

Stealing Your Heart Chapter 80

Lin Xinyan was not surprised that Guan Jing was here. He was the one who forced her to come back. He would have known where she stayed.

It was good timing as she had something to tell him too.

“Let’s go.” Lin Xinyan walked towards Guan Jing’s car.

Guan Jing did not leave immediately. Instead, he looked at Yu Doudou. “You’re not allowed to disturb her. The next time I see it, I won’t be as nice as now.”

Guan Jing went into his car after warning the man.

Lin Xinyan was quiet, and she asked nothing. She just looked out the window with indifferent eyes.

Guan Jing looked back at her, then focused on driving. The scenery at the side of the road became more and more familiar, as if unchanged in six years. This was the road to the villa.

Lin Xinyan frowned.

Although she had not lived here for long, she still remembered everything that had happened here clearly.

Soon, the car stopped, and Lin Xinyan sighed. When she felt calm, then she opened the car to come down from the car.

Guan Jing did not seem to be going in. Instead, he said, “Mr. Zong is waiting for you inside. You’ll be going in yourself.”

Lin Xinyan took a look at him. “Do you know why he’s looking for me?”

“I’m not clear on my boss’ private matters.”

Lin Xinyan laughed. This was Zong Jinghao’s man. If there was anything against her, he would not say anything.

Her question was useless.

She walked to the door, took a deep breath, and opened it.

The living room was spacious, bright, and clean. On the right was the piano that Lin Guoan had sent over. It was still at the same position, as if it was never touched over the years.

After her accident, she had left the country quickly, and did not bring any of her things along. She had not taken her clothes, not to mention her piano.

She walked over.

The place seemed unchanged. It still looked the same as when she had left.

“Do you still remember this place?”

On the second floor, there was a man dressed in black shirt. His sleeves were folded up, showing his muscular forearm. He had one hand in his pocket, and the other was holding a glass of red liquid. The liquid in the glass swayed with his movements, as if it was alive.

Lin Xinyan raised her head up and gave a faint smile. “Mr. Zong.”

Zong Jinghao’s expression froze. Mr. Zong?

She used to be the first one to call him by this way, but after she had called him by his name, he had disliked this old title.

It felt foreign and distant.

He preferred her calling him by his name.

“Are you still familiar with this place?” He strode down the stairs.

“It’s been too long. I don’t remember all the details.” Lin Xinyan did not want to admit it.

She rejected all her memories involving him, including her feelings.

“Is there something you want to tell me? You were the one to call me here after all.” Lin Xinyan sat at the couch, her legs crossed elegantly and she placed her arm by the armrest. “It was good timing. I had something to tell Mr. Zong too.”

She had something to tell him?

This was a little surprising for Zong Jinghao.

He placed the red wine in front of Lin Xinyan. “For you.”

Lin Xinyan politely replied, “Thank you.”

Zong Jinghao raised his eyebrow. This tone and this look. Was she really going to treat him like a stranger?

He held back his unhappy feelings and sat opposite her.

“What do you want to tell me?”

Lin Xinyan's hands were clasped tightly. "Six years ago, we were supposed to divorce as per the deal. However, it was because of me that the divorce papers were not signed. It had been an inconvenience for you. I apologize. This time, I'm here to sign the divorce—"

"This is what you want to tell me?" Zong Jinghao interrupted.

He had told her that he canceled the marriage with He Ruilin. Now she was here, telling him about this?

Was he not clear the last time?

His expression turned grim.

"Yes, I have thought about Mr. Zong's words. Even if you could accept it, I could not. So that's why, as per Mr. Zong's words, and as per our deal, let's divorce."

Her hands were clammy when she finished her words.

Zong Jinghao sneered.

His slim body leaned back on the couch and looked at her casually.

His gaze made her feel threatened, as if there was a knife on her back.

She found her voice after a long while. "If you're free, we can do it today..."

As if she had thought of something funny, Lin Xinyan laughed mockingly. "How could I forget about this? Mr. Zong doesn't do these things himself; you just need to tell Guan Jing, the assistant."

Zong Jinghao frowned.

"Are you done?"

Lin Xinyan nodded, and sat straight. She was prepared to hear him tell her the reason he was looking for her.

Instead of speaking, he looked up a news article on his phone and handed her the phone.

Lin Xinyan felt confused and looked over with curious eyes. She felt herself tensed when she saw the photo, and she took the phone immediately. In the photo was her son, and the background looked like a room in a restaurant. In Lin Xichen's hand was something, and Zong Jinghao was also clearly in the photo.

“What is this?”

“When I was discussing business with Mr. Li from Shengda Group, your son barged in with that thing in his hand. He said it was mine in front of the people. Someone took a photo of that scene and uploaded it on the net.” He unbuttons his collar with his slender fingers, and said with a casual look, “This news had already spread out. Do you know what the others have been saying about me?”

What Lin Xinyan was shocked about was not that Lin Xichen had found trouble with Zong Jinghao, but where Lin Xichen could have gotten his hands on that thing.

He was five.

“I'm sorry, I'll definitely teach him—” That was not right; Lin Xichen would never be able to get something like that. What if he really had dropped it?

“It's not mine.” Zong Jinghao's voice was low.

He realized what Lin Xinyan was thinking about. If it was not for his rationality, he would have grabbed the woman's collar and shouted at her. He had no habit of bringing that everywhere!

Lin Xinyan sneered. "My son is still young. I doubt he knows what that is. Why would he give it to you and not anyone else?"

Lin Xinyan still believed in her son.

He was a little cunning, but he would never think of using this to frame him.

Hah.

Fine.

Zong Jinghao stood up, his fingers unbuttoning the buttons on his shirt one by one. He looked at her from above; his condescending gaze was wicked and wild.

Lin Xinyan subconsciously moved backwards and watched with wary eyes. "What are you doing?"

Zong Jinghao smiled. "I'm going to prove to you that I don't have the habit of using those things."

Lin Xinyan was speechless.

"I'll ask him when I go home. I'm ending the conversation for today." She stood up and was prepared to leave.

However, her wrist was grabbed by Zong Jinghao. "The end of this conversation is not for you to decide."

Lin Xinyan only felt her heart about burst out. She was terrified, and she did not dare to turn her head to look at him. "I'll do a thorough check. I'll definitely apologize if Mr. Zong was wronged."

“Rather than letting you off to check, I’d prefer to show it to you now.” He pushed, and Lin Xinyan’s body fell backwards into the couch. Zong Jinghao came onto her—