

Stealing Your Heart Chapter 52

Soon, He Ruize's voice was heard. "Yan, it's me."

Lin Xinyan's voice was tight. "Yeah."

After a moment of silence, he said, "The woman that you said is dead—"

"What?" Before He Ruize could finish his sentence, he was interrupted by Lin Xinyan.

Why would she die?

She's obviously very healthy and not very old. Why would she die so suddenly?

"Yan." He Ruize called her name softly to calm her agitated emotion. "Don't worry. We don't have to start with that woman—"

Clutching the phone tightly, Lin Xinyan was still upset. She didn't know why she was so upset either. Was it because she was disappointed, or something else? She didn't now.

She only knew that her mind was in a whirl.

She looked down. "Not a single clue is found?"

Am I thinking too much?

He Ruize fell silent.

The two of them didn't hang up the phone, nor did they talk.

The air was so still that they could hear each other's breathing.

After a long pause, He Ruize spoke first, "Yan—" He hesitated. "Do you really want to know who the father of the child is?"

Lin Xinyan lowered her head to stare at her feet. The light from outside scattered across them, casting shadows on the floor. She asked herself in her heart, do I really want to know who the father of the child is?

When did this idea come about?

It was when she found clues from Zong Jinghao that she began to have the urge to know.

"If the answer disappoints you, and it's not the person you think, would you still want to know?" He Ruize continued to ask her.

Lin Xinyan didn't know how to answer his questions.

Perhaps she was also conflicted inside.

"Why don't you speak?" He Ruize questioned closely.

There were thousands types of feelings in this world.

One of them was the feelings that grew over time.

Zong Jinghao and she lived under the same roof, would they develop feelings for each other?

This was also why He Ruize questioned her closely.

"Yan—"

“I’m listening.” Lin Xinyan interrupted him; for fear that he would say something that she couldn’t answer.

It was nighttime in Country A now. He Ruize was standing on the side of the road in the foreign country, while the streetlamp illuminated him, casting a long silhouette on the ground—

He lowered his head and looked at his shadow. In fact, he also wanted to know if the man that night was the person Lin Xinyan suspected, which was Zong Jinghao.

That woman died, and the hotel surveillance footage was deleted.

But he still managed to find out. He asked around in the hotel with Lin Xinyan’s photo. An attendant, who recognized Lin Xinyan and witnessed the incident, told him clearly what happened that night.

She was right.

That man was Zong Jinghao.

He didn’t want to admit it, nor did he want Lin Xinyan to know.

There would be a connection between them with the presence of a child. Even if Zong Jinghao didn’t love her, but for their child, would he—

He didn’t dare to imagine.

He didn’t want Lin Xinyan to know.

He liked her and wanted to take care of her.

He met her first.

He met her when she was still a child.

“Yan, I found out that the man that night...” He Ruize clutched at the phone tightly.

Lin Xinyan’s heart was suddenly at her throat.

All of a sudden, she was enveloped by a shadow. Turning around, the person was standing against the light, with his profound facial features hidden in the light. Through the light, she could see who was standing behind her, while anxiety and vigilance abruptly emerged in her eyes.

Yet, there was also an inexplicable anticipation.

She anticipated He Ruize to say the answer that she guessed.

“Was a local.” He Ruize’s voice was heard coming from the other end of the call.

Boom.

This answer was a sudden shock to Lin Xinyan.

A local?

In other words, what she saw in Zong Jinghao was a coincidence.

My guess is also wrong?

“Yan, are you listening?”

“I have something to do. Got to go.” Lin Xinyan hung up the phone in a panic. Perhaps she was too panic, so the phone fell to the floor, making a loud noise.

She wanted to bend over to pick it up, but Zong Jinghao picked it up first. Looking at the phone number on the screen, he narrowed his eyes slightly. "Who are you talking to? Why are you so nervous seeing me?"

Lin Xinyan pretended to be calm. "I'm not nervous. You suddenly appeared and scared me."

Smiling, Zong Jinghao bent over to stare at the woman who was pretending to be calm. "Really?"

Being stared at by him, Lin Xinyan felt a chill running down her spine, and her throat was too tight to speak. At this moment, Aunt Yu came over with the sliced apple and got Lin Xinyan out of a fix.

"This is an authentic Qixia apple. It's sweet and crisp. Try it." Aunt Yu put the apple on the table.

Lin Xinyan quickly looked away from Zong Jinghao's gaze and went to pick up a slice of apple. It was really crisp, sweet, and juicy. She picked up one and handed it to Zong Jinghao. "Want to try?"

Zong Jinghao looked down and stared at her hand that was holding the apple, without moving.

Lin Xinyan sent it to his lips again, and the apple juice got on his lips. It was cold, but he could taste the sweetness.

Lin Xinyan blinked her eyes. "It's really sweet."

Zong Jinghao bit the apple, glancing at her. "I'll spare you this time since you're so sensible."

Do you think I don't know that you're deliberately changing the subject?

Knowing her place, Aunt Yu smiled, and exited the room to go outside to see people doing their jobs.

Lin Xinyan pursed her lips, not daring to refute. He then unbuttoned his suit while chewing the apple, threw it on the sofa, and sat on the sofa. Seeing the piano, he asked, "You can play piano?"

Lin Xinyan turned around to see the piano and nodded. "I used to play. I haven't played for a long time. I'm afraid my fingers have become stiff."

Then, she lowered her head to look at her fingers.

Zong Jinghao's gaze fell on her fingers. Her fingers were skinny and fair, but there were calluses on her palms. Frowning, he wanted to reach out to grab her hand when she rose to her feet and walked towards the piano.

She sat against the light in front of the piano, and her finger lightly touched the key, producing a crisp and pleasant sound.

She squeezed her hands, looking for a feel. Although she hadn't played the piano for a long time, she still had the courage to start playing it as she had learned for many years.

She closed her eyes and took a deep breath before placing her fingers gently on the keys.

When her fingers pressed the keys, My Soul was slowly presented in a melodious tune.

This was the first song she learned to play, and also her favorite.

Various scenes from the past—including the happy ones and sad ones—flashed across her mind.

Her life was short, but she had experienced too much.

Zong Jinghao stared at her back, while having some deep thinking about something.

Did she get the calluses on her hand when she was in Country A?

Does it hurt very much being abandoned by her father?

He was lost in thought and was suddenly interrupted by his phone's ringtone. This inappropriate ringtone seemed to displease him, as he knitted his brows hard. Lin Xinyan seemed to hear the sound and stopped playing the piano.

The air instantly became still.

The ringtone of the phone became clearer.

Lin Xinyan stood up and walked over, wondering why he didn't pick up his phone.

Then, she saw the name shown on the phone—Bai Zhuwei.

Lin Xinyan sat across from him. "It's Miss Bai. Why don't you pick up the phone?"

Of course, I didn't pick up because I didn't want to.

The caller was very patient, as the ringtone kept ringing persistently.

Lin Xinyan smiled. "Are you afraid that I'll hear what you two say? I won't disturb you then—"

Then, she rose to her feet, and was about to leave when Zong Jinghao grabbed her in the wrist, and pulled her, causing Lin Xinyan to fall into his lap. When she wanted to move, Zong Jinghao put his arm around her waist and held her tightly.

With another hand, he picked up the phone.