

# Stealing Your Heart Chapter 898

After Zong Yanxi spelled her terms, the man agreed without any hesitation.

It was a good deal and there was no reason for him to say no.

True, she was paying him a lot more than Ling Wei did, but what was more important was her family background.

He could not afford to cross the Zong family.

To be precise, the man did not have a choice at all. He had to think of his men and do what was best for them.

And choosing Zong Yanxi over Ling Wei was the only way to preserve himself and his men.

After striking the deal, Zong Yanxi stood up and gestured to leave. "Don't let me down," she said before walking towards the staircase.

"I won't. I'll see you out," the man followed suit and walked towards her.

"By the way, you're..." Zong Yanxi stopped suddenly and asked.

"Li Chengjie," the man replied.

Zong Yanxi shot him a smile and nodded before they went downstairs.

Seeing their boss and the two guests coming down, the men downstairs stood up and greeted their leader. "Chengjie."

He nodded and waved at his men as he looked at Zong Yanxi. "Come meet my friends."

Zong Yanxi raised her brows as she heard the word "friends."

But Li Chengjie smiled warmly and introduced the lot. "These are my brothers. They've been working for me for years, and they are like my family."

Although Li Chengjie and his men operated illegal crimes, they were still men of honor who remained loyal to their friends.

Zong Yanxi dipped her head at the men and said, "We'll make a move first. You don't have to send us off."

"Alright. See you," Li Chengjie replied as he stood at the door.

Gu Xian hastened his step as he went ahead to open the door for Zong Yanxi. After getting into the driver's seat himself, he sped off in no time.

Over at the door, Li Chengjie turned and went into the house after they left.

"Do we have a new task?" the man with a scar asked hopefully. From the looks of Li Chengjie, he could tell their boss had just landed a good deal with Zong Yanxi.

But Li Chengjie was not as enthusiastic. "I'm doing this alone. It's not something y'all can do. Also, try to lay low these few days," he replied coldly.

"Don't worry. We won't cause any trouble," the man with a scar replied.

"Yeah, we won't get into trouble," another said.

Li Chengjie nodded and spared them an extra glance before making a call as he went upstairs.

In the car, Gu Xian finally broke the silence after driving some distance.

"Why did you tell them who you are? He might snitch on you."

But Zong Yanxi did not seem concerned at all. "He won't. He has too much to lose," she replied as she looked outside.

She knew there was no use hiding from him. It was just a matter of time before he found out about her true identity.

“Gu Xian, do you remember how you faked my death on the police’s side?” she asked.

“Yeah. I got someone to alter the DNA of the victim,” Gu Xian answered.

“But don’t you think it’s weird? It’s impossible that Jiang Mohan didn’t find out anything at all.”

Gu Xian’s grip tightened around the steering wheel as he thought about her question. “Do you mean someone else has been helping us all along?” he asked.

“I’m not sure. After we’ve settled this...”

“What are we doing after we settle this?” Gu Xian asked with a grin without even waiting for her to finish her sentence.

Zong Yanxi glared at him and raised her voice. “Mind your own business!”

But her tone quickly changed as she thought about something else. “By the way, I’ll help you look for your dad. It’s time I return the favor.”

The smile on Gu Xian’s face widened and nodded. “Sure!”

“But I’ll need some clues though. I can’t start out of nowhere,” Zong Yanxi added.

“Oh, yes, you do. I went back to see my mom the other time, and I saw a man’s photo in her drawer. I think that’s my dad so I took a photo of it,” Gu Xian explained.

“Do you look like him?” Zong Yanxi asked.

“I’m afraid not. I look more like my mom,” he replied, his face sullen.

“I’ll be the judge of that. Show me the picture,” Zong Yanxi suggested, trying to cheer him up.

“My phone is in my pocket,” Gu Xian replied without taking his eyes off the road.

"You take it for me."

Gu Xian gave her a quick look and chuckled. "Why not take it yourself?"

Zong Yanxi rolled her eyes and clicked her tongue. "I don't like taking things from other people's pockets."

Gu Xian pursed his lips and reached for his pocket with one hand.

"You're not afraid I'll snoop through your phone?" Zong Yanxi teased as she took the phone from him.

"Well, I'm not you, I don't have any secrets. My phone is not even locked." Gu Xian pouted his lips shrugged.

"Like I have a lot of secrets!" Zong Yanxi objected.

Gu Xian looked at her from the corner of his eyes and nodded sarcastically.

Everyone thinks you're dead. Is that not a secret?

Zong Yanxi knew what he was thinking but she did not call him out. She clicked on his photo gallery and scrolled through the very few photos he had.

"This is your mom?" she asked, looking at the woman in his photos.

"Yeah. She looks young for her age," he said.

"True. She doesn't seem like she has a son of your age."

Zong Yanxi continued going through the photos and saw the photo he talked about. The photo was not professionally taken. Instead, it looked more like someone had taken a mugshot of the man with a phone camera and printed it out later on.

The man in the photo reminded Zong Yanxi of Uncle Guan.

She rubbed her chin as she stared at the man. "What if your dad already has a family?"

"I've never thought about that," Gu Xian replied shortly.

He had never thought about meeting his half-siblings. All he wanted to know was who his father was.

"I'll help you," she said as she placed his phone on the center console. Zong Yanxi was confident she could get to the bottom of this. The man in the photo reminded her of Uncle Guan. In fact, she dared say he looked exactly like Uncle Guan. And she knew exactly who to turn to for information.

She took out her phone and texted Zhuang Jiawen: Baby, I need your help.

Zhuang Jiawen replied instantly: Don't call me Baby!

Zong Yanxi tried suppressing her laughter as she typed: That's what everybody calls you at home.

But Zhuang Jiawen was definitely not buying that: Yeah, but I'm all grown up now. I don't care what y'all used to call me.

Zong Yanxi finally budged and went straight to the topic: Anyways, could you help me run a check on Uncle Guan? I want to know if he had a girlfriend.

A reply came within a few seconds: What's the matter? How did you find out about Uncle Guan?

Over on the other side, Zhuang Jiawen instantly regretted his hasty reply. It was obvious that Zong Yanxi did not know about Uncle Guan yet, else she would have chided Zhuang Jiawen for spilling the beans.

But it was all too late. Zong Yanxi's expression became serious the moment she saw the message.

What does he mean?

Is he implying that Uncle Guan is here?

Zong Yanxi refused to believe it. Yet everything was pointing to one possibility—everyone had found out about her secret—but they acted as if they knew nothing.

Zhuang Jiawen quickly followed up with another message: Yanxi, I'm sorry.

Zong Yanxi definitely did not feel good. Yet she knew it was not the time for her to be eaten up by her emotions. She composed herself and replied: It's okay. Just see if you can find anything about Uncle Guan.

Since her sister chose not to talk about it, Zhuang Jiawen sent a brief reply after reading her message and got to work.

Zong Yanxi knew she had been an unruly daughter. When her parents opposed her marriage with Jiang Mohan, she threatened them with her own life, thinking her decision was right.

But it turned out that she was the biggest fool who could not even bring herself to face the reality.

"What's up? You've been sighing like an old woman for the past minute," Gu Xian asked.

"It's nothing. Do you want to grab a drink with me?" Zong Yanxi needed to take her mind off the misery.

"Sure! I'll choose a place," he said, taking a U-turn.

The rest of the journey continued in silence until they pulled up beside a restaurant.

"I wanted a drink, not a meal," Zong Yanxi said with a frown.

Yet Gu Xian ignored her and got off the car. "You'll need to eat something before you drink," he said, opening the door for her.