

Stealing Your Heart Chapter 913

Jiang Mohan slowly turned around and stared at Nan Cheng with a deep gaze. A moment later, he threw back a question at him, "Are you worried for her?"

Nan Cheng bowed his head. "Both she and I have been by your side for a long time. I've always treated her as a friend, so I'm having mixed feelings.

"She... deserves to die."

With that, Jiang Mohan turned back to the windows. The city was teeming with life as usual, with its lights flashing like beacons. Meanwhile, the streets remained as busy as ever, not affected in the least by the loss of someone, unlike the human heart.

Unlike him.

The Jiang Mohan now resembled a walking corpse.

Without a soul – just an empty shell.

"Nan Cheng, have you ever done something you regretted very much?" His voice was low, almost a whisper.

"Yes," Nan Cheng answered.

"Tell me about it."

It was as though he was looking for some peace of mind by asking this question.

He wanted to know if there was anyone like him at that moment, filled to the brim with regret.

"I liked a girl once, but she didn't share the same feelings," Nan Cheng gave him a short answer.

"Why didn't you fight for it?" Jiang Mohan turned around to ask him.

Isn't happiness something we need to fight for?

Nan Cheng shook his head. "I didn't want to force it or make things difficult for her. As long as she lived a happy life, I'd be happy too. If she's not happy and come back to me one day, I would of course accept her with open arms."

Jiang Mohan's eyes were fixated on him for a long while. He's happy as long as she's happy?

If you can't be with the person you like, and instead have to watch her be with another man, can you really bless them without any regrets?

After listening to what Nan Cheng said, he suddenly felt that he was a selfish person.

If he liked someone, he would want to be with that person.

He often thought about how he would make her stay by his side if she were still alive.

But... she'll never appear in this world again, would she?

I was the one who caused her to die.

If I didn't file for a divorce, Ling Wei might never have dared to do such a thing.

He was overwhelmed with regret – so much regret.

Unfortunately, one thing that couldn't be changed in this world was the past.

"President Jiang, the past is the past. It's time to let go." Nan Cheng didn't know how else to make him feel better.

He just didn't want to see his boss this way.

“Since when have we been able to control our hearts?” The more one tried to stop thinking about something, the harder it became to do it.

“Let’s go.” He strode out of the room with Nan Cheng trailing behind.

Meanwhile, Gu Xian and Zong Yanxi had just finished their breakfast. Gu Xian was about to leave when he turned to look at her, “Do you have anything planned out for today?”

Zong Yanxi replied half-heartedly, “I’m not done with the proposal yet, so I’ll be working at the hotel.”

Gu Xian gave her a smile. “Then let’s go for dinner after I get back from work? It’s only fair since you bought me breakfast.”

“Is food what you think about all day? You’ve only just had breakfast but you’re thinking about what to eat for dinner already? Do you know what you are?” Zong Yanxi leaned against the door and scoffed.

“What?” Gu Xian played along.

“A gourmand.”

A gourmand?

Why does this sound like the opposite of a compliment?

Although he had learned their language quite a bit, there were still many words he didn’t understand. Their language was just too extensive and profound. Sometimes, one word could have a few meanings.

He glanced at Zong Yanxi and fished out his phone to check for the meaning of the word “gourmand”. His face became sullen once he was done, and he refuted, “Have you ever seen such a charming gourmand before?”

Zong Yanxi’s lips twitched. “Well, I guess I have since you’re standing right in front of me now.”

Hearing her response, Gu Xian was rendered speechless.

"I'll talk to you later." He couldn't possibly win her in a verbal battle because his vocabulary range was very limited compared to hers.

Especially when it came to cursing at someone without actually cursing.

"I'm leaving."

Then Gu Xian left while Zong Yanxi had a smirk on her face. "I won't be seeing you off, then."

"You're just a heartless person. I'm your life savior, but you're not grateful towards me in the least. I'm starting to feel like I saved you for nothing." He snorted coldly.

This time, it was Zong Yanxi's turn to be speechless.

I've never once forgotten about your kindness, okay?

Otherwise, would I be treating you like my little brother?

I've never let anyone borrow my bedroom and bathroom before, especially someone of the opposite gender.

Gu Xian pressed the button for the elevator.

After a while, the elevator doors opened. Just as he was about to step in, three people got off the elevator, and the one at the forefront was Guan Jing.

Gu Xian was thrown into a panic as he stood rooted to the spot, not knowing how to react.

Isn't this man...

At the same time, Guan Jing sent him a fleeting glance but didn't care too much. He just found him a little odd for not getting into the elevator even when it was already empty.

He brought the other two men towards Zong Yanxi's door and knocked on it.

When Gu Xian saw that, his eyes widened to the size of saucer plates.

Why did he knock on Zong Yanxi's door?

Is he a friend or foe?

Is he planning to harm her?

His mind was in a whirl at that moment.

Just as the door opened from the inside, he quickly pressed for the elevator which was about to close, and hurriedly stepped into it.

Very soon, the elevator doors closed. But instead of pressing for the ground floor, he pressed for the floor below this one. He got off, found the stairway, and made his way up again. While he was doing this, he dialed Zong Yanxi's number.

He feared that she had encountered a bad person and planned to either call the police or barge right in if she didn't answer his call.

On the contrary, if she answered his call, it would mean that the man wasn't here to harm her.

But if that man isn't here to harm her, how did she come to know him?

I even showed her a photo of him before.

Many possible theories flashed across his mind.

Zong Yanxi, who thought that Gu Xian had turned back, opened the door. "Why did you..."

The words died in her throat when she saw that it was Guan Jing.

"Uncle Guan?"

Guan Jing looked at her and asked, "Who did you think I was?"

Peering into the room, he noticed the plates on the table that hadn't yet been cleared. It was obvious that it was a breakfast for two.

He looked at his watch which showed that it was only 6:49 a.m.

Not the usual time people had their breakfasts.

Did someone stay the night here?