

# Stealing Your Heart Chapter 934

With a file in her hand, Zong Yanxi smiled and greeted him, "President Jiang."

Jiang Mohan gave her a slight nod.

She walked over, looked at Gu Xian, and said, "You should go back first. After I finish discussing with President Jiang, I'll take a cab back."

"I'll be worried if I leave you alone. I'll wait for you downstairs so you won't show up on the news for no reason again," Gu Xian replied deliberately.

Jiang Mohan acted indifferently. He turned and walked towards the building as if he had not heard what Gu Xian said. However, if one were to look closely, one would be able to tell from his clenched hands and tense face that he was not as calm as he appeared to be.

Zong Yanxi shot Gu Xian a look.

Looking at Jiang Mohan's back, Gu Xian said, "If you're still a man, President Jiang, don't give a woman a hard time. I'm afraid that even you yourself won't be able to find any loopholes in that proposal. Be a gentleman."

Jiang Mohan didn't want to argue with him initially, but he couldn't stand Gu Xian's haughtiness. He stopped and turned to look at Gu Xian. "So what if I want to give her a hard time? What are you going to do about it?"

Gu Xian was stumped.

He opened the car door wanting to come out of his car, but Zong Yanxi quickly stopped him and warned him in a low voice, "Can you not spoil my plan?"

Gu Xian protested angrily, "Can a person like him be considered a man?"

"It's not like you're going to marry him. Why do you care if he's a man? Behave, and don't blow this for me."

She then shot him a warning glance before hurrying to catch up with Jiang Mohan. "Please don't mind him, President Jiang. He was just angry with the news from a few days ago."

Jiang Mohan went into the elevator without saying anything.

Zong Yanxi followed in and asked, "Are you mad, President Jiang?"

"Yeah." Jiang Mohan turned to look at her and added, "But not at him. Others can't make me mad. I'm just mad at myself."

He seemed to be implying something but Zong Yanxi didn't understand his true meaning. So, she smiled and said, "I've come up with a new proposal."

"Do you care about this collaboration?" asked Jiang Mohan.

"Of course. This is a win-win collaboration," she explained.

"Is it?" He smiled. "Are you sure I can still win after I sign the contract?"

Zong Yanxi's heart skipped a beat as his words seemed to hint that he had found out about something.

Trying hard to calm herself down, she replied with a smile, "Our cooperation is of course based on the interests of both parties, President Jiang."

Jiang Mohan cast his eyes down to hide his emotion.

Soon, the elevator stopped and he stepped out of it. Zong Yanxi followed closely and asked, "Are you dissatisfied with my proposal or do you have other opinions, President Jiang?"

Jiang Mohan replied, "I have no other opinions. I'm happy..."

Suddenly, he stopped in his tracks and looked at her while enunciating each word slowly, "I am happy to collaborate with you, Ms. Lin."

Zong Yanxi breathed a mental sigh of relief. She thought that Jiang Mohan had discovered something and did not want to collaborate with her.

"I'm also happy to collaborate with you, President Jiang," she said with a smile.

Jiang Mohan plastered a smile on his face to conceal his imperceptible sadness.

Collaboration meant that he would fall into the trap she had set up for him; he might be left with nothing.

He pushed open the door of his office.

Entering the office, Zong Yanxi sat down on the chair in front of the desk, put the file on the table, and pushed it to Jiang Mohan. "Take a look, President Jiang. I can still make amendments if there's anything you want to change."

Jiang Mohan didn't look at it. He simply said, "I believe in your ability, Ms. Lin."

He took out a pen from the pen holder, opened the file she pushed to him, and signed on it.

Zong Yanxi was a little surprised. He had deliberately made things difficult for her before, but this time he signed it so swiftly.

She couldn't understand what he was trying to do now.

"Do you trust me or do you not, President Jiang?" He obviously did not trust her last time, but he seemed to be very straightforward and trusting this time.

"Of course I trust you." Jiang Mohan pushed the signed document back to her. "We'll go with your proposal."

Zong Yanxi looked at Jiang Mohan, and he at her. Both appeared calm as their eyes met, but each had their own thoughts deep down. Zong Yanxi smiled and replied, "I'll definitely live up to your trust."

She even emphasized the words "live up".

Jiang Mohan raised his hand and glanced at the watch. "It will be noon soon. Now that we have agreed to collaborate, why don't I treat you to a meal as a celebration?"

Before Zong Yanxi could speak, he added, "Also as an apology to you over the news a few days ago."

After speaking, he rose to his feet and gave Zong Yanxi no time to turn him down. "Let's go."

Zong Yanxi was at a loss for words.

Looking at the signed proposal, she accepted his invitation calmly. "Okay then."

The two of them left the company together; Jiang Mohan drove.

Instead of going to a restaurant, Jiang Mohan brought her to the supermarket.

"President Jiang..."

"I think cooking the meal myself can better show my sincerity." After parking the car, he got off and opened the door for her. "Come on down, Ms. Lin."

Considering that she had already accepted his invitation, Zong Yanxi could only follow him out of the car.

When they entered the supermarket, Jiang Mohan didn't ask her what she liked to eat. After all, he knew her preferences well.

At first, Zong Yanxi didn't think much about it. Yet, after seeing that all the food he bought were items she liked to eat, she became a little flustered. She did not understand what he was trying to do.

"President Jiang, you want to treat me to a meal but you haven't asked me what I like," Zong Yanxi said.

"I know what you like." Jiang Mohan took another pack of snacks and put it in the shopping cart.

A feeling of restlessness began to set in as Zong Yanxi asked, "How would you know what I like to eat?"

“Like I said, you’re very similar to my ex-wife. I think your preferences should be similar. If you don’t like it, Ms. Lin, please accept it still. I’ll decide what we eat since it’s my treat.”  
Jiang Mohan pushed the shopping cart as he said, “Let’s go and check out.”

Zong Yanxi was rendered speechless.