

Stealing Your Heart Chapter 993

On the plaque, he saw some words written in black and embossed in gold. The writing conveyed a sense of power and magnificence.

"What's written here?" Tawan asked.

Zong Yanxi looked up as saw the words 'Phoenix Pavilion' written in Mandarin. She explained to Tawan, "Legend has it that a queen used to live here. That's why it's named as Phoenix Pavilion."

Tawan blinked as he pondered about the meaning of her words.

Zong Yanxi asked, "Do you get it?"

After a pause, she continued, "The queen is the wife of the emperor in ancient days while the phoenix is the king of birds in our nation. To reflect the majestic nature of the queen, she was thus referred to as the phoenix."

"Your country does have a unique culture. Everything needs to be expressed indirectly." Tawan seemed to have understood.

Zong Yanxi smiled, "You are learning fast."

"Come, let's take a look inside," Zong Yanxi suggested.

Tawan followed her. "Can you teach me how to write in Mandarin?"

"If you want me to be your teacher, you will have to pay for it." Zong Yanxi looked at him and joked, "Since you're so rich, I should charge you ten thousand an hour."

Tawan replied, "Of course."

Zong Yanxi laughed. "I'm just kidding."

"Ten thousand for an hour. You will be my teacher," Tawan repeated.

Zong Yanxi was speechless.

Is he serious? Despite joking initially, she relented after she saw Tawan's earnest expression. There was no way she could abandon her student now.

Whatever.

"Alright, looks like I'm forced to take you in as my student." Zong Yanxi walked towards one of the vendors who was selling antique fans. They were made of satin and had exquisite motifs embroidered on top. At the bottom, there was a red ribbon tied to it. As she picked one up for a closer look, Tawan picked one up himself. However, the one he took had landscape embroidered on it instead of still life. Furthermore, there was a poem inscribed.

He showed it to Zong Yanxi. "What's written here?"

Zong Yanxi glanced over and saw 'Love brings with it shared sorrow; it is undying and lingers in the heart'.

She then replied, "It's rubbish."

The vendor was upset when he heard her. "Haven't you ever gone to school? This is a poem by Li Qingzhao. How can you say that it's rubbish?"

Zong Yanxi looked at the owner of the stall. Since when have stall vendors become so cultured?

The vendor wanted Tawan to buy his fans and said, "This is a poem written by a famous poet in our country. He talks about love here and I think it suits you."

Zong Yanxi almost burst into laughter. How does the fan suit Tawan? He was about eight feet tall and had masculine features. The thought of him holding the fan was ridiculously funny.

The vendor was so desperate to sell his wares that he lied through his teeth by making such an absurd comment.

Tawan quickly put it down and shook his head. "I don't want it."

When Zong Yanxi saw how persistent the vendor was, she asked, "How much for one?"

"Fifteen."

"I'll take one." Zong Yanxi began to fiddle through her purse but Tawan stopped her.

"Let me pay."

When the vendor realized Zong Yanxi liked it and Tawan was paying, he regretted not asking for more. After all, a man like Tawan wasn't going to ask for a discount in front of his girlfriend.

After Tawan paid, the vendor kept the money and commented, "Your girlfriend is really pretty."

However, he lamented in his heart. This damn foreigner has taken another beautiful girl from our country.

Holding the fan in her hand, Zong Yanxi glanced at the vendor and quipped, "We're just friends."

"It's my mistake." The vendor smiled awkwardly when he realized he misunderstood.

He was relieved that a pretty girl like Zong Yanxi wasn't taken by a foreigner.

As it was almost ten, Zong Yanxi felt like going home as she hadn't had much opportunity to spend time with her parents. Since she was out the whole day, she didn't want to return home too late.

Tawan suggested, "I'll send you."

"You don't have to. Why don't we each head back by ourselves?" Zong Yanxi replied.

Tawan didn't insist and agreed, "Sure."

After both of them went their separate ways, Tawan took a cab back to his hotel and was surprised to see Jiang Mohan there.

Standing in front of the elevator, he was giving Nan Cheng instructions and didn't notice Tawan's presence. Tawan approached. "Mr. Jiang."

Nan Cheng turned towards him.

Jiang Mohan looked at him and grunted, "What is it?"

"Can we talk?" Tawan asked.

Nan Cheng's expression darkened as he didn't forget what Tawan did to Jiang Mohan in Thailand. "Mr. Thitipoom, I applaud your methods but do you think it's enough to stop us?"

Jiang Mohan frowned slightly. "Nan Cheng, you should head back first."

"But..."

When Jiang Mohan shot him a glance, Nan Cheng swallowed his words and headed into the elevator reluctantly.

"I know someplace quiet." Jiang Mohan led the way while Tawan followed behind. Both of them went to the business lounge on the top floor. The hotel's business lounge had a human-centric design. It provided a quiet and private environment that was conducive for conducting business.

Obviously, Jiang Mohan was very familiar with C City. After having a quick discussion with the hotel manager, they were given the best private room there.

A waiter brought in some tea and left, closing the door behind him.

"What you do want to talk about?"