

Stealing Your Heart Chapter 911

He retrieved the USB drive and tossed the box straight into the bin.

Staring blankly at the USB drive for a while, he eventually connected it to his laptop and looked at the files inside. He wanted to know who was the person behind it and the content inside.

He moved the cursor and clicked on a video file, which revealed the footage of two persons impersonating him to get Zong Yanxi to sign the divorce agreement shortly after he left the villa.

They are Ling Wei's men?

He balled his fists, looking grim.

Although he couldn't see her expression from the footage, he could sense her despair when she lifted the pen and signed the agreement.

His heart contracted at once, feeling as though it had shriveled to the size of a bean. It was suffocating to witness that scene from a year ago despite feeling nothing at that time.

Watching her being taken away with his own eyes was different from hearing how she was killed.

He could see her fear, hatred, and despair clearly through the screen.

Unable to control himself, Jiang Mohan shot up to his feet and sent the documents on his desk flying to the ground with fury burning in his eyes.

His secretary, who was waiting outside, heard the noise coming from the inside. Quickly, he pushed open the door and barged in, afraid that something might have happened to the president. However, the moment he went in, he was shocked by the scene that unfolded before him.

For as long as he had worked there, President Jiang had always been calm and collected. He rarely behaved out of character, and today was definitely out of the norm.

“Get out!”

At his behest, the secretary quickly retreated and closed the door.

Jiang Mohan clapped his hand over his heart and sank back into his chair, feeling as though there was a missing piece to the puzzle of his heart.

He sat alone for a long time before picking up the phone to call his secretary, Nan Cheng, to get back inside.

“President Jiang.” Nan Cheng came back in shortly after. He looked around at the mess before him before looking up at Jiang Mohan.

“Nan Cheng, I need you to make an appointment for me,” Jiang Mohan said.

Nan Cheng nodded. “What is it?”

“I want to meet the chief at the police station.”

“S-Sure.” Nan Cheng hesitated because he knew why Jiang Mohan wanted Ling Wei dead.

He had known that Zong Yanxi was actually killed by Ling Wei when he confronted Li Chengjie after leaving the police station yesterday.

“Mrs. Zong is already dead. Why not give Ling Wei another chance—”

“She killed someone. She’s a murderer. And you’re telling me to let her go?” Jiang Mohan smoldered with resentment.

He could have considered it if it were someone else, but the person who was killed wasn’t just someone else – it was Zong Yanxi.

"She must die!" Jiang Mohan's voice was cold, and there was no emotion to speak of.

Nan Cheng lowered his gaze. "Understood, I'll get to it right away."

At four o'clock in the afternoon, Guan Jing showed up at the police station for Ling Wei's case.

As the current chief was recommended by Shen Peichuan, he knew about the close relationship between Guan Jing and Shen Peichuan.

"I'll bring this case to trial as soon as possible for intentional homicide and attempted homicide. It won't be an issue to lock her inside for the rest of her life. I'll make sure to make her life a living hell when she's inside."

Guan Jing nodded. "Thank you for the trouble."

"You don't have to thank me." He was Shen Peichuan's man, so naturally, he knew who Shen Peichuan was close to.

"By the way, President Jiang from Hengkang Group wants to see me. Ling Wei has always been working with him, and I don't think their relationship is that simple. I'm afraid he's trying to save her."

"Have you agreed to meet him?" Guan Jing asked.

"Not yet."

"Just go ahead," Guan Jing said. "It's fine as long as you don't promise him anything. Right, give me an address once you get the meeting location."

"What do you mean, Mr. Guan?"

"If he's really looking for you just so he could save Ling Wei, I'll send someone to beat the crap out of him!"

Ling Wei's the one who wanted to kill Yanxi. If he still wants to save her after watching that footage, I swear I'll get back at him for Yanxi.

"I'll contact you right away once I get the location," Chief Wu said.

“Okay.”

Meanwhile, Nan Cheng had come straight to the police station to look for Chief Wu, seeing that there wasn't a concrete response on the phone.

Guan Jing was about to leave the police station when he saw the former walking in. He then quickly hid behind a pillar at the lobby of the police station, squinting his eyes at him, and only walked out once he had entered inside.

Nan Cheng, on the other hand, was completely unaware that someone was glaring at him. He could only feel an inexplicable chill traveling down his spine.

After Guan Jing left, Chief Wu had gone back to his office to deal with the task at hand when his subordinate knocked on his door. “Chief Wu, Nan Cheng from Hengkang Group wants to see you.”

“Let him in,” Chief Wu said.

The subordinate quickly went over to inform Nan Cheng, “Chief Wu is in his office. You may go in.”

“Thank you,” Nan Cheng said before walking in.

“You were looking for me?” Chief Wu asked deliberately as soon as Nan Cheng entered, reckoning that he was here to intercede for Ling Wei.

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"President Jiang wants to see you," Nan Cheng informed.

Without skipping a beat, Chief Wu replied, "Since Hengkang's president is offering to buy me a meal, it would be impolite for me to reject such a generous gesture. So, where should I meet him?"

"The private room on the top floor of Imperial House. President Jiang will be waiting for you there at seven tonight," Nan Cheng answered.

"Sure. Tell him that I'll be there."

"Sure. I'll head back right now to tell President Jiang. Feel free to let me know if you need my help in the future, Chief Wu."

Chief Wu waved a casual hand. "We'll talk about this another day."

"Alright. I'll be taking my leave now." Nan Cheng replied.

Chief Wu hummed a brief response in return.

At seven in the evening.

Jiang Mohan had arrived earlier and was already waiting in the private room with the best view on the top floor of Imperial House.

This private room was located on the outermost edge of the building and had floor-to-ceiling windows covering the entire wall. The dining table within the room was placed against the windows where one would be able to have a panoramic view of the city at night.

Chief Wu arrived at seven sharp. Nan Cheng, who was waiting outside, spotted him immediately. He quickly greeted him politely, "Chief Wu."

The other man nodded briefly in return.

"President Jiang is already inside."

Nan Cheng led Chief Wu towards the private room.

Soon, they arrived at the door to the private room. Nan Cheng pushed it open and extended his hand in a polite gesture. "This way, Chief."

With that, the man entered.

Jiang Mohan got up from his seat to greet him first. "Chief Wu."

The man went over and responded, "President Jiang."

Thereafter, both men shook hands. Jiang Mohan withdrew his hand first and uttered, "Please take a seat, Chief."

Chief Wu sat down and directly asked, "President Jiang, did you invite me over to talk about Ms. Ling?"

Cutting straight to the point, Jiang Mohan lowered back into his seat and gave him a point-blank answer, "Yes."

"Then what do you have in mind, President Jiang? Or is there something you want me to do?" Chief Wu picked up the glass of water in front of him and took a sip from it. "Do you want me to go easy on her?"

After all, it's no secret that Ling Wei is one of his people.

Otherwise, he wouldn't have personally sought me out, right?

Unexpectedly, Jiang Mohan answered, "No."

Chief Wu raised his brows. "Oh. Then what exactly is this about, President Jiang?"

“Murdering is illegal, so the murderer should be punished by the law. I hope that she’ll be sentenced to death.”

Chief Wu was rather surprised by this unexpected turn of events. He had initially thought that Jiang Mohan wanted to save her, but it turned out to be the direct opposite of that.

“From what I know, Ms. Ling has been by your side for a very long time, President Jiang. Aren’t you the least bit reluctant to see her go?”

Meanwhile, at the hotel.

After Chief Wu received the address, he informed Guan Jing to head to the private room in advance to install a listening device. With that, Guan Jing was able to hear the whole conversation between the two of them in the private room.

He was already prepared to get into a fight. However, Jiang Mohan didn’t intend to plead for mercy on behalf of Ling Wei.

Thus, this made his anger subside a little.

Good thing he hasn’t lost his conscience or the ability to tell right from wrong.

No, that’s not exactly true!

Otherwise, he wouldn’t have become so vengeful because of what happened back then.

Back at the private room.

Jiang Mohan poured a glass of water for Chief Wu. “She’s not really considered one of mine. She’s just someone who works at the company.”

“This case also involves the one from a year ago, which had something to do with your wife’s death. You probably already knew about this, right, President Jiang? The fire from back then wasn’t a suicide attempt but started by the criminal suspect – Ling Wei. I wonder what thoughts you have about this, President Jiang?”

Jiang Mohan slowly crossed his hands that were resting on the table. He seemed calm but was, in fact, only forcing himself to look like he was.

"My wife and I were married for three years..." Jiang Mohan's heart was in turmoil upon mentioning her. He took a moment to compose himself before continuing, "I loved her very much. I was devastated when she passed away, and I hope that the person who hurt her will be punished accordingly. This is the only way her soul would be able to rest in peace."

Hearing that, Chief Wu raised his brows slightly. "I vaguely remember that the two of you had already settled the divorce papers at that time."

Jiang Mohan's lashes fluttered slightly as his gaze lowered. "Yes."

"Even though we were divorced, we were in love once, or we wouldn't have gotten married." His voice wasn't indifferent like it usually was but slightly lacking in confidence.

If what they had between them was only pure fondness back then, perhaps they would be living happily together right now.

"Chief, can you reveal the verdict?"

"Murder is a crime punishable by death. Besides, the details of her crime are abominable and caused a major impact. Even if she's not executed, she'll be sentenced to life imprisonment. I think taking away her freedom for life is more torturing than letting her die just like that. What do you think, President Jiang?"

"In that case, I have a favor to ask of you, Chief Wu." Jiang Mohan glanced at him steadily.

"Please go ahead. As long as it's something within my capabilities, I'll definitely do it. You're a well-known man in our city, President Jiang. I will most certainly try my best to help you."

"I won't ask you to help me without anything in return. If you need anything, just say the word."

At that moment, both men were still courteous to each other.

"I don't want her to live too peacefully in there." Jiang Mohan gazed out the windows, observing the city lights in the distance as a cold glint entered his eyes.

"Alright."

Chief Wu readily agreed. Even if Jiang Mohan did not make this request, he would have done it anyway.

“Anyway, I have some matters to attend to, so I’ll take my leave first.” Chief Wu got to his feet.

Jiang Mohan stood up with him. “Chief, you haven’t told me what you need from me yet.”

“In that case, I guess you owe me a favor, President Jiang. I hope that you won’t refuse me when I come to you for help in the future.”

“Of course.”

“I really do have something to take care of, so I won’t be staying for dinner. Anyway, you don’t need to see me out, President Jiang.” Chief Wu waved a hand.

Jiang Mohan called out, “Nan Cheng, send the Chief off.”

Instantly, Nan Cheng pushed the door and came in.

Nan Cheng did as told and followed behind Chief Wu as he walked out. “I’ll send you down, Chief.”

Chief Wu replied, “No need for that. You go ahead with your matters.”

Despite that, Nan Cheng still accompanied him to the elevator before heading back to the private room.

In the room, the crystal lights were brightly lit. The lights from outside reflected off it, resulting in an ocean of beautiful rainbow colors filling the room.

At that moment, Jiang Mohan stood facing the windows. His silhouette seemed unusually lonely against the night.

Pushing the door open, Nan Cheng came back into the room. After looking at him for a long time, he finally spoke up, “Will... Will Ling Wei die?”

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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?

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Zong Yanxi followed Guan Jing's line of sight and explained, "My friend was here."

Guan Jing asked, "Male or female?"

Startled by his question, Zong Yanxi scratched her head but chose to answer truthfully, "Male."

After that, Guan Jing ordered the two men to wait outside while he entered the room alone and continued probing, "Did he stay the night here?"

Zong Yanxi closed the door and told him the truth once again. "Yes."

After hearing her answer, Guan Jing glanced at her with obvious surprise flashing across his eyes.

Zong Yanxi scratched her head helplessly when she realized that he was overthinking things.

"This friend of mine was the one who saved me back then. He was in a bad mood yesterday, so he came here for some drinks. In the end, he had one too many, and I felt uneasy letting him go home alone, so I let him crash here for the night." Then, she pointed at the couch. There was a blanket strewn across it, looking like someone had slept on it.

Guan Jing, too, realized that he had been overthinking it. She was someone who had suffered emotionally. Hence, it wasn't likely that she would act recklessly.

With that thought in mind, he sat down.

Zong Yanxi then queried, "Uncle Guan, have you eaten?"

Guan Jing nodded.

"I saw that you brought two men with you. Who are they?"

Just as the question left Zong Yanxi's lips, her phone rang. She picked it up and saw Gu Xian's caller ID flashing across the screen. When she saw that it was Gu Xian, her eyebrows were raised in surprise. Didn't he just leave?

She swiped to answer the call.

"Yanxi, are you alright?"

Gu Xian's anxious voice sounded the moment the call connected.

At the other end of the phone, Zong Yanxi was at a loss for words.

What's with this guy? She thought to herself as confusion settled over her.

"Gu Xian, what's wrong with you?"

"Oh. N-Nothing." Gu Xian had already climbed the stairs up to this floor by then. He saw the two men standing guard outside the door and noticed that her voice sounded completely normal, nowhere near someone who was in trouble. Thus, he tentatively asked, "Do you want to come outside?"

Zong Yanxi fell silent once again.

"Didn't I already tell you that I'm staying at the hotel to work?"

"Oh, I forgot. Are you alone in your room now?"

The moment he asked that question, Zong Yanxi began to sense something amiss. "Gu Xian, what are you trying to ask?"

"Nothing. I was just afraid that you'd be bored all alone in the room. Do you want me to take you to the movies?"

"It's fine. I have some stuff to do, so I'm hanging up now..."

“Wait. Are you really alright?”

“I’m fine. I’m hanging up now.”

“Oh.”

Right after that, the familiar beeping sound came from the other end of the line. Gu Xian stood around the corner and stared at the door, not leaving just yet. He wanted to see whether the man who knocked on her door just now would come out of her room.

That way, he would be able to confirm if Zong Yanxi really knew him.

If she did, why didn’t she say so when I told her that I saw him last night?

Meanwhile, back in the room, Zong Yanxi had just put down her phone.

Guan Jing asked, “Was it that friend of yours who was in a bad mood?”

Zong Yanxi mumbled a “yes” with her head bowed.

After all, she knew about Gu Xian’s identity but was keeping it from both sides.

She was in a dilemma, unable to decide whether or not to tell Guan Jing.

Just then, Guan Jing abruptly said, “I’ve thought about what you said last time.”

In truth, he had asked Zong Jinghao for his take on it.

“I won’t intervene in the matters regarding Jiang Mohan. You can do whatever you want, but you must allow the two men outside to stay by your side at all times.”

Zong Yanxi knew that when Guan Jing said that he had thought about it; It actually meant that he had asked for her parents’ opinions.

She sighed inwardly. For the sake of my own dignity.

“Thank you, Uncle Guan,” Zong Yanxi said with a smile.

With that, Guan Jing steered them back to the topic. "Let the two men outside come in. The three of you should get well-acquainted with each other. Both of them are quite skilled. With them by your side, they can protect you and help you with anything. You can just order them to do whatever you find difficult for you to personally do."

Zong Yanxi didn't refuse because she knew that for Guan Jing to back off, she would have to allow those two men to remain. Otherwise, he probably wouldn't agree to let her exact revenge on Jiang Mohan by herself.

Thus, she stood up to open the door.

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The door opened, and Zong Yanxi said to the two men outside, "Come on in."

Both men bowed slightly at her and respectfully said, "Ms. Zong."

Zong Yanxi nodded and shifted to the side to allow them passage.

Then, she shut the door behind them.

Hiding around the corner, Gu Xian had personally witnessed the scene that just happened.

He was sure that Zong Yanxi was indeed acquainted with that man.

But if they knew each other, why didn't she tell me?

Why did she intentionally hide it? Does she even see me as her friend?

He clearly knew the answer to his question. However, he couldn't help but feel upset that she didn't mention anything about it.

Back in the room, Guan Jing was introducing the two men to Zong Yanxi. He pointed at one of them, saying, "His name is Tian Qifeng. He's the older brother."

Then, he pointed at the other man. "This is Tian Qilang, the younger brother. They're twins and used to be in the special forces before. They are very skilled, so you can be rest assured with them by your side."

When Guan Jing said that they were brothers, Zong Yanxi did a double-take at them and scrunched her forehead. These two didn't look alike at all. In fact, the younger twin was even taller than the older one.

"We're fraternal twins." The older brother, Tian Qifeng, who could sense Zong Yanxi's confusion, explained, "I heard that you have a brother too, Ms. Zong. The two of you are twins as well."

Zong Yanxi nodded and said, "We looked quite alike when we were young, though."

As a matter of fact, they still looked alike after they grew up. The only difference was her short height compared to her brother's due to her gender. Despite that, they bore a resemblance to their parents.

It was especially the case for Zong Yanchen.

"Then the two of you should be fraternal twins as well," Tian Qifeng replied.

Identical twins were the result of the fertilization of a single egg which split into two. Usually, twins like these would look very identical.

On the other hand, fraternal twins were the result of the fertilization of two separate eggs. They had different genes and hence, had a big difference in appearances.

Even so, they were exceptions where fraternal twins looked similar to each other, but those were scarce and rare.

"From now on, they will be your personal bodyguards," Guan Jing stated.

Zong Yanxi answered, "Alright."

She glanced at the two men. "I'll have to trouble both of you from now on."

The brothers replied frankly, "This is our job."

Guan Jing stood just then. "Anyway, I've been here for quite some time, and it's time for me to head back now. Ling Wei's case has been closed. She won't be causing any trouble again in the future."

"You're leaving so soon?" Zong Yanxi couldn't help but panic because she hadn't yet decided whether to tell him about Gu Xian.

"Mm. You don't want me to?" Guan Jing joked.

Zong Yanxi mulled over it for a moment before speaking, "Why don't we have dinner together tonight? I'll invite a friend of mine."

"Sure," Guan Jing readily agreed.

"I have some matters to take care of. Both of them will follow you around from now on. Oh, and—" he took out a pair of car keys from his pocket and handed it to her, "This is for you. It's inconvenient without a car."

Zong Yanxi accepted the keys and sent Guan Jing off.

"Call me once you've decided on the time to meet for dinner," Guan Jing reminded.

"Sure. I'll make the arrangements and give you a call."

She stood by the door as she watched Guan Jing enter the elevator. As she was about to go back into the room, out of nowhere, Gu Xian appeared behind her and grabbed her arm.

Zong Yanxi was scared witless and almost screamed, but realized that it was Gu Xian when she looked over her shoulder. She asked him in bewilderment, "Weren't you supposed to be at the office? Why are you still here?"

Ignoring her questions, Gu Xian stared at her with a gloomy expression and queried, "Do you see me as your friend?"

"Of course," Zong Yanxi didn't miss a beat as she answered.

"Hah. Really? Well, it's obvious to me that you know him. So why didn't you tell me?" Gu Xian raised his voice at her as he flung her arm away.

He had befriended her with a genuine heart. It was obvious that she knew who his father was but chose not to tell him.

"What..." Zong Yanxi quickly grasped his meaning. She turned to look at the elevator where Guan Jing had just disappeared into. Her eyes widened as realization dawned on her. He saw?

That's probably it. Otherwise, he wouldn't be this angry.

“Gu Xian, let me explain...”

“What’s there to explain? I can tell you’ve both known each other for a long time seeing how familiar you were with him. You had many chances to tell me, but you didn’t.” With that, he swiveled on his heels to leave.

“Gu Xian!” Zong Yanxi went after him. “Just let me explain...”

“You’re only going to feed me lies. You didn’t tell me, and that’s the plain truth. What else is there to explain?” Gu Xian didn’t give her the chance to explain at all. Thus, when the elevator doors opened, he swiftly stepped in.