

Stealing Your Heart Chapter 460

The situation now was different from that in the past. Lin Xinyan could only imagine how miserable Zong Jinghao felt.

She grabbed Shen Peichuan's arm, and unknowingly, her nails pierced into his flesh as she leaned in his arms and choked with sobs.

Shen Peichuan ignored the pain in his arm and tried his best to comfort her, "Don't be too sad. You are pregnant now, and you shouldn't get too emotional."

Lin Xinyan paid no heed to his words. She couldn't control herself, all she could think of was how Cheng Yuxiu used her body to protect her from being crushed by the falling billboard and how blood trickled down her neck drip by drip as if it were Cheng Yuxiu's life slowly dripping out of her...

Lin Xinyan covered her chest with her hands as she sobbed silently.

Shen Peichuan knew that he couldn't persuade her and let her be.

After she cried for a long time, Shen Peichuan took her back to the ward to rest.

She was lying on the bed on her side, and she looked out the window blankly.

Shen Peichuan didn't dare to leave, worried that she would be overly sad and affect the baby. After all, she had a miscarriage before.

"If it weren't for saving me, maybe she wouldn't have died..." Her voice was hoarse and wracked with sobs.

Shen Peichuan merely stood by her and remained silent.

She added, "If I have another chance, I will tell Jinghao about her identity right away. At least then she will have no regrets, and Jinghao will not lose the chance to acknowledge her as his mother in this lifetime."

Cheng Yuxiu always said that she had no regrets, but no mother in the world would not want her child to call herself "Mom."

"Don't blame yourself too much. No one knows that such a thing will happen. Besides, you kept the truth from him for his own good too. Not to mention, this was a grudge from the past generation. It has nothing to do with you. What you have to do now is to take care of him so that he can arrange Cheng Yuxiu's funeral with peace of mind, and let her rest in peace," Shen Peichuan stood by the bed and comforted her in a gentle tone.

He sighed, "Take a good rest, I'll call you if anything happens. You can only help him face the situation with enough rest."

Lin Xinyan understood what he meant. Although the fact that Cheng Yuxiu was Zong Jinghao's biological mother had not been made public, she was still Zong Jinghao's wife and Cheng Yuxiu's daughter-in-law, and overseeing Cheng Yuxiu's funeral procession was her duty.

"I know," She replied hoarsely and slowly closed her eyes. Perhaps it was because she was crying; she felt more comfortable to close them.

Later, when she heard Shen Peichuan leaving the ward, she did not open her eyes, even when tears started to stream down her face again.

At noon, Shen Peichuan brought her food. She didn't have any appetite for it and instead asked him how Zong Jinghao was.

Shen Peichuan avoided answering and said, "Don't worry, he just needs some time. After all, everything happened too suddenly."

Shen Peichuan then urged her to eat, "Even though you don't feel like eating, you have to eat for the child's sake."

With that, Lin Xinyan forced two mouthfuls of food into her mouth. However, the moment she ate them, she felt like vomiting and she threw up all the food she ate. The nausea was worse than any previous time. There was nothing more in her stomach to throw up, so she threw up gastric juice and bile, and she promptly collapsed.

Shen Peichuan asked a nurse to infuse her with vitamins, worried that her body could not hold up.

In the afternoon, Lin Xinyan was too tired physically and mentally, and she fell asleep.

When she woke up, it was already dark outside. As she rubbed her sore eyes in the dark and tried to sit up, she saw a figure sitting by the window in her daze.

Focusing on the figure, she got a clearer view of the person. After a short while, she lifted the quilt, got out of the bed, and walked over. She then hugged him from behind.

They did not exchange any words, but they empathize with each other.

After a long while, he reached out and touched her head as he said, "Let's go home."

"Okay," she replied.

Shen Peichuan drove them home. Lin Xinyan was sitting in the back seat holding Zong Jinghao's arm, while he was quiet and didn't say a word along the way.

After returning home, he went straight to the study room. Lin Xinyan knew that he needed some time alone and did not bother him.

The next day, Zong Qifeng appeared at the villa. He was not there to look into the accident, instead, he was there to make sure that Cheng Yuxiu would be laid to rest.

Having seen to the funeral preparations and having chosen the burial ground, Zong Qifeng chose a good day for her burial and informed them that it would be held three days later.

After speaking, he asked for the whereabouts of Zong Jinghao.

Lin Xinyan informed him that he had shut himself in the study. Hearing that, Zong Qifeng sighed deeply. He seemed to have grown older overnight, and his originally tall posture suddenly seemed hunched.

His eyes were clouded as he said in a low voice, "Pass the information to him."

Lin Xinyan complied.

In the evening, Lin Xinyan brought food to the study. Zong Jinghao was sitting on a chair by the window. There was no light in the room except for the moonlight streaming in from the window. She entered the study and turned on the light. After she put the food on the table, she walked over to him, saying, "Dad came today and said that the burial would be held three days later..."

Zong Jinghao suddenly took her hand, stretched out his arms, and hugged her waist.

"Yan, just let me hug you like this," he said in a low voice and hid his expression by burying his face in Lin Xinyan's stomach.

Lin Xinyan stood still and stretched out her hand to hug him back. She did not say anything nor looked at his face. Instead, she simply stayed with him like that, hoping that they would get through that difficult period. *No matter what happens, I would stand by him...*

Time passed by in a blink, and Zong Jinghao didn't speak much for three days, but he would come out of the study, hold his daughter and take her to sleep.

Nothing was unusual, apart from him being more silent.

On the day of Cheng Yuxiu's burial, the sky was gray, and there was a drizzle.

The cemetery was surrounded by lush pines, cypresses, and dense vegetation. Perhaps it was due to the rain, the wind was exceptionally cold that day, and the atmosphere was filled with sadness.

Because Cheng Yuxiu was seen as a homewrecker and her marriage to Zong Qifeng was not looked positively upon, wealthy wives didn't like to associate with her. Cheng Yuxiu was also quiet in nature and didn't like to attend gatherings, so she didn't have many friends. Those who came to the funeral were only the Zongs and Cheng Yuwen, who was the only one left of the Cheng family.

In addition to them, there were also extended relatives of the Zong family clan who came to show their respects, there were also some business partners, where most of them were public figures.

Someone in the crowd asked, "Why didn't Zong Jinghao come? After all, she was still his stepmother. It is inappropriate for him not to come."

Indeed, Zong Jinghao knew that it was the day of Cheng Yuxiu's burial, and he did not come.

Dressed in a uniform and Li Jing by his side, Wen Qing replied to the person's words, "He is from the Wen family. What does he have to do with the Chengs?"

Lin Xinyan glanced at Wen Qing coldly but said nothing. It was the day of Cheng Yuxiu's burial, and she wanted her to leave in peace.

On behalf of Zong Jinghao, Lin Xinyan held Cheng Yuxiu's portrait. Lin Xichen and Lin Ruixi followed their mother as they wore mourning clothes and carried out their filial duties.

At that moment, Li Jing felt sympathy for Cheng Yuxiu and pulled on Lin Xinyan's cuff, "Call Jinghao here and let him send her off on her last journey. It is sad enough that she didn't have any kids of her own."

"It's fine. He will come by himself if he wants to come," Lin Xinyan replied flatly without even looking at Li Jing.

These people only turned up out of formality. None of them actually felt sad for Cheng Yuxiu...