

Stealing Your Heart Chapter 935

Jiang Mohan's domineering attitude left Zong Yanxi speechless as she silently followed him and lined up at the supermarket's checkout counter.

"My ex-wife and I used to be like this, too. She stood by my side while I pushed the shopping cart."

Zong Yanxi came from a prominent family so she did not need to do this kind of thing. But she had often come along with him, saying that she wanted to live a simple life like other ordinary people. She would take his arm and say, "It's blissful to live a simple life."

Back then, he didn't understand the meaning of her words, but looking back he finally realized that she really loved him at the time.

Yet, he never cherished it, as all he could think about was the death of his mother.

"I'm not interested in your past relationship." Looking straight ahead with a calm expression, Zong Yanxi did not evade his gaze.

Perhaps it was because she did not care anymore that she was no longer afraid. His words made her nervous previously because she was afraid he would find out her real identity.

But later, she found that mentioning his ex-wife was his habit.

Perhaps only when she was dead would he notice the love she had for him.

Soon, it was their turn to check out. Jiang Mohan pushed the cart forward and moved everything onto the counter to let the cashier scan the items.

After paying, they walked to his car.

Jiang Mohan placed the items he bought into the trunk of his car. He proceeded to start the engine and left with Zong Yanxi.

After a while, Zong Yanxi realized that he was driving in the direction of the villa, so she asked, "Where are we going, President Jiang?"

"My house," said Jiang Mohan with his eyes on the road.

House?

Zong Yanxi now began to suspect that he had found out something. As far as she knew, the villa had been "abandoned".

The car had reached its destination while she was still lost in thought. Even though they were only at the main gate, Zong Yanxi could tell that the place had been cleaned up. It now looked completely different from the last time when she came.

This...

Staying calm, she tried to sound relaxed and asked, "Is this your house, President Jiang?"

After responding in agreement, Jiang Mohan opened the trunk to take out the groceries he bought. "Let's go."

Zong Yanxi followed behind him.

She pretended to be here for the first time and toured around the place. Then, she remarked, "The villa is nice, but the decor is not very impressive."

Almost everything here was decorated by her; every single item was the fruit of her labor.

At the time, she wanted a simple and lovely home with him, one that was not ostentatious.

As it turned out, the home she decorated with all her heart was nothing but "ostentatious". Others called them a match made in heaven, but everything was just a facade.

Keeping his thoughts hidden deep in his heart, Jiang Mohan had never really loved Zong Yanxi, nor had he treated this place as his home. Others thought they were a happy couple, but in fact, everything was a trap for his revenge.

Zong Yanxi fell into this trap without knowing it, foolishly thinking it was love.

Heh.

How ridiculous.

Jiang Mohan flashed her a smile. "I thought you would like it here."

"How is it possible? This is not my home."

"Maybe it is," he muttered under his breath.

Zong Yanxi didn't hear what he said, so she asked, "What did you say, President Jiang?"

"I said, make yourself at home."

Zong Yanxi deliberately replied, drawing a line between them, "Home is a harbor and the embrace of a mother. But there is no safe harbor nor the embrace of a mother for me here. How could it be my home? I dare not treat this as my home."

Gazing into her eyes, Jiang Mohan did not respond to her remark but simply said, "Feel free to walk around, Ms. Lin."

After speaking, he carried the groceries to the kitchen.

Standing in the living room, Zong Yanxi found that the place was exactly the same as before. Nothing had changed except the people in it.

She no longer had the state of mind that she had at the time.

She didn't touch anything in the house and merely sat quietly on the sofa. Taking out her phone, she sent a message to Zhuang Jiawen: Have you come back?

He was probably using his phone at the moment because his reply was instantaneous: No.

He then sent a photo.

It was sunny where he was. The trees in the photo had luxuriant foliage and the flowers were beautiful. They looked like they were in front of the pavilion.

The white curtains on the eaves of the pavilion swayed gently in the wind. A low, square table was placed on the carpet, adorned with fresh flowers that would be used to make wreaths.

Lin Xinyan was teaching Shen Xinyao how to make a flower wreath.

Having lived there for a long time, Lin Xinyan had learned many traditional handicrafts and was used to the local life and customs.

She enjoyed the peaceful life there.

Zhuang Jiawen texted: Mom is teaching her future daughter-in-law to make a flower wreath.

Looking at the photo and Zhuang Jiawen's text, Zong Yanxi smiled to herself as she replied: Seems like Mom is very satisfied with her daughter-in-law.

After a short while, he responded: Of course. She chose her herself.

I remember that Aunt Sang booked you first. Zong Yanxi texted back speedily.

Why do you talk as though I'm an item? Zhuang Jiawen protested in his text.

Zong Yanxi sent him a laughing emoji along with text that read: LOL. Well, you are.

Zhuang Jiawen was rendered speechless.

He changed the subject: Where are you now? Why are you so free to chat with me?

Zong Yanxi froze for a moment before replying: Can't I chat with you because I miss you?

He responded with a surprise emoji followed by a question: You've finally grown a conscience?

It was Zong Yanxi's turn to be left speechless.

He talked as if she did not have a conscience.

Zhuang Jiawen added: I thought all you think about is seeking revenge against Jiang Mohan. I thought you've forgotten your family.

Zong Yanxi no longer felt as cheerful; the mere mention of Jiang Mohan was enough to ruin her mood.

She replied: Don't ever mention him. There's no longer such a person in our lives.

Dad's here. Talk later. Zhuang Jiawen's text marked the end of their conversation.

Zong Yanxi stared at the screen of her phone for a long time. She missed her family.

Meanwhile, in the kitchen, Jiang Mohan glanced casually at Zong Yanxi and saw her sitting on the sofa, looking at the phone in a daze.

He put down the things in his hand and walked over. "If you're bored, Ms. Lin, you can go to the study. There are a lot of books; maybe some will tickle your fancy."

In fact, there were many books that Zong Yanxi once liked.

Hearing his voice, Zong Yanxi instantly regained her composure. She looked up at him and curved her lips into a smile. "It's alright, President Jiang. I don't like to touch other people's things when I go to their homes."

"We're business partners, so you don't have to think of yourself as an outsider." Jiang Mohan shifted his gaze slightly. "We're business partners with common interests, and that makes us family. What do you think, Ms. Lin?"

"I've always drawn a line between work and my private life and never mixed the two together," replied Zong Yanxi indifferently. Soon, she changed her tune, "Well, you're right, President Jiang. Since I'm representing Rui Mei, that means Hengkang and Rui Mei are a family."

Jiang Mohan chuckled. "You dissociating yourself from me. I almost thought you're my ex-wife who is mad at me."