

Stealing Your Heart Chapter 5

Lin Xinyan seemed to have guessed the reason behind Aunt Yu's reaction. She gave no explanation and just smiled.

Her relationship with Zong Jinghao was strictly business so she had no rights to question his private life.

In fact, she felt less restrained when he was not around.

Lin Xinyan entered the room and looked at the decor. The design was unique for it looked monotonous and minimalistic but yet there was a sense of sophistication and luxury. It was splendid.

"This is Young Master's bedroom." Aunt Yu smiled. Now that they were husband and wife, they would be sleeping together naturally.

Lin Xinyan opened her mouth but realized she shouldn't say anything so she just nodded.

It was a challenge to fall asleep in a new place especially on the first night. She leaned her back on the headboard to rest while she opened a job hunting app on her phone. She could only take care of her mother and the child in her if she has a stable job.

Huh?

Lin Xinyan saw a job posting for translator. A job for translator was quite common but what not the language it required as it was Country A.

Country A was the country she was sent to by Lin Guoan. It was a developing country in the tropical region. Not many people would learn the language. Most languages used widely were languages from developed countries.

The salary and benefits were not bad.

And so she applied for it.

Then she put aside her phone and laid down to sleep

The moonlight shone through the window like white silk so soft and gentle and the night was silent.

Soon, she fell into deep sleep. A beam of headlight shone from the outside into the house. A Maybach drove in and stopped at the porch.

The door opened and a tall figure came down from the car. He walked into the house swaying a little unlike his usual steady steps.

He pulled his collar. His mouth felt a little dry so he poured a glass of water when he entered the room. His adam's apple moved as he drank where his dark pupils were almost red from intoxication. He finished the glass of water and it soothed the burning sensation in his throat. He drank quite a lot of white wine at the gatherings and then a few more glasses of red wine at Bai Zhuwei's birthday.

His alcohol tolerance was good but now he felt a little drunk.

He threw his jacket onto the sofa and went straight to his room.

The room was dark but he did not turn on any lights as he knew where the bed was.

He laid down on it.

In her deep sleep, Lin Xinyan felt the movement but it stopped quickly. She curled her body and continued sleeping.

Morning came.

The rays of light brightened up the room like golden strings.

On the bed, the woman curled in the arm of the man still fast asleep.

They could make a sweet couple.

The man's eyelashes moved and he slowly opened his eyes. He had a hangover and wanted to take a shower to clear his heavy head. He moved his arm to sit up and realized that there was something lying on it.

He turned his head and saw a woman in his arm.

The girl's dark hair was voluminous and splayed over his arm. She had fair complexion and her eyelashes were curled like butterfly wings. Her pink lips were slightly opened and she was breathing softly.

His gazed downwards and he saw a slim neck sitting on delicate collarbones and the rising and falling chest in rhythm. She was sleeping on her side. Through the collar of her pajama, he could see the fullness of her bosom.

Her breathing made her chest rise and fall and that was seductive.

He swallowed his saliva. He had never felt such impulse with Bai Zhuwei but he could feel it with this woman who he had only met twice.

He frowned as he irked his manly instinct but yet he could not take his eyes off her.

In her dreams, Lin Xinyan found herself in the African grasslands. She was being watched by a ferocious lion and it was about to eat her.

She woke up in a fright.

When she opened her eyes, she saw a pair of dark pupils that was trying to stay calm.

Her mind blanked out.

She opened her eyes wide and covered her chest then questioned him, "You! What are you doing in my bed?"

The man shifted his gaze calmly and pulled the blankets away slowly. "This is my bed."

Lin Xinyan opened her mouth and was about to rebut but seeing the circumstances, she just kept quiet.

"Hadn't you gone to celebrate your girlfriend's birthday? Why are you back?" Lin Xinyan came down from the bed and stood on its side.

There was a hint of questioning in her tone.

When Aunt Yu said he was not coming back last night, she let down her guard and fell into a deep sleep. She didn't even hear him entering the room.

She slept on the same bed with this man the whole night!

Her face flushed when she thought of her how she was sleeping in his arms.

Her head drooped.

Zong Jinghao was unbuttoning his shirt as he did not feel comfortable as the creased shirt still had the scent of alcohol lingering on it. He did not take off his shirt last night. He looked at the woman standing by the side of the bed and gave her a cheeky smile. "My girlfriend's birthday isn't as important in comparison with the first night of marriage."

Lin Xinyan was speechless.

This was just a deal and they were not husband and wife. What "first night of marriage" was he babbling about?

Zong Jinghao took off his shirt.

Lin Xinyan turned around immediately. This man was taking off his clothes in front of her!

After that night, she rejected men. Any form of intimacy with men.

She panicked and said, "I— I'll go out."

And ran out of the bedroom instantly.

Zong Jinghao paid no attention. He took off his belt and went into the bathroom.

He needed to take a shower to clear his mind.

The gushing sound of the water came from the toilet. An hour later, there was a scent of fragrance that flowed out of the bathroom. His short dark hair was slightly damp and messy. The white shower robe shielded his slim figure with its collar slightly opened showing his firm chest that was honey-colored. It was an enticing sight of masculine charisma.

He walked over to the wardrobe and opened it. He saw a sunflower-printed bag in his wardrobe when he was about to take out his clothes. He stopped. Is this the woman's bag? It was flower-printed. How could she be so childish?

It seemed like she had made herself at home and placed her things inside his wardrobe.

He frowned and took his clothes. However, he accidentally knocked over her bag when he was putting the hanger back.

The bag was not zipped so its contents spilled out. They were just simple clothes and daily necessities.

He knelt down and was about to pick the things up when he saw an ultrasonography report.

Lin Xinyan, female, eighteen. Early pregnancy, six weeks.

That woman was pregnant?