

Stealing Your Heart Chapter 879

Two uniformed policemen walked into the room and said, "A fire broke out this afternoon at an abandoned factory in the eastern suburbs. Here's what we found at the scene."

One of the policemen handed over a sealed zip lock bag that contained a mobile phone and a will.

Jiang Mohan's face paled a little. Coldly, he asked, "What's the meaning of this?"

"We've just began our investigations into the matter, but we believe that the fire was started by your wife as a means for her to commit suicide."

Jiang Mohan's heart skipped a beat. Feeling a little light-headed, he wondered if the policemen were lying. How is it possible that Zong Yanxi tried to kill herself? No way!

He took the zip lock bag from the policeman and inspected its contents. The mobile phone did belong to Zong Yanxi. The will, when he unfolded it, was written in her handwriting as well.

It said, Mohan, there's no meaning in my life anymore after losing you. See you again. No, goodbye forever!

Jiang Mohan froze. Though he didn't realize it, his voice was shaking a little as he asked, "Where's my wife now?"

"The fire was too big, so we are still unable to ascertain what happened to her," the policeman replied. "Right now, I need to ask you a few questions. Have you and your wife been experiencing any marriage troubles recently? Do you think they might have played a part in causing your wife's suicide?"

Jiang Mohan didn't reply. He snatched his phone up from the table and stalked out of the room.

“Sigh...”

Nan Cheng walked over. “If there are any questions, I’m free to take them.”

Ling Wei glanced at him, then ran out of the room and chased after Jiang Mohan.

Jiang Mohan drove back to the villa. He flung open the door, only to find the house completely empty of people. As he walked further in, he realized that everything was exactly as it had been when he left. However, the divorce papers he had left in a neat stack on the table were now scattered everywhere.

He walked over to the table and glanced down at the divorce papers. Zong Yanxi had signed her name on the dotted line, agreeing to the divorce.

She...

Has she really signed it?

She seemed so reluctant to do so previously.

Jiang Mohan fell onto the sofa in a daze. His entire mind was buzzing with fear. As he tried to organize his thoughts, his mind drew a blank.

“Mohan.” Ling Wei walked into the room and stood in front of him. “You’ve already divorced her. Whether she’s alive or dead has nothing to do with you anymore.”

Jiang Mohan looked up and fixed his eyes on Ling Wei. “Nothing to do with me anymore?”

“That’s right. You married her in the first place because you wanted to take revenge on her family.” Ling Wei squatted down before him. “Have you forgotten how your mother died? Are you behaving like this because you have feelings for her? Don’t forget that she’s your enemy!”

“I’ve never forgotten!” Jiang Mohan clenched his fists. He still remembered the events that led up to his mother’s death. Back then, she was working as a helper in the Zong family home. A few weeks into her job, she had met her untimely demise.

His mother was in a car with two other people, but the two of them emerged from the accident perfectly fine. His mother was the only person out of the three of them to have died.

Jiang Mohan had knelt down next to his mother's corpse and begged his father to seek justice for his mother. To his horror, his father accepted the Zong family's hush money, and refused to conduct an investigation into his mother's suspicious death.

"Mohan, have you forgotten how difficult it was for your mother to bring you up as a single mother in the countryside? Just when he started to make money, your father tossed her aside and left her to suffer on her own. You were going to wait till you were older to repay your mother for bringing you up, but she was murdered before you could do that. Are you going to sympathize with the people who caused her death?"

Jiang Mohan looked away from Ling Wei. "No."

He said this very half-heartedly. Jiang Mohan wondered if there was something wrong with him. He had managed to take revenge after so many years, but he didn't feel happy at all.

"Since you've already divorced her, what happens to her from today onwards is none of your concern. Mohan, think of your mother up in heaven!" Ling Wei continued to press the issue of his mother. She knew that he was deeply devoted to her.

Otherwise, why would he come up with a decades-long plan just to avenge her?

Jiang Mohan placed the divorce papers into a small drawer. Yes, he had nothing to do with Zong Yanxi now. Whatever happened to her from now on was no longer any of his concern.

He took a deep breath to rearrange his emotions. "Let's return to the office."

Ling Wei said, "Okay."

When they got back to the office, the policemen were still there.

"From what I know about her personality, she isn't the sort of person who would commit suicide. Please investigate this matter further." Nan Cheng had a pretty clear understanding of Zong Yanxi's character. Even if Jiang Mohan chose to divorce her, she would never give up her own life so easily.

"Of course. You have my word that we'll investigate this case very thoroughly," the policeman replied.

At that moment, Jiang Mohan walked over. Towering over all of them at 1.85 meters tall, he had legs that were long. His classic black suit hugged his figure in the right places, showing off his built figure.

"I've already divorced this woman, so whatever happens to her now is none of my business. I don't care if she lives or dies, because frankly, that's none of my business either. Please don't bother to come down and explain the details of this case to me again. Thank you." As soon as he finished speaking, Jiang Mohan turned to Nan Cheng and said, "Send the policemen off."

He then turned and headed straight into his office.

The two policemen exchanged a look with each other. They glanced at Nan Cheng and asked, "Did he really divorce his wife?"

During their wedding, much praise had been said about the couple, who looked like a match made in heaven.

However, they had gotten a divorce in the end, and the wife had even chosen to commit suicide.

Nan Cheng nodded. "Yes, they've already gotten a divorce."

The two policemen grasped the situation immediately. They left to report the details to the chief police officer.

Jiang Mohan decided to take his mind off this matter. He was very busy in the office now, and all his time was being taken up by his work.

When the fire at the factory was finally extinguished, the firefighters discovered two corpses among the ashes.

The workers at the morgue discovered that one belonged to a female, while the other one belonged to a male.

The female corpse was identified as Zong Yanxi, while the identity of the male corpse remained uncertain.

When news got out, everyone started wondering if Zong Yanxi had cheated on Jiang Mohan, and tried to have a little rendezvous with her lover.

Far from a grand display of the couple's love, their wedding now seemed like a complete farce.

At Aihua Hospital, Zong Yanxi sat stiffly before the television, a veil draped halfway across her face. Her eyes were fixed on the screen, and they were full of anger.

"Why did you ask me to swap the female corpse's DNA with yours? Why do you want everyone to think that you're dead?" Gu Xian asked her, stuttering a little in his broken Chinese. He had spent his entire life living overseas before returning to China recently, and his Chinese was still rather patchy.

Zong Yanxi turned to look at him. "Do you think I'm the sort of person who would commit suicide?"

Gu Xian shook his head. "Life is precious. Only fools would kill themselves."

"I want to make everyone think I'm dead so that they will let their guard down." Only then would she be able to take back what once belonged to her!

She was the only daughter of the Zong family. She grew up as her father's favorite, and he had made her the sole stakeholder of Wanyue Group on the day of her eighteenth birthday.

Her twin brother, Yanchen, enlisted in the army a long time ago. He was assigned to a top-secret department, and Zong Yanxi had not heard from him for a very long time.

Meanwhile, Uncle Shao passed away in the year Zong Yanxi's younger brother turned twelve. He then went to C City to live with Uncle Su and Aunt Qin. After he turned eighteen, he inherited their business, the JK Group, and rarely ever came back to visit.

All the Zong family's assets landed in her lap, but she had carelessly given them away instead.

Zong Yanxi refused to let her father's biggest enterprise be taken over by outsiders. Otherwise, how was she to repay the kindness and love her father had shown her over the years?

Gu Xian gazed at her with a look of respect. Zong Yanxi had experienced so much, but her love for her family remained at the forefront of her mind.

"Don't worry, I'll help you out," Gu Xian comforted her. "You need time to recuperate first. Your injuries are pretty serious."

Zong Yanxi nodded and asked, "Have you found out what happened to your father yet?"

"Nope, not yet." Truth be told, Gu Xian was searching rather blindly. All he knew was that his father was in the country, and in B City, but that was very little to go on.

The clues were practically useless. It was impossible for him to find his father using them alone.

Zong Yanxi had made his acquaintance through work. During the fire, he had saved her life due to a miraculous coincidence.

"By the way, what about the two corpses that were found on the site of the fire?" Zong Yanxi wondered if those two people had something to do with her.

"I'll help you investigate that. Truth be told, I have no idea who they are either," Gu Xian said.

"I meant to ask this—do you have a very poor relationship with your mother? Why else would she have given you a name like Gu Xian?" Song Yanxi couldn't imagine what sort of mother would give their child such an inauspicious name.

"What does Xian even mean?" Gu Xian didn't understand the meaning of his name.

"You can look that up on the internet," Zong Yanxi replied blandly.