

Stealing Your Heart Chapter 910

That's actually... quite touching? He really cares about me as a friend.

Zong Yanxi suddenly lowered her head and gave a self-deprecating laugh at the thought of the friends that she had made in the past.

"Are you mad?" Gu Xian asked, wondering what was up with her.

"I'm not. Why would I be?" Zong Yanxi lifted her head, and seeing that he was still half-naked, she quickly looked away. "Hurry up and put on your clothes. Breakfast will be delivered soon. You look-"

"How do I look?" Gu Xian cut in. "I look way better than those celebrities you see on TV. All that glitters is not gold. Who knows what lies beneath their clothes are just bones. I mean, look at me! Look at how muscular I am."

Hearing that, Zong Yanxi shot up to her feet impatiently. "Are you gonna change or not? Otherwise, I'm gonna use the bathroom."

What's with that attitude? Am I really that ugly?

With that thought in mind, Gu Xian looked down and examined himself. No, I'm not.

"You can save your muscular body for your future girlfriend to enjoy, all right?" Zong Yanxi pushed him away. "Now, put it away."

"I should actually put it away, lest anyone fall in love with it. I don't like to be wooed," Gu Xian laughed conceitedly and entered the room.

Can he be any more conceited? Even Uncle Guan is not as conceited as he is. To think of it, is he really Uncle Guan's son?

"Yanxi." Gu Xian suddenly opened the door again and poked his head out. "I really can't put on my clothes from yesterday. They reeked of alcohol."

"What do you mean?" Zong Yanxi folded her arms across her chest.

"Hehe, buy me some clothes, will you? And get me a pair of underwear while you're there," Gu Xian chuckled.

Zong Yanxi hurled a pillow from the sofa at him. "Stay naked then. I have clothes, anyway. I'm going out in a bit."

"Hey, aren't we friends? Why are you so stingy?"

"Sorry, I just can't get myself to be generous."

Underwear? Is he for real?

In the end, Gu Xian had no other choice but to put on his old clothes from yesterday.

By the time they packed up, breakfast was already delivered.

The curtain was drawn back, brightening up the room, and the window was opened for fresh air to pour in.

"Do you have a favorite male celebrity?" Gu Xian started a conversation as they had their breakfast at the dining table.

"No."

"How lame."

"Do you have a favorite female celebrity then?" Zong Yanxi asked rhetorically.

"Of course."

"Who is it?"

"I'm not telling you."

Zong Yanxi took a sip of milk and snorted, "It's not like I'm interested to know anyway."

Gu Xian merely chuckled and put a piece of baked cheesy potato on her plate. "This is delicious."

Quickly, Zong Yanxi clipped it up and sent it straight into her mouth.

This sure is delicious. It's crispy on the outside and soft on the inside, and the cheese goes well with the potato.

Meanwhile, Jiang Mohan left the hotel, looking frigid, without having breakfast.

As it wasn't the peak hour, there weren't many cars on the road, and that allowed him to arrive at his office in no time. Upon reaching, the first thing he did was instruct his secretary to arrange a meeting with various departments.

He didn't know what was wrong with him, but it was as though he could only forget about the scene of Gu Xian embracing Lin Ruixi today by drowning himself in work.

Truth be told, he despised that feeling.

He despised having such feelings for another woman other than Zong Yanxi, feeling as if he had betrayed her.

Although he had once hated and resented her, he never expected himself to have feelings for another woman.

The meeting went on for the entire morning as Jiang Mohan assigned work after work to his employees.

Everyone could sense that he was in a foul mood, and no one dared to try their luck or gossip as they buried their heads in their work.

The morning went by quickly.

It was almost afternoon when the secretary knocked on Jiang Mohan's door while holding a box in his hand.

Jiang Mohan took off his coat and unbuttoned the first two buttons to his white shirt, his tie hanging loosely before his chest. Unlike his thorough and conscientious demeanor from before, he looked irritated.

"Come in," he said, upon hearing the knock on the door with his head still buried in piles of documents.

"The front desk received a parcel when you were in the meeting just now," the secretary said.

A parcel? Hearing that, Jiang Mohan lifted his head.

The secretary handed him the parcel. "You're the receiver as written on this parcel."

I don't shop online. Where did this parcel come from?

"What's inside?" he asked.

The secretary shook his head. How would I know when I don't even dare to open the box?

"I'm not sure what's inside. But it's really light."

"Put it down."

As requested, the secretary placed the box on his desk and exited his office after closing the door.

After she left, Jiang Mohan continued to read his documents, but he couldn't seem to be at peace with himself. He closed the folder in his hands and eventually reached for the box, cut through the tape, and opened the box to find a USB drive inside.

Another USB drive. Li Chengjie gave me a USB drive before this. What is it this time?