dead leaves covered the courtyard, and thorny weeds infested the lawn.

Zong Yanxi tried using the old passcode to unlock the gate. To her surprise, the gate swung right open. Jiang Mohan did not change the passcode when he left.

As she stood in the courtyard, fleeting memories of the past flashed through her mind. Once upon a time, she genuinely believed that she would happily spend the rest of her life with him there.

Reality hurts.

Regaining her composure, she walked towards the door of the villa. The passcode there was also unchanged.

The air in the villa was stone cold. A thick layer of dust masked every inch of its interior.

And yet, it used to be her dream house when she had just gotten married with Jiang Mohan.

Zong Yanxi's eyes watered up.

How pathetic! How foolish!

She dragged her feet, walking towards the study. The study was also the control room for the security systems of the villa.

Having lived there for three years, she knew about every little design and detail of the villa at her fingertips.

In the study, Zong Yanxi sat herself down before the computer.

Although Jiang Mohan had moved out since the divorce, the water and electricity were not terminated.

The computer screen lit up in an instant.

Zong Yanxi accessed the records of the security system, and entered the date and time of the footage she needed to examine.

To her dismay, the footage for that exact time interval had already been deleted.

Well, of course Ling Wei would have cleaned up the footage to hide her deeds.

Despite the unfortunate turn of events, Zong Yanxi believed that it was impossible to commit a perfect crime. Even without that particular surveillance footage, she could still obtain evidence from the people who kidnapped her back then.

There has to be a way.

After shutting down the computer, she hastily made her way out, knocking a book off the tabletop.

Thud! As the book landed, specs of dust fluttered in the air.

She bent down to reach for the book, but a photograph fell out from it. It was a photograph of a woman holding a young boy in her arms.

Zong Yanxi's eyes widened. Much to her surprise, the woman happened to be Aunt Wang, and the boy was Jiang Mohan.

All of a sudden, her knees felt weak, and she fell back onto the chair.

So that's why he hated me so much?

Simply because he thought that my family was responsible for his mother's death?

Is that it?

What about our wedding?

Was that just a part of his plan for revenge?

Was I just his pawn in his plot?

Zong Yanxi face convulsed into a chilling smile. Love? No, it was just a bait to hook me in. Haha...

"Jiang Mohan... Good work. How foolish of me to have believed in your every word? To have thought about having children with you?"

Looking up, she tried her best to hold back her tears. "Do you still not understand, after three years of living together with me? I almost died in that car crash too! Uncle Shen barely made it out alive. How could you? How could you think of us as the villains who killed your mother?" Tears streamed down her face.

The pain in her heart was unbearable. Nothing could even compare to the agony she felt upon realizing how Jiang Mohan thought of her.

"And yet, I wanted to spend the rest of my life with a man who neither loved nor trusted me?" She cried.

When Zong Yanxi finally stood up again, her tears had dried. She inserted the photograph back into the book, and placed it down on the desk. As she left the room, her lips arched into a cruel smile.

This is it. We shall be nothing but enemies from now on.

She strode off, her footsteps firm and strong.

When she closed the gates, her mobile phone rang. It was Gu Xian.

“What’s up?”

“Fancy a meal?” Gu Xian replied.

“You’re pretty free, huh?” Zong Yanxi said as she walked.

“Well, I was wondering if you needed some company since you just came back. If you don’t need it, it’s alright...”

“My bad, my bad. How about you come pick me up?”

Zong Yanxi gave Gu Xian her location.

The villa was located in the suburbs, near a hill. You could see the azure oceans from there, and the air was fresh. The only downside to it was its distance from the city.

“Okay, wait for me,” Gu Xian said before hanging up.

Zong Yanxi continued on the path leading to the roads.

It was a remote path known to only a few.

As she walked, she noticed Ling Wei’s car parked by the roadside. It was the same old red Porsche that she had seen before.