

Stealing Your Heart Chapter 912

"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?”