

# Stealing Your Heart Chapter 884

The high bidding price of the very first item caused the room to fall silent.

Gu Xian could sense that something was off with Zong Yanxi and asked in a low voice, "What's wrong?"

"Nothing. I'm fine." She was just slightly rattled at the sight of something she hadn't seen for so long.

A man's voice piped up from the second floor. "Thirty million."

His voice broke the silence.

The crowd was shocked at the daring spike of twenty million.

Jiang Mohan clenched his fists tightly. "Fifty million."

Ling Wei looked at him before looking at the ring on the model's finger. Her expression started to sour.

She recognized that it was Zong Yanxi's ring.

"One hundred million," someone said from the second floor again.

The crowd collectively inhaled sharply. Is that person insane?

"Two hundred million," Jiang Mohan said in a loud and confident voice.

No one made a higher bid. That price had already shocked the magnates in the room. They might have been rich, but they knew money was hard to come by.

The emcee was getting fired up as well because of the unexpected popularity for the very first item. He called out in a loud voice, "Two hundred million! Anyone else?"

No one said anything.

The emcee spoke again. "Two hundred million going once! Going twice..."

"Three hundred million," the same mysterious person from the second floor called out.

Everyone was trying to catch a glimpse of the mysterious second floor buyer. Did his money grow on trees? How could he be so generous? The prices being called out had already surpassed the actual value of the ring.

"Mohan, it's not worth it. That other buyer isn't even showing his face. He might be in cahoots with the auction and is just joining in to hike up the price..."

"Three hundred and thirty million."

Ling Wei hadn't even finished her sentence before Jiang Mohan cut her off.

"President Jiang is truly generous," someone chuckled.

A ring being auctioned off for so much? This was definitely going to be in the news tomorrow.

Zong Yanxi's gaze landed on the man in front who was out-bidding the other buyer.

Anyone could tell that he was already willing to spend much more than what the ring was actually worth.

Could he still be in love with me?

No. That's impossible.

If he did, he wouldn't have left me to die.

He's probably just trying to soothe his conscience.

However, she was curious about the mysterious second floor bidder's identity. She looked up but couldn't see the person in question because the second floor was closed off.

"There has to be something fishy going on." Gu Xian also felt like this was all just a trick on the auctioneer's part.

"What do you mean?" Zong Yanxi asked.

"They're purposely calling out more and more so that they can hike up the price of the items."

"I don't think so." Would that dimwit actually get into such a petty argument with the mysterious buyer from upstairs? He clearly wouldn't.

It was as if the person upstairs were only calling out prices because he was sure that Jiang Mohan would bid an even higher amount.

"Three hundred thirty million going once! Going twice!" As the emcee called out the current highest bid, his voice slowed down for dramatic effect. "Three hundred thirty million going thrice! Congratulations, President Jiang! We would also like to thank you for your generosity today. Now, may the model please hand the ring over to President Jiang."

The model slipped off the ring and placed it in a velvet box she was holding. She walked toward Jiang Mohan.

Ling Wei dug her nails into her palm. She's already dead! Why is he still not over her?

"President Jiang." The model presented the tray to Jiang Mohan.

Jiang Mohan took out the ring and squeezed it tightly before tucking it into his pocket.

He looked extremely calm on the surface, but his hands were clenched into fists inside his pocket. The ring cut deeply into the soft flesh of his palm.

"We shall present the next item."

The model appeared again—this time with a painting.

The emcee introduced the original artist.

A painting by a famous artist like this had a high reserved price, and Gu Xian wasn't the least bit interested. He was representing his company after all, and he couldn't randomly make bids as if he were joining on his own. He would only bid for items that were worth it.

Zong Yanxi only tagged along for the sake of it, so she had no interest either. She dragged him to a quiet corner.

"Have you ever seen that ring before?"

Gu Xian shook his head truthfully.

Zong Yanxi thought to herself, Could it be that someone picked it up and wanted to earn some money off it?

She couldn't think of any other excuse.

"Did you manage to find out who died that time?" She had to go overseas to receive her treatment when it happened, so she was already gone before Gu Xian could make head or tail of the case.

They had never brought it up again after that.

Gu Xian shook his head. "Nothing."

Zong Yanxi frowned slightly. How could that person have died in the fire that was started to kill me off if they had nothing to do with me?

Something felt off about all this. Based on regular protocol, the police would have announced the victim's identity, but they hadn't done so in this case.

"This will be starting off at three hundred thousand!"

Gu Xian turned at the sound of that. He was still willing to bid for items that were worth it. After all, he couldn't just show up to an auction and leave empty-handed.

"I need to use the restroom." Zong Yanxi could tell that he was interested in the next item, so she ended their conversation and stalked toward the bathroom in her high heels.

In the bathroom, Ling Wei was looking at herself in the mirror. She had delicate features and a body to die for. What did Zong Yanxi have that I don't? Why can't Jiang Mohan just pay attention to me?

"Zong Yanxi, you're already dead, so why are you still trying to take him away from me?"

She couldn't stand it. It was unfair! She had done so much and was getting nothing in return.

"I should have killed you even sooner! That way, he wouldn't have fallen for you in the first place!"