

Stealing Your Heart Chapter 1002

Jiang Mohan's voice could be heard before the two of them even appeared in Zong Yanxi's sight.

Compared to Jiang Youqian's impulsiveness, Nan Cheng was much calmer. He asked Zong Yanxi, "Were you with President Jiang when the attack happened?"

Zong Yanxi replied, "Yes. Since you're here, there's no reason for me to stay."

"Wait," Nan Cheng called out, "You know what happened exactly, don't you?"

Zong Yanxi froze in her tracks and glared at Nan Cheng coldly. "What are you trying to say? Are you implying that I'm responsible for the attack?"

Nan Cheng remained silent, presumably admitting his intentions.

The officer beside them offered, "Ms. Zong was the one who contacted us for help."

Nan Cheng suspected that Zong Yanxi had something to do with the attack because she was present when it happened, not to mention that she certainly had the motive to do so.

"I'm sorry. I..."

"I don't need your apology." Zong Yanxi strode away.

Pacing up and down nervously along the corridor outside the surgery room, Jiang Youqian asked, "How is he? Is he badly hurt?"

Ignoring Jiang Youqian, Nan Cheng followed Zong Yanxi in pursuit.

When he finally caught up with her, she was already outside the hospital building. "Mrs. Jiang!"

Zong Yanxi stopped on the stairs and turned around at Nan Cheng, who was running towards her. He was about to say something when Zong Yanxi interrupted him coldly, "One minute earlier you suspected that I had something to do with Jiang Mohan's attack, and now you're addressing me so respectfully? How ironic!"

Nan Cheng lowered his head and apologized, "I'm sorry for the misunderstanding."

"Hmmp," Zong Yanxi scoffed, "So what if I'm really behind it? What are you going to do to me?"

"I wouldn't dare, Mrs. Jiang."

Zong Yanxi snorted, "Well, then don't go around and suspect anybody. And stop calling me Mrs. Jiang!"

Nan Cheng looked into her eyes and began, "Actually, President Jiang..."

"I don't want to hear a single thing about him!" Zong Yanxi interrupted angrily. "I'm no longer his wife, so don't ever call me that again! Otherwise, don't blame me for being nasty to you."

"It's just my habit..."

"Is this all you wanted to talk about?" Zong Yanxi rolled her eyes impatiently. "I don't have the time to listen to your bullsh*t!"

"No!" Nan Cheng shook his head hastily. "It's just that President Jiang is still in surgery. Can you stay until he comes out of the operating room, Mrs... Ms. Zong? I'm sure that President Jiang will be very happy to see you."

Zong Yanxi found him amusing. "Nan Cheng, you do know that we are already divorced, don't you? There's no reason for me to stay."

"You were once husband and wife after all..."

"Husband and wife," Zong Yanxi repeated coldly. "Did he think of that when he wanted to divorce me in the first place?" She sneered. "Did he think of that when he murdered my child and almost killed me? Did you ever plead to him on my behalf?"

Nan Cheng fell silent with guilt.

"Whatever happens to him is none of my business. Don't ever disturb me with his matters again." Zong Yanxi went down the stairs right after that.

She took a cab home without effort since many taxis were waiting in front of the hospital for potential customers.

There was only Shen Xinyao at home when Zong Yanxi arrived. She had just completed her work and was granted two days' leave by her boss, who was very satisfied with her performance.

Shen Xinyao took the opportunity to rest at home and went to the grocery to get ingredients for dinner.

"Yanxi." Shen Xinyao walked towards Zong Yanxi with her cat in her arms. "Is Jiawen back yet?" Zong Yanxi asked.

"He's not working overtime today. He'll come home at the usual time. Why, do you need his help?" Shen Xinyao asked.

Zong Yanxi looked at her watch and did a brief calculation. She had to wait for a few hours before Zhuang Jiawen would reach home, and she doubted that she had the patience. "I'll go to the company then." She walked out of the house.

Shen Xinyao asked tentatively, "What happened, Yanxi? You look anxious."

Zong Yanxi brushed off the question with a smile. "Nothing. I just remembered that I wanted to ask Jiawen something. Make good use of your leave and rest well, okay?"

Shen Xinyao nodded and watched her leave.

After closing the front door, Shen Xinyao put down her cat and reached for her phone on the couch to call Zhuang Jiawen.

"The number you have dialed is currently unavailable. Please try again later..."

Shen Xinyao hung up and dialed the number again after waiting for a short while. This time, the phone was picked up.

"Who were you speaking to?" She asked.

"Oh, it was nothing. Why are you calling? Do you miss me so soon already? I've already told you that I'm not working overtime today."

"No, it's not that." Shen Xinyao asked, "Have you done it?"

Silence fell over the phone. Zhuang Jiawen had just received the news that his men had executed his order when Shen Xinyao called him to ask about the same thing. How fast.

"Yes."

"Yanxi came home just now. She left for the company immediately when I told her that you won't be back home until a few hours later. I'm guessing that she wants to ask you about this."

It was just a guess, but Shen Xinyao wanted to warn Zhuang Jiawen to be prepared.

"Okay," Zhuang Jiawen replied indifferently.

"Is Yanxi going to be mad at you?" Shen Xinyao asked worriedly.

"Don't worry, I'll be fine. I'm her brother! It's my place to teach Jiang Mohan a lesson on behalf of her. Alright, I'm hanging up. I still have things to tend to."

"Okay. Come home sooner. I've bought your favorite dishes for dinner."