

Stealing Your Heart Chapter 1006

Zong Yanxi stiffened as she furrowed her brows. She turned to look at Jiang Youqian and questioned, "What do you mean?"

"My brother hurt his head, so he remembers nothing of his past. He doesn't even know who I am. Only the surgery can help him now. Please come up with a decision for us, or just visit him. Please," Jiang Youqian pleaded.

Shock only took Zong Yanxi for a moment. She soon returned to her usual calm self. "Good then. It'll save me the trouble of having to deal with his constant harassment. Both of you, don't come to me ever again."

At that, she entered the house and shut the door mercilessly.

Jiang Youqian sighed in defeat, "Is her heart made of stone? My brother's already in this state, but she's completely unconcerned."

Nan Cheng sighed as well. "It's good in a way. We tried. Let's go."

He then entered the car as Jiang Youqian trailed behind him. "What are we going to do next?"

Nan Cheng fell silent to think for a moment. "Why don't we go back to B City first? We're more familiar with that city, and we'll be able to take President Jiang to a few more hospitals for further opinions. This way, we'll feel more confident with our final decision."

"What if we still have to do the surgery?" Jiang Youqian asked.

Looking at him, Nan Cheng inquired, "Have you ever thought it's good that President Jiang has forgotten his past?"

Jiang Youqian immediately flew into a rage. "What are you thinking about? Are you planning to overtake the company while he's still an amnesiac?"

"Do you think everyone's like your mom?" Nan Cheng did not wish to mention that, but Jiang Youqian's words upset him. *How can he think of me as someone like that?*

Jiang Youqian fumed. He knew about his mother's greed and her ill-treatment of his brother, but that was still his mother. He could think badly about her in his heart, but he still felt irritated to hear it from someone else.

Not wanting to argue with him, Nan Cheng softened his tone. "You heard Zong Yanxi. She has no signs of feeling bad about President Jiang's state. It's extremely unlikely that she'll go back to him."

"What are you trying to say?" Jiang Youqian questioned.

"If President Jiang's memories come back, he'll only feel sad and remorseful about the past. He'll keep trying to get Zong Yanxi back to him despite knowing it's impossible. If that's the case, isn't it better for him to forget about it?" Nan Cheng confessed.

Jiang Youqian's brows knitted. "What do you mean? Do you mean we shouldn't let him recover?"

"The treatment has its own risks. But by not recovering, he won't need to go through those risks, and he won't need to feel upset about Zong Yanxi. If he gets to meet someone else in life, isn't it better for him to spend the rest of his life with that person instead?"

Jiang Youqian still felt uncomfortable with Nan Cheng's thoughts. He felt they did not have the right to make the decision; only Jiang Mohan had the right to decide for himself.

"Let me think about it."

He then started the car and drove off.

Jiang Mohan rested in the hospital for two days. The entire time, Nan Cheng kept talking about the company to him, hoping to familiarize him with the matters as quickly as possible.

On the third day, they returned to B City.

When Nan Cheng brought him to B City's hospital for a checkup, Jiang Youqian went home to inform their parents about his situation. The younger man hoped their parents could advise him to the correct decision.

However, the moment they heard about it, Qiu Mingyan straightened her back. "What did you say? Jiang Mohan lost his memories?"

Jiang Youqian nodded. "Yes. His head was hit hard in C City. Although he's not in any danger, he has forgotten everything. The doctor told us it's a risky surgery, but without the surgery, he won't remember anything."

"Why should he undergo the surgery? If anything goes wrong, his life will be in danger." At the same time, Qiu Mingyan thought, *This is the best news I've heard so far. I thought I wouldn't have any chances anymore.*

Now, a window of opportunity has shown itself to me.

"Is that so?" Jiang Youqian looked at his mother. "You're still nice to my brother, aren't you? You're concerned about him."

Qiu Mingyan's expression seemed unnatural as she gave him an awkward smile.

She did not agree to the surgery because she felt that she would have the chance to make the amnesiac Jiang Mohan agree to let Jiang Youqian into the company. On the other hand, suggesting that he have the surgery was a risky move. Things would be fine for her if he died during the surgery. However, if he recovered, her son would never succeed.

"Dad, what do you think?" Jiang Youqian turned to Jiang Jun.

Jiang Mohan's previous indifferent attitude frightened Jiang Jun, so he also felt that Jiang Mohan losing his memories was good news. "I think your mom's right."

Jiang Youqian furrowed his brows. "But he doesn't remember anything of his past. Will he lead a complete life?"

"Not all memories are necessary." Jiang Jun then wheeled himself into the room.

Meanwhile, Jiang Youqian wanted Jiang Mohan to regain his memories. Even if they were bad ones, those were the times he had gone through; the memories were part of his life.

"Mom, you're afraid of the surgery risks, and that's why you think it's better for him to not go for the surgery, right?" Jiang Youqian gazed at his mother. "Mohan lost his own mother at an early age. Can you be nicer to him? Don't keep thinking of setting him up. He's actually really nice to me."

Qiu Mingyan groaned in her heart. All she could think was, *I've won against the first wife and turned from the mistress to the wife. Why is my son such a coward?*

"Youqian, you have a different mother from him. Why are you being so nice to him?"

"But we share a father," Jiang Youqian replied. "We have the same blood in us, and he's my brother. You can't say that I'm wrong about that, can you?"

Qiu Mingyan could not win the verbal arguments. It seemed impossible for him to compete for Jiang Mohan's assets in broad daylight; she had to find another way. Holding her son's hands, she solemnly said to him, "You're right. I've been reflecting upon my actions, and I've come to realize I was wrong back then. From now on, I'll change. But this time, I'm really doing this for him. You heard your dad. The surgery is risky. It's best not to have it. As for the company, aren't you around? Help him more often. He's your brother after all."

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“Do you mean it?” Jiang Youqian asked her. “Do you think I can really help him?”

“Of course.” Qiu Mingyan gripped her son’s hands tighter. “Look, you’re his brother. Think about the people in the company. Who else is closer to him than you? Now that something like this has happened to your brother, you have to help him to the best of your ability.”

Jiang Youqian replied, “I know. I’ll definitely help him.”

Meanwhile, Jiang Mohan had a full checkup at B City’s hospital. The results were the same—to regain his memories, he had to have the surgery.

Nan Cheng did not inform Jiang Mohan about the results, only Jiang Youqian. The two then came to an agreement.

Heeding Qiu Mingyan’s words, Jiang Youqian, too, felt that the surgery was too risky. It was better to be safe than sorry. For Nan Cheng, he felt that not regaining the memories would save Jiang Mohan from the pain of remembering Zong Yanxi and his past.

Hence, neither told Jiang Mohan about his condition, and both decided not to let him go for the surgery.

When Jiang Mohan asked about it, the two bribed the doctor to tell him that recovery was impossible. They even told him that the loss of memory was temporary, and he might recall them any time. With those lies, Jiang Mohan believed he could regain his memories by himself.

Meanwhile, in C City, Zong Yanxi had secretly gone to the hospital to find out about Jiang Mohan’s condition. Perhaps it was because Zhuang Jiawen was the cause of his injury, or perhaps it was because she once loved him.

However, she arrived at the hospital only to find out that he had left.

All this time, he seemed to have something he wanted to tell her. Now, she could not find out what he had wanted to say.

After leaving the hospital, she wandered by the side of the street, feeling a tinge of disappointment and longingness. She tried her best to make herself a cold-blooded being—to make herself feel only hatred toward him—but the moments of her life spent with him were seared in her memories. It was unlikely for her to ever forget about it.

However, what she knew better was that those times were times she could never relive.

Their ending was set from the beginning.

There would be no good ending for someone who entered the relationship without having the intention of wanting it to be permanent.

Zhuang Jiawen and Shen Xinyao's wedding went on as scheduled.

Shen Xinyao's parents arrived two days before the wedding. At night, Zhuang Jiawen brought them to eat at the restaurant.

This time, almost everyone was there. Zong Yanchen was the only one absent.

They reserved a private room that could fit twenty, and they automatically split into two groups while chatting. The women were in one group, chatting about their lives and about the wedding.

On the other hand, the men's group was quieter as they were more mature now.

"Peichuan, you're working your way up the ranks, and you're getting more and more arrogant. Did you have to come only when it's about time for your daughter's wedding? Are you unsatisfied with your son-in-law, or are you unsatisfied with your son-in-law's family?" Su Zhan teased as he filled Shen Peichuan's glass.

He's only here two days before the wedding!

After quietly thinking about it, Shen Peichuan looked at Zong Jinghao and replied, "There were some troubles I had to deal with. Otherwise, I wouldn't come as late as this."

"What troubles can stump you? Look at how great you are now." Su Zhan pushed the glass toward him.

"I'll be honest with you then. I shouldn't be here..."

Before he could finish his words, Su Zhan shouted, "This is your daughter's wedding. What do you mean you shouldn't be here? Shouldn't you be here? You're abandoning your daughter for your work?"

"Be quiet and let him speak," Zong Jinghao voiced.

Su Zhan shrugged. "Fine. Let's hear what reasons he can come up with."

Shen Peichuan smacked his hand on Su Zhan's shoulder. "You really haven't changed; you're exactly the same."

"Do you mean I look young? Thank you for the compliment, but please cut to the point." Su Zhan pried his hand off.

After drinking a sip of the wine, he uttered, "I mentioned this during our last gathering. The higher-ups handed me a big case, and I've been working on this case for the entire year. We only resolved it a while back, but someone on the case leaked some information. The main culprit escaped, and the police have no clues of the culprit's whereabouts."

"So you're going to catch the culprit, and that's why you don't have the time to attend your daughter's wedding?" Su Zhan wondered.

"No. He's been operating in Dongsan Province for many years, and his operations are deeply rooted there. We spent a lot of time and effort in getting rid of him. It's not only this year. We had many spies slowly finding out details of the case and setting things up. That's the only reason why we could have had a chance to catch him. I'm partially responsible for the culprit's escape. Now, I have another problem." He looked up with a solemn look. In his mature eyes was calmness. "The culprit might take revenge on me."

He, too, had to be punished for the culprit's escape. As he had been working for many years, his superior gave him a chance to fix his mistake; he was to find out who was the one to leak the information and catch the culprit.

"Sang Yu and I came here secretly this time."

There were still many informants around his house meant to convince the culprit that Shen Peichuan was still at home.

Su Zhan fell silent. After a long while, he muttered, "Hurry up and retire from the job."

His job sounded too dangerous. Now that his children were grown up and they were old, it was time for them to enjoy their lives. *Why does he still have so many problems to deal with?*

"Come here and let your son-in-law provide for the family. It's not like he can't afford it." Su Zhan had been living a peaceful life for a long time, so his heart was pounding from hearing the dangers Shen Peichuan had to live through.

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Shen Peichuan felt helpless. "Do you think I can quit whenever I want to now? Even if I do retire, it'll have to be after this."

Su Zhan said, "Why didn't you say anything earlier? Why are you here? Aren't you afraid of endangering your daughter and son-in-law?"

Shen Peichuan sighed. He was afraid that Shen Xinyao would overthink the matter if he did not come. After all, it was her wedding, and it was a once-in-a-lifetime event. He could not go back in time if he missed it. Moreover, she was his only daughter; he wanted to hand her over to Zhuang Jiawen personally.

"I think you should pay more attention to this. You haven't even found the mole among you yet. Maybe someone has already found out you're here in C City." Su Zhan wanted to warn him about the credibility of most civil servants.

Zong Jinghao agreed with Su Zhan's worries. "Be more careful."

"You should tell Jiawen about this. You can only be wary when you know about it. Otherwise, if he's kept in the dark and something happens, he won't know what to do." Su Zhan downed the glass of wine.

Feeling apologetic to Zhuang Jiawen, he muttered, "Shut it. I'll tell him about it."

"Do I look that irresponsible to you?" Shen Peichuan pushed away from the glass in front of him. "You're getting older, so drink less. I don't need you to be the one to tell this to my son-in-law."

"Listen to yourself. He's your son-in-law, but did he not spend a long time with us?" Su Zhan huffed, unwilling to admit defeat. "Are you being mean to me?"

Shen Peichuan immediately fell silent. He knew what Su Zhan meant. What the other man would say next was, *Are you being mean to me because I don't have my own kids?*

Fearing that Su Zhan would start arguing with him, Shen Peichuan found it best not to continue the topic.

After dinner, Shen Peichuan called Zhuang Jiawen to his room and told him about the situation.

"Seriously, what's with my dad? He's hiding things from me, but not from Jiawen. Am I his daughter or is Jiawen his daughter?" Shen Xinyao grumbled to Zong Yanxi when she was chased out of the room by her parents.

Zong Yanxi chuckled, "Even so, Jiawen won't be their daughter. He'll be their son."

Shen Xinyao laughed. Walking to the car, she asked, "Are you going to drive, or am I driving?"

Zong Yanxi opened the door to the front passenger seat and entered. "You."

The two women were heading to the new house. There was a tradition that stated the bride and groom were not allowed to see each other a day before the wedding. Technically, Shen Xinyao should be in her parent's house, but her family home was not in the city; it was located further than B City. Hence, they decided to have one staying in the new house and the other stay in the old villa.

The new house was a distance away from the old villa. Shen Xinyao mentioned her fear about living alone there, so Zong Yanxi went with her for an overnight stay. After marriage, Shen Xinyao would then live in the new house with Zhuang Jiawen.

Both she and Zhuang Jiawen were still young, so everyone felt that they needed space. Moreover, they were newlyweds, so everyone did not agree to let them continue living in the old villa.

"You're about to get married. Are you too excited to sleep?" Zong Yanxi teased.

A bright smile grew on Shen Xinyao's face, and in it was a tinge of shyness. "It's not like I don't know who he is. What's there to be excited about?"

"Is that so?" Zong Yanxi leaned over. "Tell me, have you done it with him?"

Shen Xinyao's face turned bright red, but she faked a look of calmness. "Yanxi, you're so annoying."

Zong Yanxi burst into laughter.

After reaching, they came down from the car. The house was fully furnished, and every daily necessity has been stocked. Even the master bedroom was already decorated.

"Let's sleep in the guest room," Zong Yanxi commented. "Sleep early. You need to wake early for your makeup to be done tomorrow morning."

Shen Xinyao asked, "We're sleeping on one bed, or are we sleeping in separate rooms?"

Zong Yanxi smiled and queried, "Do you want to sleep with me?"

"Since we have everything in the guest rooms, let's sleep in separate rooms." She was afraid that Zong Yanxi would tease her again.

"Okay." Zong Yanxi then took out a blue velvet box from her purse and handed it to her. "Your wedding gift from me."

"Isn't the wedding tomorrow? You're giving it to me today?" Instead of taking the box immediately, Shen Xinyao stared at the box. It looked like a jewelry box. "I won't accept it if it's too expensive."

Zong Yanxi laughed, "You've already stolen Baby, the most cherished treasure of our family. What other treasures can be more expensive than him?"

She shoved the box into Shen Xinyao's hands. "I know he won't treat you bad. I'm sure he'll have something prepared for you. But you still have to accept my gift."

Zong Yanxi then took out another box. "This is also for you."

"Two gifts?" Shen Xinyao raised her head to look at her.

"Rest earlier. I'll wake you in the morning." Zong Yanxi pushed open the door and entered her room.

With a sweet smile on her face, Shen Xinyao took Zong Yanxi's gift and headed to the other guest room.

On the bed, she opened the boxes. In the jewelry box was a set of diamond accessories. In the other box was a black strapped dress. It was slightly revealing, and it was definitely a sexy dress.

Her face heated up. Somehow, she could imagine herself wearing the sexy black dress in front of Zhuang Jiawen.

She felt shy but eager at the same time.

With that thought, she kept the things away.

She then showered before she went to bed. It would be a lie to say that she was not excited today. Tomorrow, she was going to be married; she was going to be his wife. She looked forward to the wedding.

Shen Xinyao tossed and turned on the bed, unable to fall asleep.

Hence, she got up and went to the master bedroom.

Opening the door, she was bombarded by the romantic atmosphere. The bedsheets were red, and on the bed's headboard was her wedding picture with Zhuang Jiawen.

In the photo, Zhuang Jiawen was in a classic black suit as his arm wrapped around her waist. Both had smiles on their faces. Shen Xinyao was in a white wedding dress designed by Qin Ya. There was only one of this dress in the world, and it was hers.

Su Zhan and Qin Ya also decorated this house.

The red and pink pearly balloons and red stickers made her heart swell with happiness.

Taking out her phone, she texted Zhuang Jiawen. *Are you asleep?*

Perhaps he was asleep, as she received no reply.

After all, it was already past midnight.

Looking at the screen, Shen Xinyao sent him another message. *Jiawen, I love you.*

After sending her message, she realized the cheesiness of her message and started chuckling.

By the time she wanted to delete the message, she no longer could. Hence, she turned off her phone. Just as she was about to return to her room to sleep. She heard some noises from her window. She walked over, hoping to find out the source of the noise when someone suddenly opened the window.

Shen Xinyao was about to shout, but the man who entered through the window immediately pushed her onto the bed and covered her mouth.

"You're Shen Xinyao?" The man narrowed his eyes as he looked at her expressions. "Shen Peichuan is your dad?"

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Terrified, Shen Xinyao started trembling. However, she kept silently telling herself that she had to stay calm.

“Speak.” The man’s eyes had a dark glint in them. She did not know when he had taken out the gun to point at her forehead. “You’re not alone here, are you?”

It was a silent threat.

Shen Xinyao abruptly recalled Zong Yanxi’s in the house. The man had a gun, and if she struggled with all her might, the man might pull the trigger. When that happened, the noise might shock Zong Yanxi, and the man might kill her as well.

“Who are you?” Shen Xinyao thought she was portraying calmness, but that was not the case for the man. He could clearly sense the terror she was feeling.

No matter how she tried to hide her emotions, her eyes betrayed everything she was feeling.

“So you’re admitting that you’re Shen Xinyao?” The man laughed. “Very well.”

Narrowing his eyes further, he murmured, “Do you think I should just kill you, or do you think I should keep you alive in some way...”

As he spoke, his gun remained still by her forehead. His gaze landed on the photograph by the headboard. “Your future husband?”

Shen Xinyao maintained her silence.

The man looked around the room. The merry bright colors were a dagger to the man’s nerve. His men were either dead or captured, and he barely evaded capture. Yet, the one who

turned his life upside down was enjoying the time of his life. The villa looked luxurious, and it seemed like the man had found an excellent son-in-law.

“Do you want money? I can give you that, as long as you let me go,” Shen Xinyao negotiated.

The man scoffed in disdain, “Money? When I was rich, I could buy an entire city. Money is useless to me now. I don’t have the luxury of spending it while I’m alive.”

The man knew what kind of situation he was in right now. Perhaps he could evade the law for now, but he could not do it for the rest of his life. He lost his opportunity to escape overseas, and that meant he had no place within the country either.

The man glided his gun down, passing her brows. The muzzle slowly trailed from her nose bridge to her lips, to her chin, to her neck, and finally stopped on the right side of her chest.

At the same time, his other hand slid into her shirt. Instantly, the colors drained from Shen Xinyao’s face as she curled into herself. The man grinned maliciously. “If you want to blame someone, blame fate for making you Shen Peichuan’s daughter.”

As he spoke, the man pulled her shirt apart as he leered at her body. “Killing you will only make them suffer temporarily. Pain fades over time. I want to make life a living hell for you, so your dad will live the rest of his life in hell too.”

At that moment, Shen Xinyao realized who he was— a man who wanted to take revenge on her father. However, she was not going to let him get his way.

“If you’re a man, kill me.” Shen Xinyao reached out to grab his gun, but the man muttered, “If you die, I’ll kill the woman in the other room. Your father speaks of justice all the time. Why, are you trying to involve the innocents now?”

Leaning to her ear, the man chuckled, “I’ll be honest with you. I’m a criminal. I wonder how many lives I’ve taken. If you infuriate me, I’ll attack like a cornered animal. I’ll get someone to go to hell with me.”

Shen Xinyao’s hands were clenched into fists as her eyes widened. Tears brimmed in them, but she refused to let them fall. Determinedly, she said, “I won’t let you get your way.”

With that said, she snapped her head to the side and bit down hard on the man’s arm. In pain, the man loosened his hold on her. Right then, Shen Xinyao broke free of him and ran

toward the window, hoping to jump out of it. However, the man quickly collected himself and dragged her back to the bed. "Okay. I'm going to kill that woman in the other room now."

The man turned to leave, and Shen Xinyao anxiously grabbed him. She could not involve Zong Yanxi in this. *What will I tell Zhuang Jiawen if she's hurt?*

How can I do this to him?

She had to ensure Zong Yanxi's safety.

By the side of the bed, the man pointed the gun at her. "Are you going to strip, or am I going to kill her now? Make a choice."

Shen Xinyao was half-kneeling on the bed when his words froze her blood. After a while, she shut her eyes and quickly took off her clothes before throwing them onto the ground. "You've threatened me today. I'll kill you myself another day."

Her eyes were bloodshot, but she refused to lower her head. "Next time, even if I die, I'm bringing you to hell with me!"

The man stared at her ravishing fair skin. He had seen many women. At the peak of his life, he had many sex partners, ranging from college students to celebrities.

Most only wanted to please him; none dared to go against him.

Shen Xinyao's stubborn streak piqued his interest. "If I met you two years earlier, I'd definitely take you as my woman. I like women who are hard to get. If you beg me now, I might let you go. How about that?"

Shen Xinyao stiffened. His words were like sparks.

"Why, you don't believe in me?" The man lifted her chin with the gun.

Shen Xinyao calmed herself and uttered, "You said it yourself. You're a criminal. How can I believe in you?"

"Ha," the man laughed. "How will you know whether I'm speaking the truth or not if you don't try me?"

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While she hesitated, the man leaned over. Calmly, she neither flinched nor dodged him.

The man stared at her. "What's wrong? Are you not scared of me anymore?"

Shen Xinyao looked back at him. "If I'm scared, will you let me go? Evidently, it's a no. Since you won't let me go regardless of if I'm scared or not, why should I be scared of you?"

The man burst into laughter. "You're interesting."

At that, he pressed his lips onto her skin and started moving up and down. Tamping the disgust that rose in her, Shen Xinyao resisted the urge to shove him away. She knew that she only had the opportunity to grab his gun and escape when the man let down his guard; the window of opportunity would only come if she cooperated with his actions.

In the absence of resistance, his actions became less and less restraining. He even tried to push her down onto the bed.

The man's stench wafted across her nose, and nausea rose to her throat. However, instead of showing him her resistance and disgust, she pretended to enjoy it.

In fact, she even leaned her body closer to his.

When she reached out to undo the man's belt, the man's blood all rushed to his lower body. Slowly, a tent rose in his pants.

"You and your boyfriend- No. Your fiancée. Have you done it with him before?" The man greedily kissed her neck as his hands wandered across her body.

"No."

The man froze for a moment, seemingly in shock. His gaze darkened. "You're still a virgin?"

Shen Xinyao raised her brow. "Is that weird?"

The man chuckled, "Yes, it is. It's rare to meet a virgin nowadays."

At that, he pulled out his thing. Shen Xinyao then rubbed him with her body. Just as lust engulfed the man, and he was thinking of entering her as soon as possible, Shen Xinyao moved to snatch his gun.

However, the moment her fingers touched it, the man realized her intentions. Pressing it against her stomach, he smirked, "Thinking of taking my gun?"

Shen Xinyao denied, "No."

"Do you think I'm stupid?" The man was a criminal. Being wary was a trait of survival. Shen Xinyao could never hide anything from him.

The muzzle slowly moved upward until it reached her heart. He warned, "Be good, or else everyone in the villa will die."

At that, he pressed his body down onto hers.

Knowing that her plan had failed and rape was imminent, Shen Xinyao struggled with all her might instinctively. "Let me go!"

The man wrapped one arm around her neck and trapped her in his arms. Meanwhile, his other hand with the gun raised her leg...

Shen Xinyao could even feel his thing pressing on her thigh. Her mind blanked out in fear and panic. "No, no..."

She tried to kick him away, but it was to no avail.

Just as she thought she was going to be raped, a loud thump sounded out. What came next was a thud before something warm hit her face. The next thing she saw was the man's eyes wide open. His head was bleeding profusely. Finally, he collapsed beside her.

Zhuang Jiawen strode over to pull the man away from her. Swiftly, he wrapped her with a blanket.

The entire time, Shen Xinyao was in a daze. She only came back to her senses when Zong Yanxi screamed upon seeing the scene.

In an instant, her tears streamed down her cheeks heavily.

Each tear came after another.

With a pale face, she stared at the room.

Hugging her tightly, Zhuang Jiawen consoled, "It's okay now. It's okay now. I'm here."

Shen Xinyao gazed at his familiar face as tears streaked down her face even more uncontrollably. Feelings of upset and humiliation surged into her heart.

"Jiawen." She leaned into his arms and wailed.

Zhuang Jiawen then carried her out of the room to put her down on the bed in another room. "Yanxi, take care of her for a second. I'm going to take care of the guy."

Zong Yanxi promptly walked over to hug Shen Xinyao. Looking at Zhuang Jiawen, she nodded. "Go. I'll take care of her."

Zhuang Jiawen was consumed with worry about Shen Xinyao's emotions, but he could not ignore the other matter. He had to deal with the other matter before he could return to comfort her.

When Shen Peichuan had told him about his case, he was instantly wary. The first thing he thought about was Shen Xinyao and Zong Yanxi. The two women were going to stay in the new house alone, and they were easy targets.

After the talk with Shen Peichuan, he brought some people with him to the new house. When he arrived, he realized the power grids on the back wall of the villa were destroyed, and there were footprints on the grass. At the same time, the lights on the second floor were still on. He instructed them to guard the outside while he sneaked into the house alone. Upon making sure that the criminal was in the room, he quickly broke down the door and shot the man who was about to rape Shen Xinyao.

Right now, he was standing by the doorway of the master bedroom. The man was collapsed on the ground, his private parts still exposed. Zhuang Jiawen's brows were furrowed, and there was an indecipherable dark look in his eyes.

"Take him out," he ordered his subordinates.

Then, he called Shen Peichuan, informing the latter to ask someone to deal with the captured culprit.

After all, the man was a wanted criminal. Even if he was dead, he had to be transferred to the officers in charge of his case. They had to identify him and deal with him accordingly.