

Stealing Your Heart Chapter 932

Jiang Mohan was browsing the news. Zong Yanxi had really misunderstood him on this matter; this was not his original intention. He simply did not stop the paparazzi when he discovered that they were secretly filming him. It was his lack of action that led to this news today.

After all, the media industry these days no longer produced news based on authenticity but rather on how attention-grabbing the news could be.

He put away his phone as his mind wandered. How would Zong Yanxi look when she sees this news?

Suddenly filled with anticipation, he could not help but smile. Soon, however, his expression became clouded over.

This was because he had just received news from Nan Cheng that the house in which he and Zong Yanxi lived had been cleaned up, and that he could move in at any time.

Thinking that he would go back to face everything that had happened there, he was suddenly at a loss.

Those memories he had deliberately ignored were still vivid. Recollections of her gentleness and the warmth of home came rushing back to him.

Upon noticing that Lin Ruixi might be Zong Yanxi, he began to try to face the past, including those feelings he had never discovered before that had been hiding deep in his heart.

He wanted to face his true self.

He missed her once, and if God gave him another chance, he knew he must seize it firmly.

Picking up his jacket, he stood up and walked out of the office.

It was a sunny day. The warm rays of the sun reminded him of the woman who used to be the sunshine of his life.

He drove to the villa; Nan Cheng was still there.

In just one day, the place had become completely different.

The front lawn of the villa was mown. Not a single leaf was in sight as the place had been tidied up thoroughly.

Nan Cheng walked up to Jiang Mohan. "I supervised the cleaners as they tidied the house."

There was no change to the decoration inside. Every item had been wiped clean and subsequently placed back in its original spot.

Jiang Mohan nodded. "You may leave now."

Nan Cheng gave him a nod of acknowledgement.

Jiang Mohan stood at the door. Everything here had almost been restored to the way it was when she was still around. Looking at the spacious entrance and the clean courtyard, he composed himself and walked in.

The interior of the house was still the same as when she left; even the teacups were in their original positions.

This was the place he feared most and dared not face in the past year.

This was the place where he spent three full years with her.

Many unforgettable memories had formed during the one thousand-odd days of them living here together.

Jiang Mohan walked to the sofa, his thoughts flashing back to her desperation when he brought up the divorce.

He clenched his fists and felt his heart ache. Only at this moment did he feel her pain and helplessness at the time.

She trusted me so much and gave me everything unsuspectingly, but I...

He took several deep breaths to clear his mind before he opened the drawer which housed the divorce agreement she had signed at the time.

He slammed the drawer shut, unwilling to touch the hurtful memories.

It'd be great if I could forget certain things. Without the memory, there will be no regret. Once I forget all this, there will be no more heartache.

Suddenly, he remembered that he had installed surveillance cameras around the house, and that the screenshots from the USB drive he received last time were obviously taken from the surveillance cameras around the house.

Did someone come here?

He walked toward the study.

He opened the door of the study and felt a gentle breeze blowing through the opened window.

The house seemed a little quiet and desolate, probably because it had been left uninhabited for too long.

Jiang Mohan walked to the desk and sat down on the chair. Everything on the desk was exactly the same as before. He then turned on the computer and started clicking away with the mouse.