

Stealing Your Heart Chapter 897

“You’ve worked for Ling Wei twice. If I remember correctly, the first time was a year ago, when you lost two of your men; and the second time was yesterday,” Zong Yanxi said.

She advertently left out the fact that she found out about all these because she overheard Ling Wei’s conversation—not because Ling Wei offered her that information herself.

Zong Yanxi wanted to create an impression that Ling Wei was not a reliable client in order to sway the man’s loyalty.

“Ling Wei offered you a million, but I’ll pay you double. What do you think?” Zong Yanxi asked confidently as she pulled out the chair right opposite the man.

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Seeing her sitting down, Gu Xian moved forward and stood behind her like a sidekick. He knew they had to make it seem real to win that guy over.

Across the table, the man dug his gaze into the woman in front of him. He could tell she was still young—but she was bold.

“What’s the deal about?” the man asked after a moment of silence. His voice did not betray a single hint of enthusiasm, but Zong Yanxi knew he was piqued.

“It’s a simple task and you have nothing to lose. I just need you to say a few words,” she said.

The man squinted his eyes and crossed his arms before his chest. “Money is not the problem.”

“Then what is?” Zong Yanxi asked with a composed smile.

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"It depends on whether I'm willing to do it," the man replied. He could tell that Zong Yanxi was against Ling Wei.

Just from their brief conversation, the man sensed Zong Yanxi wanted him to believe that Ling Wei was an indiscreet tattletale.

But the man remained on the fence on who to trust. He had worked with Ling Wei twice and he knew a thing or two about her.

All she cared about was the man she loved. This meant Ling Wei was not a threat to him, and that was also why they had worked together twice.

But this woman in front of him was different. He knew nothing about her.

Zong Yanxi raised her brow subtly. She knew it would not be easy to convince this man without opening up about herself. Yet her dad had always told her that she should never reveal anything about herself when she was negotiating with people.

The best way was to leave things to people's assumption.

In such a way, people could never tell how big of an enemy you were.

Zong Yanxi sat back in the chair and looked at the man quietly. "Do you know who I am?" she said, drumming her fingers against the table.

"Who are you?" the man asked as he chuckled.

"I bet you knew Ling Wei killed someone the first time you worked with her?" Zong Yanxi posed her question calmly as if she was an unrelated observer.

The man's smile froze on his face and he looked at her, alarmed. He knew they could easily end up in jail for murder.

For the past year, the man had constantly looked over his shoulder because of what happened. But just as he thought everything would be okay, this woman mentioned the matter afresh.

"Who are you? Don't tell me you're the person who's supposed to be dead."

Zong Yanxi shrugged and questioned him instead, "Would you believe me if I said yes?"

"No. I'm sure she died. She was burned to ashes and I saw it with my own eyes," the man said with a hint of uncertainty in his voice.

"Are you sure she died?" Zong Yanxi asked as she smiled indicatively.

To be honest, even she herself did not know who was the person who died in her stead. Neither did she know why two of the men went missing.

All she remembered was her conversation with Ling Wei. And since no one knew about that conversation, Zong Yanxi had the free rein to say whatever benefited her the most.

Now that she thought about what happened, there were a lot of things about the incident that she felt was inexplicable. Her death was so well covered up everyone thought she was dead.

And those who wanted her dead—except for Ling Wei—all vanished out of thin air.

These were all the things she could not wrap her head around. But regardless of how many unanswered questions she had, she still had to make use of that incident in order to strike a deal with this man.

"Aren't you curious about why two of your men just went poof? I bet you don't even know if they're still alive," Zong Yanxi said.

"Like you know," the man challenged without losing his calm.

"Of course. Because I'm the one who killed them," Zong Yanxi responded.

The man sprang from his chair and cried out, "You killed them?"

But Zong Yanxi remained seated and tilted her head in his direction. "I know they were your man, but they wanted to kill me," she said, looking at the man in the eyes.

"They were just doing what they were told to. Ling Wei was the one you should go after, not them!" the man defended.

Yet Zong Yanxi shrugged her shoulders helplessly and said, "They were still in it together."

The man paced around agitatedly as he tried to make sense of what he just heard. *This woman sure seems like she knows a lot.*

Before long, he stopped and bombarded her with questions.

“Do you even know who was the person Ling Wei intended to kill?”

Zong Yanxi straightened her back and slowly answered, “Of course I know who she was. She was Zong Jinghao’s only daughter, and also Wanyue Group’s heiress. One of her brothers is the President of C City’s JK Group, and the other is already a Senior Colonel in the military although he’s only 23.”

If the man had known that Zong Yanxi was the person Ling Wei wanted to kill, he would not have agreed to her request.

In fact, his blood ran cold after he found out who she was, and he thought they would be brought to justice. But things were unexpectedly calm after that. The police told the public that Zong Yanxi killed herself and covered the case right after. Everything died down soon and the unbearable burden was lifted off his chest.

Back then, he thought her family must have believed that she killed herself—that was why they did not pursue the matter. But now that he thought about it carefully, it made no sense that her family would just brush things off that easily.

It was impossible that the police decided to just drop the case like that.

Panic seized the man as his false sense of security crumbled. He assessed Zong Yanxi, trying to find the slightest resemblance between the woman who died and the woman before him.

“So you’re...”

“Yes, it’s me. It’s not an understatement when I say plastic surgery’s the best invention in the world,” Zong Yanxi cut him off.

“Were you the one who killed them without anyone knowing? Was that why we could not trail them?” the man asked anxiously.

Even the boss did not know what happened to his men. He tried digging into the incident but to no avail. It was as if those two evaporated out of thin air, and no one knew if they were still alive.

All he found out was that Zong Jinghao did have connections with the police. That contact was promoted not long after the incident and was then transferred to another police station.

That meant that it was easy as pie for them to sweep things under the carpet.

Zong Yanxi saw through the man's worry and smiled slyly. "Do you really think I'd leave a trace after killing them?"

The man watched her in silence and finally sat back down. "What do you want?"

"As you said, you guys were just following orders. I have nothing against y'all. You know who I'm trying to get at, and I need you to help me," Zong Yanxi said.

"You mean Ling Wei?" the man asked.

"I bet you don't expect me to just sit here and wait when she's plotting to kill me?" Zong Yanxi questioned in return.

"What do you want me to do?"

But Zong Yanxi was not going into details yet. "Let's talk about payment first. I'm here to make a deal, which means I'll pay you in full for your service."

The man smiled uneasily when she brought up the matter of money. He was not sure if he should even be charging Zong Yanxi. She was obviously not someone he could mess with, and he did not want to end up like his two men.

But Zong Yanxi insisted and assured him, saying, "I'm here to take revenge, and I know who's my real enemy. You can rest assured I won't take you down."

"Fine. Tell me, what's the deal about? I'll keep my end of the bargain." The man finally made up his mind.