

Stealing Your Heart Chapter 936

Zong Yanxi frowned—a sign that she was angry. “President Jiang, why do you keep comparing me to a dead person? Are you cursing me?”

“She’s not dead.” Jiang Mohan stared at her affectionately.

Zong Yanxi could feel her heart tighten when he said that. “Y-Your wife is alive?”

“Yes. She’ll forever live in my heart,” Jiang Mohan said and walked into the kitchen.

The lady stared at him as he walked away. She could tell something didn’t feel right. His attitude kept giving her the feeling that he knew something.

Did I spill something?

It was then that Zong Yanxi recalled her visit to the study room. Before she left, she had forgotten to delete the footage that captured her entering and exiting the premises because the truth she learned that day had broken her heart and overwhelmed her.

Did he see the footage? Now that she was reminded of it, her heart began to race.

Zong Yanxi stood up and walked to the kitchen. As the familiar figure worked up and down in the kitchen, she suddenly called out, “Jiang Mohan.”

Jiang Mohan froze for a second, completely taken by surprise. He slowly turned around to look at the woman, “Ms. Lin, seeing that you’re addressing me by my full name, can I assume you’ve taken a liking to me?”

Zong Yanxi was speechless by his reaction. “I have a boyfriend...”

Hm, his expression doesn't seem like he knows... Am I overthinking it?

"From what I can tell, your boyfriend is too young for you. He's not your type," Jiang Mohan analyzed.

"Age-gap is so nineteenth century," Zong Yanxi scoffed. "Can you please hurry up? I have something to do in the afternoon."

"Sure thing."

Seeing how flustered she was, the man couldn't help but smile. Even after changing her face, he still recognized her instantly. The personality and air that she carried had remained the same.

Half an hour had passed and Jiang Mohan finally finished cooking. He set the food on the dining table and they sat down.

Zong Yanxi glanced across the table and realized they were all foods that she loved. Sitting across the man made her think of their past, in which they would have lunch just like they were now.

Jiang Mohan had always been a good cook. Perhaps because of his upbringing, he had mastered many skills that would enable him to take care of himself.

Foods that Zong Yanxi loved were now his signature dishes. He had spent a lot of time perfecting them just so he could win her heart over.

Later on, he would cook quite frequently. It was driven by his subconscious effort and done without him realizing his reason for doing so.

Jiang Mohan would understand his actions if he knew his own feelings well enough. All he wanted was to make her happy, but he never realized it.

"Have a taste." Jiang Mohan passed her a serving.

Yet, Zong Yanxi didn't even touch her food. "These are all things that I don't like to eat. I don't need to taste them to know I won't like them."

Instead of getting angry, the man smiled. "Ms. Lin, just think of it as you showing me your gratitude for signing the contract. You are appreciative, right?"

"Are you questioning me?" asked Zong Yanxi as she glanced at the food on her plate.

"Not at all. I just want to have a simple meal with you, that's all. Didn't you say you have things to do later? We'd better hurry up so I can take you back."

His comment left her speechless. Never had she thought she would sit across him at the same table a year later.

She wasn't as flustered by now. Why should I care now that I've decided to forget about him?

Zong Yanxi took a bite of the food and found the nostalgic flavor shrouding her taste buds. The meat was braised until it was soft and tender, and she could tell that the adequate amount of seasoning had penetrated it deeply. His food was as tasty as how she remembered it.

"How does it taste?"

"You should braise the meat longer. Also, you should add more salt; it's a bit bland," Zong Yanxi commented.

The man raised an eyebrow and took a bite of his own. "Yup. This is the flavor that my ex-wife likes."

"Seriously? Does your ex-wife have no taste bud?"

"Ms. Lin, haven't you heard of a certain saying?"

"What saying?"

"Beauty is in the eye of the beholder," Jiang Mohan said as he passed her another serving of food. "When you love a person, you will think of her shortcomings as strengths. Even though you don't think highly of the food I made, it's what she likes. You know, I think you'll find it tasty after having a little bit more."

"Like hell I will. There's no way I will like this even if you feed it to me a hundred times."

“How about we make a bet?”

“What bet?”

“That you’ll like my food after eating it a hundred times.”

“There’s no need to bet on that. I am a hundred percent sure I won’t.”

“Don’t jump to the conclusion just yet, Ms. Lin. Could it be that you’re afraid you’ll lose?”

“Do you think that’ll work on me?”

“Who knows?” Jiang Mohan took a sip from his glass. “But if you keep refusing, it’ll just make me think that you’re afraid of me.”