

Stealing Your Heart Chapter 966

Nan Cheng looked at him. "This certainly doesn't happen often. Tell me first, is it good news or bad news?"

Jiang Youqian, however, was not joking with him. "It's serious."

Nan Cheng glanced at him and chose to believe him for the time being.

Truth be told, Nan Cheng had always had his guard up against Jiang Youqian. After all, she was Qiu Mingyan's son. Who knows what he's up to?

Jiang Youqian could sense Nan Cheng's animosity towards him. However, he didn't really mind. Who can I blame? I am Qiu Mingyan's son.

But I didn't have a choice in this.

He couldn't change the fact that she was his mother. However, he wanted to change himself. He did not want to be someone without any achievements.

Soon, the duo came to a bar. Jiang Youqian wasn't a stranger to the place as he used to frequent it in the past and had a few acquaintances there.

Although these acquaintances were not good people, they weren't exactly terrible, either. They just liked to fool around a little, but they were fiercely loyal.

As Jiang Youqian was a regular customer, he was rather familiar with the place. Pretty soon, they settled down in a relatively quiet private room that Jiang Youqian had chosen.

"Alright, what did you want to tell me?" Nan Cheng asked right after he sat down.

Attempting to diffuse the tension, Jiang Youqian joked, "Why are you so flustered? Aren't you my brother's right-hand man?"

"....."

"I'm kidding," Jiang Youqian chuckled, "Don't take it seriously."

Do we even know each other that well? Nan Cheng was not pleased.

"Back to business," Jiang Youqian said as a serious expression crept across his face.

"Go on," Nan Cheng replied as he stretched his neck a few times before sinking into the sofa.

"Has something happened to my brother lately?" Jiang Youqian felt that Jiang Mohan's sudden change of attitude towards him seemed to have stemmed from something that had occurred lately.

He just was not sure what it was.

That was why he was hoping to get an answer out of Nan Cheng.

"There have been——" Nan Cheng paused slightly, "Many things have happened to President Jiang."

"Well, tell me what happened," Jiang Youqian said as he leaned in closer.

Nan Cheng, however, pushed him away and said, "Hey, not so close."

"....."

Sitting upright, Jiang Youqian said, "Alright then, go on."

"Zong Yanxi isn't dead. His change in attitude should have something to do with her. He wants to salvage their relationship. That leg injury? He got that while chasing after her." Nan Cheng sighed, "You guys have really hurt him."

Nan Cheng had always thought of Qiu Mingyan and Jiang Jun as the main culprits behind Jiang Mohan's current state.

They were the ones responsible for Jiang Mohan's miserable childhood years. They were the reason he didn't understand what love was, causing him to eventually lose Zong Yanxi.

Jiang Youqian didn't contradict Nan Cheng's words. After all, what Nan Cheng said was correct and Jiang Youqian agreed with him.

"We can't change what has happened. The reason I have come to look for you is so that I could do something to help him." With a determined look on his face, he asked, "Do you know where she is now?"

"What are you planning on doing?" Nan Cheng still didn't trust Jiang Youqian and was afraid that he would do something to hurt Jiang Mohan.

Jiang Youqian could understand why Nan Cheng reacted this way. "I am truly grateful that he didn't hold my mother accountable for what she did," he explained, "We've always been the ones who hurt him in one way or another. Now, I want to help him. Since his leg hasn't recovered, I'm sure it isn't easy for him to move around. That's why I want to help him bring Yanxi back."

Nan Cheng stared at Jiang Youqian silently for some time.

Unfazed, Jiang Youqian looked him in the eye and continued, "I mean it."

After giving it some thought, Nan Cheng replied, "Alright. I can't leave the country at the moment anyway. It's best if someone could go in my place."

Jiang Youqian smiled. "I will definitely bring Yanxi back to my brother, no matter what it takes."

Nan Cheng sighed. "I hope so."

"What do you mean by that? Don't you remember how much Yanxi loved my brother in the past..."

“Jiang Youqian,” Nan Cheng interrupted him, “President Jiang was the one who initiated the divorce back then. She was nearly killed by Ling Wei and she even lost a child. Do you think she can still forgive him?”

Jiang Youqian’s eyes widened and he quickly fell silent.

He was shocked to find out that Zong Yanxi had lost a child—her child with Jiang Mohan.

Truth be told, he always knew that Jiang Mohan yearned for the warmth of a true family.

So his attitude changed because he has lost many things which mattered to him and which he is now trying to salvage?

So that’s why he forgave Mom. He no longer wants vengeance to drive him to make unforgivable mistakes.

“I’ll definitely bring Yanxi back,” Jiang Youqian said firmly.

Nan Cheng drew in a deep breath. “I hope you’ll really be able to do it.”

Deep down, Nan Cheng did not believe that Jiang Youqian could achieve it.

Forgiveness required immense courage and was certainly easier said than done.

“She’s in Chiang Mai, Thailand. Good luck.” Nan Cheng then got to his feet and said, “I have something to attend to, so I’ll get going first.”

Nan Cheng walked away after that.

Looking at him, Jiang Youqian said, “Thank you. And don’t tell my brother for now. I want to give him a surprise.”

Without turning back, Nan Cheng waved his hand and replied, “I got it.”

After leaving the bar, Nan Cheng headed straight for the villa.

Several maids had been hired to tidy up the place. As Jiang Mohan couldn’t move around as easily as before, he couldn’t be alone at home.

After handling the matter, Nan Cheng had to go and report to Jiang Mohan.

When he arrived at the villa, Jiang Mohan was sitting by the window. The maid had left food on the table. That seemed to have been a while ago, judging by how cold the food had become.

"President Jiang," Nan Cheng greeted as he walked over.

"Ling Wei is dead. Investigation results have verified that it was suicide. Chief Wu has handled things on his end. Wang, the policeman who let her go, is currently suspended and under investigation."

Jiang Mohan sat there motionless and made no response. Yet, Nan Cheng knew that Jiang Mohan had heard everything he reported.

"She used to sit opposite me at that table," Jiang Mohan said as he turned his wheelchair to look at the dining table.

Pressing his lips together, Nan Cheng looked down.

"But I lost her," Jiang Mohan continued as his eyes dimmed, "This is retribution. My retribution for hurting her."

"I haven't eaten. Let me join you," Nan Cheng suggested.

Jiang Mohan shook his head. "I don't feel like eating."

The person sitting opposite him wasn't Yanxi. No one could ever replace her.

"When your leg heals, you'll be able to go look for her. There's still hope," Nan Cheng assured him.

Jiang Mohan lifted his gaze to look at him. The last time, Nan Cheng had said that things were beyond salvation. Yet, Nan Cheng was now saying that he still stood a chance.

The former statement was the hard truth. The latter was more to comfort him.

But no matter what, he knew he had to try.

Just then, the maid walked over with a phone that was ringing. "Mr. Jiang, the phone you left on the table started ringing."

Jiang Mohan took the phone and picked up the call.

Jiang Youqian's voice immediately came from the other end, "Mohan, I think you're right. I shouldn't wander through life aimlessly. I've decided to study abroad. But before I do that I want to take care of something, so give me some time."

"Hmm," Jiang Mohan grunted in reply.

Nan Cheng lowered his gaze once more to conceal the expression in his eyes.

Thailand.

Zong Yanxi's leg had recovered.

"Since your leg has recovered, why don't we go out and have some fun?" Sorn suggested.

Zong Yanxi didn't object. After staying here for a couple of days, she had grown rather fond of Sorn, mainly because she was pretty and very likeable.

"I'll get Daddy to be our guide." Sorn was about to go get Tawan when Zong Yanxi stopped her. "Why don't we go by ourselves, just the two of us? Your father's really busy. It's best if we don't interrupt his work."

"But Daddy's already promised me." Just as she finished, Tawan walked over in casual attire instead of his uniform.

"Why don't I go along with you guys?"

Sorn turned to Zong Yanxi and giggled, "With him around, we won't get lost."

"Do you not trust me?" Zong Yanxi deliberately asked.

"It's not that!" Sorn hastily denied, "That's not what I meant at all."

Hugging Zong Yanxi's leg, she continued, "I just want you and Daddy to go out and have fun with me. Please don't get mad."

Zong Yanxi pinched her cheeks. "I'm not mad."

"I'll go start the car," Tawan said as he walked out.

"Wait for us," Sorn called as she grabbed Zong Yanxi's hand and was about to chase after him.

"Daddy."

"Sorn." Tawan stopped her in her tracks. "You can't run like that."

Blinking innocently, Sorn mumbled, "I always run like that."

Tawan, however, was actually concerned about Zong Yanxi. Her ankle had just recovered and it wouldn't be wise for her to run. Picking Sorn up, he said, "Can't you be more ladylike?"