

# Stealing Your Heart Chapter 959

When the trio walked past her, the scent of cheap perfume wafted from the two accompanying ladies.

She watched as they entered a building where pink hues emitted from within. A shop sign at the entrance indicated that the building offered hair-washing, massaging, and hair-styling services.

Looking in through a glass door lined with advertisements, she could make out the sight of a woman embracing a middle-aged man as they entered the building. Another lady stood at the entrance, trying to rope in new customers to try out her "hair-cutting services." She was very forthcoming, greeting whichever passerby who crossed her way. If one pedestrian ignored her, she would move on to her next prey.

Like a parrot, she repeated continuously, "Do you want a haircut? My techniques are great, I guarantee that you'll be satisfied."

Ling Wei caught onto the underlying context immediately. If it were in the past, she would have judged them with disdain. But ironically, her current life as a fugitive could not even compare to that of those ladies. Giving herself a wry, self-mocking smile, she continued her way back.

Soon enough, a problem haunted her at the back of her mind- she was running out of money. Her food expenses would soon exhaust the remaining money she had.

However, looking for a job as a wanted suspect was a tall order. She would easily be recognized in crowded places as the police would have revealed her appearance online. In fact, because of this reason, the paranoid Ling Wei barely had the courage to head out.

However, life in the cramped apartment soon proved unbearable after two days. With depleting financial means, she knew she had to take a risk and head out to find an income.

Unfortunately, her job-hunting journey soon hit a bottleneck when none of the locations proved to be sequestered enough. The factory was packed with workers who were residents of the district, while a humble supermarket she was interested in also had substantial human traffic.

Ling Wei was staring hard at the job recruitment sign and failed to notice the landlord behind her. "What are you doing? Finding a job?" The woman was chewing on sunflower seeds.

Her unexpected presence gave Ling Wei a small fright, prompting her to turn vehemently. "No, I'm not."

The landlord chuckled at her response and replied, "I'm not blind. I have been looking at you stare at the sign for ages. Well, since you're so young and pretty, I actually have a job offer for you. Do you want it? The pay is way better than working at a supermarket."

Ling Wei immediately thought of the two ladies.

There is no way I'm stooping so low to service those horny men. Even if she had no other alternative means, she would not stoop so low. "I'm not doing it," she announced firmly. Then, without further comments, she left the scene.

The landlord scoffed at her attitude. "Does she seriously think she's some bigshot? Seriously, she lacks awareness of her own dire situation."

Ling Wei walked on and on. Her fists clenched tightly as her face paled- she could feel herself coming to a breaking point.

How did I become like this?

Why did I become like this? There was only one person she could blame- Lin Ruixi. If she didn't appear, I would have been living an envied life as Mrs. Jiang. It's all her fault!

The thought made her increasingly livid.

If I'm going to die, I'm going to drag Lin Ruixi down with me. It's her fault that I'm living such a pathetic life right now.

Once the idea of revenge was seeded, nothing could stop Ling Wei from executing it. I'm going to kill that woman!

With that, instead of returning to her temporary residence, she stepped on the path of vengeance. Even if the journey were a lethal one, the lady reckoned that she would much rather die than to continue living her current life.

By sheer coincidence, this happened right before Jiang Mohan managed to locate her rental apartment. Prior to her departure, the man had been actively tracking her down. Knowing Ling Wei's rationale, he accurately predicted that she would hide in a place that was crowded but isolated. He selected a few locations and deployed men on the ground to check them. Eventually, it was narrowed down to two locations- one of which was Ling Wei's hiding spot.

His men split into two teams and combed the locations secretly.

But when they reached the outskirts where Ling Wei was, the fugitive coincidentally departed.

By the time they gathered more clues and managed to find Ling Wei's room, she had already left for the city, ready to take down Lin Ruixi.

But not all hope was lost. Nan Cheng heard news that Ling Wei had been to the West City District, though she's no longer there.

That made Jiang Mohan certain that the lady had not left the city totally.

"Let the search continue," he said coldly. "Dead or alive, I want her found."

"Noted," replied Nan Cheng.

Following a slight pause, the man gingerly added, "Umm... Jiang Youqian is waiting for you outside. He wants to speak to you."

Jiang Mohan rejected the request without hesitation.

He had no wish to see that family.

Nan Cheng proceeded to convey Jiang Mohan's sentiments to Jiang Youqian, to which the man was not surprised.

However, he was insistent on meeting Jiang Mohan today. Lounging on the sofa in the lobby, he said coolly, "It's alright, I will wait."

Nan Cheng frowned. "President Jiang is injured, but there's a complete lack of concern from your side. Worse still, your parents already caused a stir the previous time, and now you're back here to create even more trouble. Don't you guys think you are going overboard?"

Jiang Youqian merely replied with, "I'm not here to cause trouble. I just want to meet him."

With a chuckle, he added, "And also, I don't think he needs our concern anyways."

Nan Cheng's face darkened upon his remark. "Do you think President Jiang is emotionless? Have you ever wondered why he is the way he is now?"

Jiang Mohan's plight was something Nan Cheng empathized with all along. He knew that the man had a rough upbringing that robbed him of a proper conception of love. Consequently, he ended up losing the most important woman in his life.

Jiang Youqian pursed his lips sheepishly at Nan Cheng's statements. It was an undeniable fact that Jiang Mohan had an unhappy childhood, and part of that reason was also due to all the dirty tricks that Jiang Youqian played on him.

"It's all in the past already," he uttered softly.

Nan Cheng scoffed, "In the past? That's an understatement. Have you heard of something called 'memories'? Those things will haunt you forever."

Jiang Youqian's voice remained soft. "It's not my fault."

"I would say that the problem lies in your parents, or more specifically, your mother. If she didn't have an affair with a married man, there would not have been a divorce in the first place. That way, everything else that happened following the divorce would not have happened either."

Jiang Youqian's tone grew even weaker. "They divorced because they no longer loved each other... "

Nan Cheng almost rolled his eyes. "I've heard that excuse many times. Frankly, I don't want to waste my time with you anymore. If you're not leaving, I'm calling security."

He had no tolerance for such shameless people. Not only have they never given an ounce of love to Jiang Mohan, but they are also even thick-skinned enough to be going after his wealth now. Despicable.

Jiang Youqian struggled to contain his emotions during the exchange. Swallowing his own indignance, he argued, "If I could choose, I would love to be born in a normal loving family too... But obviously, we don't have a say in the natural lottery. Honestly, I'm not here to argue today. I'm here to offer my sincerest apologies for what happened that time. My mother is equally sorry for it. All we want from him now is that he will be willing to take a trip home."

Taking Qiu Mingyan's sentiments out of the equation, Jiang Youqian frankly always regarded Jiang Mohan as his elder brother.

He himself might have indulged in slothful ways, but he never did do anything that crossed the line to his brother. The quarrel they had the previous time also stemmed from wanting Jiang Mohan to forgive his parents and to treat them better. He really had nothing against Jiang Mohan personally.

But Nan Cheng was not sold. "President Jiang doesn't have the time. Please take your leave, or I'll really call the guards."

Jiang Youqian stared at him in disbelief. "Did you not understand what I just said? I'm here for reconciliation, not trouble... "

"Security!" Nan Cheng shouted.

Exasperated, Jiang Youqian grunted, "Fine, I'll see myself out!" Conceding to Nan Cheng, he left the place.

After work, Nan Cheng was escorting Jiang Mohan. Entering the elevator, he said to the man in the wheelchair, "There's actually no need for you to come to the company, President Jiang. I can handle things on my own. Or if I can't, I can just bring them home for you to look through. You should take this time to recuperate properly."

"I may not be able to walk, but I can still think and write, you know... "

But the truth was that Jiang Mohan simply did not want to be alone. When left alone, he had no one but his thoughts to accompany him. When that happened, his thoughts never failed to drift towards her.

And thinking about her brought him nothing but immense agony.

Nan Cheng was well-aware of this, and there was nothing he could do but sigh internally.

When they exited the elevator, a figure awaited them. Nan Cheng's expression immediately turned into a scowl.

"Why haven't you left?" Nan Cheng bellowed.

Jiang Youqian stood before them, unperturbed. Since they were no longer in the office building, the man knew that the security guards had no right to chase him away. "Well, I'm not in your territory, so you have no right to evict me."

Turning to Jiang Mohan, he went straight to the point. His tone was that of a persuasive one.

"As long if you follow me back to visit our parents, I promise never to harass you ever again. Let's have a nice chat and settle everything once and for all, and the future shall be peaceful after that. Doesn't that sound great to you?"