

Stealing Your Heart Chapter 882

Standing at the entrance, she looked up at the magnificent building and curled her lips into a cold smile.

How stupid of me to believe in every word he said... I have always trusted in him wholeheartedly, loving him with all my heart, but look what I get at the end?

"Ms. Lin." Nan Cheng approached her. "You're here ahead of time."

Zong Yanxi looked professional in her workwear, with her hair styled into a bun. "I came early because our company values our collaboration greatly. Hopefully, there will be a fruitful negotiation today."

"This way, please." Nan Cheng made a gesture for her to enter.

Zong Yanxi made her way into the building. In an instant, a lot of familiar faces came into sight. It seemed like not much had changed though a year had passed since the day she left. However, she knew everything was no longer the same. She was not her old self anymore, and her state of mind had changed as well.

"Is President Jiang married yet?" she asked casually.

It took a moment before Nan Cheng responded, trying to sound euphemistic. "He is still single."

"Oh." Zong Yanxi seemed unconcerned.

After they came out of the elevator, Nan Cheng led her all the way to the meeting room and pushed open the door. "Ms. Lin, please take a seat. President Jiang will be here in a minute."

Zong Yanxi slightly nodded and entered the meeting room. She settled down in the seat and placed her documents on the table, waiting for Jiang Mohan's arrival.

Right then, a secretary brought her a glass of water.

"Thanks." She took a sip of it, then casting her eyes over the empty meeting room as she put the glass down.

"President Jiang."

Zong Yanxi straightened up the moment she heard the sound of the secretary greeting Jiang Mohan from outside the meeting room.

She could hear his familiar footsteps coming closer and closer. Her heart stirred at his familiar scent, but she managed to collect herself.

Nan Cheng followed suit as Jiang Mohan made his way to the other side of the long conference table and took a seat opposite Zong Yanxi.

"This is the contract. President Jiang, please have a look at it." Zong Yanxi pushed the document in his direction.

Jiang Mohan took the document and flipped it open.

Zong Yanxi leaned on the backrest. "As we all know, the Xinhai Investment is operating in good condition. Only in August alone this year, the Xinhai parent company has made a net profit of 762 million. Not only that, but it is also supported by two considerably large trust companies in the industry. It is unlikely that they will let us buy out Xinhai's shares. If we were to takeover Xinhai, we need to have a comprehensive plan and strong capital funding to back us up. In this contract, I have included our respective percentage of capital input to be put into the acquisition project. We can further negotiate if you see a need to amend the terms in the contract."

Jiang Mohan shifted his gaze from the contract to her.

"Is there any problem?" asked Zong Yanxi with a gentle smile on her face.

"No. It is just that your tone reminds me of a person— someone I shouldn't even think of." Jiang Mohan put the document aside. "Well, no pain, no gain. It's reasonable for each

company to contribute equally to this acquisition project. But I have one condition—we are acquiring Xinhai Investment in the name of Hengkang Group, and you need to give up two more percent of the interest.”

“Since both companies contribute equally, why can’t we takeover Xinhai Investment in the name of Rui Mei? I know it’s just a matter of formality, but...”

Jiang Mohan interrupted her in a domineering manner. “Fine then! We’ll carry out the acquisition in the name of Rui Mei, but there’s no room for negotiation in terms of interest. Hengkang Group will hold fifty-two percent of the shares.” This was the negotiating tactic that usually got him the best deal. As a profit-oriented businessman, he was not someone who would back down on the bargaining table.

Zong Yanxi knew Jiang Mohan pretty well since they had been together for a long time. It was within her expectation that this man wouldn’t make any concession. “As you know, it is not an easy feat to buy out Xinhai Investment. We can carry out the acquisition project under the name of Hengkang Group, but Rui Mei will be the one to come up with the acquisition proposal. President Jiang, what do you think?”

Jiang Mohan leaned forward, lacing his fingers on the table. With an overbearing aura, he looked down at Zong Yanxi. “Ms. Lin, you look rather young. I wonder how is it possible for someone your age to take charge of this millions worth project?”

“President Jiang, it seems to me that you’re not much older than me either, but...” Zong Yanxi smiled faintly as she gave a resigned shrug. “You’re already the president of such a huge company.”

With her body leaning forward, she looked straight into his eyes and retorted, “President Jiang, I wonder how is it possible for someone your age to become the president of Hengkang Group?”

Jiang Mohan narrowed his eyes upon meeting her gaze. “Who are you?”

Zong Yanxi let out a chuckle as she leaned back in her chair. “President Jiang, aren’t you a little too forgetful? I’m your business partner. Who could I possibly be?”

Jiang Mohan’s hand tightened. It is two completely different faces, but why does she feel so familiar to me?

Zong Yanxi interrupted his train of thoughts. "President Jiang, what do you think about my suggestion? If there's no problem, we can sign the contract today, and then our company will be able to come up with the proposal within a month. So, is it a deal?"

Nan Cheng tried to bargain with her. "Ms. Lin, with regards to the acquisition proposal, our company can..."

Surprisingly, Jiang Mohan made a concession and gave the final word. "We'll do according to Ms. Lin's suggestion." With that, he signed the contract.

Nan Cheng looked at his superior with his eyes saucer-wide. "President Jiang..."

"That's it." Jiang Mohan closed the document, handing it over to Zong Yanxi.

Zong Yanxi was pleased since she didn't expect he would accept her suggestion with alacrity, thinking she might still need to drive a hard bargain.

Jiang Mohan fixed his gaze on her handwriting when she took a pen and signed the contract. To his disappointment, unlike the person he had in mind who had fine handwriting, hers was crabbed and messy.

Zong Yanxi looked embarrassed. "I'm sorry, my Chinese handwriting is a bit messy."

Jiang Mohan cast his eyes downwards to hide his disappointment.

Zong Yanxi closed the document. Then, she took the initiative to stretch her hand out for a handshake. "Here's to our cooperation, President Jiang."

Jiang Mohan reached over and shook her hand, but he didn't retract it immediately. Instead, he held onto her hand and asked, "Have we met before?"

Zong Yanxi retracted her hand. "President Jiang, why are you asking me this?" she asked smilingly.

"Sorry about that." Jiang Mohan returned to his senses and excused himself. "I have something to attend to, so I'll be going now."

With that, he rose to his feet and headed out of the meeting room. As he reached the door, he halted and gave Nan Cheng an order. "Nan Cheng, send Ms. Lin back to her hotel since she is not familiar with B City."

Nan Cheng stood up. "Yes, President Jiang." He couldn't help looking at Jiang Mohan. President Jiang is acting weird today.

As Jiang Mohan vanished from sight, he retracted his gaze and gestured for Zong Yanxi to follow him. "Ms. Lin, please."

"Sorry for the trouble," Zong Yanxi said with a faint smile while collecting her documents.

"It's nothing." Nan Cheng led her out of the meeting room, just like the way when he brought her in.

Meanwhile, Jiang Mohan was back in his office. Sitting behind his desk, he too realized that he was acting weird today.

He pulled the drawer open and took out a crystal photo frame. He had kept the photo in the drawer since she passed away, not daring to take another look at it. The photo finally saw the light of the day after a year since her death.

His heart twitched in pain at the sight of the picture. Memories came flooding back as he caressed the face of the person smiling broadly in the photo.

He still remembered she was the one who requested him to put the photo on his office desk.

With her arms wrapped around his neck, she coaxed, "Mohan, I want you to look at me every day."

"It's silly," he said helplessly.

"People are bound to be silly when they are in love." Disregarding his reluctance, she placed the photo on his office desk and remarked with self-admiration, "Oh! I'm just beautiful!"

Yes, you are indeed beautiful. He asked the lady in his arm playfully, "You said you want me to look at you every day. But to be fair, shouldn't you place my photo in your house as well?"

The latter held his hand, placing it on her chest as she replied smilingly, "You're in my heart, and I will think of you every day."

At that time, he knew he should retract his hand, but he was reluctant to.

Looking at her smiling face, he couldn't help curling his lips. All he could see was nothing but her.

Bang!

He slammed the photo frame on the desk with a bang, hunching over while holding his chest. No matter how hard he tried, he couldn't seem to suppress the dull pain in his heart.

He mumbled to himself, "You know what, I hate it when I see your smile. How could you be so heartless? How could you be so happy enjoying your campus life when it was not even long after my mother's death? You weren't sad at all despite her losing her life. How could you be so cold-blooded? How could you die just like that, walking out of my life forever..."