

Stealing Your Heart Chapter 894

"Forget it," Jiang Mohan ordered. Ultimately, he still did not have the courage to go over. He was still not ready to face those haunting memories after all this while.

Over at the driver's seat, the driver had been taking an unusually long time to get the engine started because he knew Jiang Mohan would change his mind after he calmed down. The driver gave him a quick look from the rearview mirror and asked where they should head for instead, but Jiang Mohan remained silent.

He leaned his head against the headrest and closed his eyes as the driver drove off, wandering aimlessly through the bustling city. Jiang Mohan needed to get his mind off his feelings. But before long, he opened his eyes in frustration, reached for his phone, and dialed a number.

"Nan Cheng?" The call got through instantly.

"Yes, speaking." Over on the other end, Nan Cheng was standing right before Jiang Mohan's office. He was dropping him a document when he ran into Ling Wei crying her eyes out on the floor in his office.

They had been colleagues for some time ever since he started working for Jiang Mohan. Although he did not agree with her on how she handled things, he still saw her as a friend.

When he saw Ling Wei on the floor, he went over and helped her up.

Back in the car, Jiang Mohan shifted his gaze to the fleeting skyline of the city outside the car window. "I need you to run a background check on Lin Ruixi."

Jiang Mohan simply had to get to the bottom of it. He hated that feeling when he mistook her for Zong Yanxi. But most of all, he hated himself for acting unusual whenever he was with her.

He needed to know badly who she was and why he kept taking her for Zong Yanxi.

A brief silence came from Nan Cheng's side when he heard Jiang Mohan's request. He was still trying to get his head around why he asked him to do a search on her. "What am I supposed to look for? How she got into Rui Mei?"

"No. I want to know why she got into Rui Mei," Jiang Mohan corrected.

"Alright, I'll look into it," Nan Cheng replied before Jiang Mohan ended the call.

Beside Nan Cheng, Ling Wei overheard their conversation and shot him a questioning look. "Did he ask you to run a check on Lin Ruixi?"

Nan Cheng nodded briefly without looking at her. "Did you guys get into a fight?" he asked.

Judging from how she was balling her eyes out on the floor, Nan Cheng knew something must have happened. "This is our workplace and you're the head of the Planning Department. What do you think other people will say if they see you like this?" Nan Cheng criticized.

But Ling Wei was lost in her own thoughts. Instead of answering him, she asked, "Don't you think Mohan has changed a lot?"

Nan Cheng shook his head definitely.

Yet Ling Wei disregarded him and her gaze hardened. "I can tell he's changed. He asked me to apologize to Lin Ruixi, and now he's asking you to do a background check on her. What does he think he's doing? Is he interested in her? We've worked for him for a long time, and we know what kind of a person he is. He's not someone who's into women. Yes, he got together with Zong Yanxi and was loyal to her throughout, but that's because he wanted to get revenge. But what about Lin Ruixi? I can't believe I have to tackle yet another woman now that Zong Yanxi is dead!"

A short silence followed Ling Wei's spiteful tirade before Nan Cheng finally spoke calmly. "Ling Wei, Mohan stayed away from women even after he divorced Mrs. Jiang because he genuinely loved her. I don't think it's because he's not into women."

Ling Wei glared at him in ferocity and cried out, "Are you out of your mind? He loved Zong Yanxi? She's his enemy! Also, they're not married anymore, so stop calling her Mrs. Jiang!"

Nan Cheng stood unmoved in face of her aggressive reproach. He knew she was too blinded by jealousy to look at the situation objectively.

In this regard, Jiang Mohan was the same as Ling Wei. He was so consumed by vengeance that he did not realize his own feelings for Zong Yanxi.

Over the past year, he had become colder to people around him and had even cut all the women out of his life. In Nan Cheng's eyes, that was all because he had lost Zong Yanxi.

But there was nothing Nan Cheng could do—they were all too deep in the abyss of their emotions.

Having made up his mind to leave Ling Wei alone, Nan Cheng walked towards the door. Before vanishing around the door, he turned towards her and left her some words of advice. "Ling Wei, it's time you stop."

But his advice fell on deaf ears. Seeing Nan Cheng leave, Ling Wei dashed over and clung to him. "Nan Cheng, we're friends, right?" she asked imploringly.

"Yes," Nan Cheng replied.

"Then do me a favor. Please add one extra piece of information about Lin Ruixi regardless of what you find out about her."

A frown deepened on Nan Cheng's face the moment he heard her request. "What?"

"Just add on something saying that her private life is scandalous and that she's a playgirl. Mohan will definitely not fall for an indecent woman," she begged desperately.

Nan Cheng's gaze sank through her in disbelief. "Ling Wei, you know how seriously women take their reputation. How can you ask me to smear her reputation?"

Ling Wei's grip tightened around his arms. "I'm not asking you to publicize it. You just need to let Mohan know what kind of a person she is."

Instead of making things sound better, her explanation only intensified Nan Cheng's despise towards her. "Ling Wei, I'll only report facts I find out about her to Mohan. If you really love him, you'll wish for his happiness," he said before pulling her hands off his arm.

Ling Wei stood still and called out to him as he walked away. "Nan Cheng, have you ever loved someone?"

Over at the corridor, Nan Cheng's steps halted and his brows twitched for a second.

"Don't you wish you can be with the person you love? That's all I ever wanted for Mohan and me."

But a smirk curved on Nan Cheng's lips upon hearing her words. "Loving someone doesn't necessarily mean you have to be with that person. You can also love them from afar and cheer them on from behind. Seeing them do well in life is enough of a reason for you to be happy for them."

"That's not love. That's foolishness! You have to fight for the things you love!" Ling Wei retaliated.

"Whatever," Nan Cheng said with a sigh. He knew there was no point in trying to talk sense to someone who was compulsively obsessive.

He walked off determinedly and disappeared around the corner without saying anything else.

Outside the office, Ling Wei stomped her feet furiously. Her original intention was to warn Lin Ruixi to stay away from Jiang Mohan. But now that things had taken a turn, she had to get rid of her.

She took out her phone and made a call. "I'll send you her hotel room number. Make sure you deliver it to her as soon as possible."

A sinister voice agreed curtly on the other side before Ling Wei ended the call.

After leaving Hengkang Group, instead of going back to the hotel, Zong Yanxi decided to swing by the company to look for Gu Xian.

When she thought about it, her life was pathetic. Back then, her whole life revolved around Jiang Mohan, and Ling Wei was her only friend. Now that she was back, she had no one else to spend her time with.

Those people she loved and trusted with her whole heart turned out to be the people who hurt her the most.

What a fool I've been.

Zong Yanxi shook her head lightly and dismissed all the negative thoughts bugging her. Since Gu Xian was not around, she walked out of the company and hailed a cab to return to the hotel.

Not long after she arrived, the doorbell rang and she leaped from the sofa and hurried for the door in her cotton slippers.

"Ms. Lin?" the delivery guy asked after she opened the door.

"Yes, it's me." She confirmed with a nod.

"Here's your parcel," he said as he held out a paper box.

"A parcel for me? I wonder who it's from," Zong Yanxi mumbled. She did not remember buying anything online. Besides, she just got back to the country. No one could possibly send her a parcel.

"I have no idea. My job is to send it over. Your signature, please," the man said, passing her the delivery slip.

Zong Yanxi took it over and signed the slip without any further questions.

She held the paper box close to her ears and shook it. From the sound of it, she figured the item inside was light and small. After closing the door, she cut open the box and saw a USB drive.

Zong Yanxi squinted her eyes trying to make something out of this brazenly common USB drive. She threw the box into the trashcan and proceeded to switch on her laptop.