

Stealing Your Heart Chapter 151

Lin Xinyan subconsciously kept her hands behind her back.

This was important to her. She could not let others continue to threaten her.

It made her anxious when she realized that this could put her children in danger.

“Yes, it’s important to me.” She said determinedly, “You should go in first. I’ll be back soon.”

Lin Xinyan turned and walked out.

Zong Jinghao looked at her rushing figure and narrowed his eyes. It felt like there was something wrong with her today, like she was hiding something from him.

When Mr. Feng saw Lin Xinyan walking away, he ran over and asked, “Why is Young Mistress leaving? Master and Madam are waiting inside.”

Zong Jinghao had a cold gaze that seemed like it could freeze anyone he looked at.

When Mr. Feng saw his gaze, he immediately stopped.

He knew that his relationship with his parents was still estranged and he was most likely unhappy with their sudden appearance.

He wanted Zong Jinghao to think better of his parents, so he explained to Zong Jinghao, “Master and Madam are here for your good.”

However, Zong Jinghao was not in the mood to listen to his words.

For his good?

He scoffed in his heart and walked in. It felt like the air around him was frozen and no one could go near him.

Mr. Feng followed him in without daring to say anything else.

This was the first time the living room had this many people in it. The spacious living room finally felt lived in instead of its normal emptiness.

Zong Qifeng sat at the head of the table and beside him was Yuxiu.

Zhuang Zijin was with the two children sitting on the right. Aunt Yu was standing behind Yuxiu. When he came in, everyone looked over to him.

“Why are you alone?” Zong Qifeng was the first to talk and he could not conceal his agitation in his voice.

Lin Xinyan scoffed. “Who else are you planning to meet?”

They were father and son, but every time they met, they were like enemies.

Zong Qifeng’s hands clenched and he gripped tight onto the armrest of the couch. He tried his best to suppress the anger in him. “I’m your father, right?”

“I don’t have a choice in that.” Zong Jinghao sat on the couch.

Lin Ruixi looked at Zong Jinghao. If it was not for Zhuang Zijin holding her back, she would have pounced on Zong Jinghao the moment he entered the house.

On the other hand, Lin Xichen was calm, as if he knew why these two came today.

And what was on the table.

“You—” Zong Qifeng did not want to get angry, but he could not stay calm in front of Zong Jinghao, who was sarcastic every time.

Yuxiu held onto his trembling hand and consoled him, “Be calm, you have more important things.”

“If you’re just here to show off the love between you two, don’t do it here. I’m a busy person.” He said impatiently. As he said, he glanced towards Lin Ruixi. He felt odd that the little girl had not come over to cling onto him.

It was as if he was used to a little “soft bun” running into his arms every time he came home.

“We have more important things.” Yuxiu held onto his hand tightly, signaling him to not get angry because of Zong Jinghao’s words.

Zong Qifeng took a few deep breaths before he could suppress the rising fire in him. He pointed the tile on the table. “Look at it for yourself. Give me an explanation after you see it. Don’t argue with me. The evidence is right there so don’t think about hiding it from me.”

Zong Jinghao did not move.

The father and son looked at each other. It was a silent war with no violence.

No one spoke.

The atmosphere was heavy.

“Daddy.”

It was Lin Ruixi’s soft voice that broke the tense atmosphere.

“Be quiet.” Zhuang Zijin patted her shoulders softly.

Yuxiu's eyes were red as she reached out for Lin Ruixi. "Come here."

Lin Ruixi widened her round eyes and looked at Zong Jinghao then back at Yuxiu. Finally, she slid down the couch to jump into Zong Jinghao's arms and mumbled, "Daddy, did mommy not come home with you?"

All the anger, dissatisfaction, and indifference that Zong Jinghao had were buried under Lin Ruixi's voice. He relaxed and gently patted her head. "Your mommy is coming home soon."

"You bastard!"

Zong Qifeng smacked the arm rest and stood up.

Aunt Yu had told him that Zong Jinghao did not know that the two children were his, and that was why he had not told him. It was nothing if Zong Jinghao had not known about it himself and therefore did not inform him. However, the children were calling him daddy. It was obvious that he knew about it.

He had no place in Zong Jinghao's heart.

Does his son still acknowledge him as his father?

Lin Ruixi shrunk herself into shock and leaned further into Zong Jinghao's arms.

Zong Jinghao's big hands caressed her back as he consoled her, "Don't be scared."

Lin Ruixi kept quiet and just blinked.

Aunt Yu knew that Zong Qifeng must be having a misunderstanding. Without anyone's prompting, she quickly walked in front to hand the documents to Zong Jinghao. "Young Master, take a look at it."

Zong Jinghao took it from her hands but had not planned to look at it. Just as he was about to throw it away, a few words on the documents caught his attention—DNA.

DNA?

Who's with who's?

“I collected Ruixi, Xichen, and your hair.”

Zong Jinghao looked up at Aunt Yu.

What did she mean?

Lin Ruixi blinked with confused eyes as she asked, “Grandma Yu, why did you collect Xichen's and my hair?”

Aunt Yu smiled and reached out to pat her head. “Nothing much. I just wanted to help your daddy realize some things.”

Zong Jinghao's gaze landed back on the document in his hands.

The black words were striking—DNA Test Report.

The upper part was filled with technical jargon. Zong Jinghao did not understand it as he had never studied medicine. His gaze gradually moved downwards. He felt like his heart was thumping so quickly that it seemed like it wanted to jump out of his chest but could not find the exit. He could not calm himself down. The overwhelming tension threatened to swallow him whole.

The results were 99.99 percent similarity.

His gaze could not move away from the last sentence.

Instantly, he stiffened and his fingers trembled. It was an agitation that he could not control; it was a wave in his heart that surged like never before.

Lin Ruixi and Lin Xichen were his children?

How could it be?

No one spoke for a few seconds. He threw the document aside, then stood up to look at Aunt Yu then at Zong Qifeng.

His tone was mocking. What are you trying to do?"

What was he trying to tell him by making this thing for him to see?

"Are you still trying to deny it?" Zong Qifeng trembled in anger.

"Even if I have let you and your late mother down, am I not your father?" He hit his chest. "Do you not have my blood flowing in your veins?"

Yuxiu did not try to console Zong Qifeng this time. She could not bring herself to.

Aunt Yu was panicking on the side. What was going on? The truth was right in front of him and yet he still did not believe it?

She ran to grab the photo and put it beside Lin Xichen's face for comparison.

"Look at this face, look at these eyes, this forehead—"

Zong Jinghao gave it a glance before he looked away.

He had never slept with Lin Xinyan. He knew about this.

For the thirty and more years he had lived, he had only slept with one woman—that woman from six years ago.

If they were his children...

Then six years ago—

There was a surge of waves in his eyes.

In that split moment, he realized where He Ruilin's hostility towards Lin Xinyan came from...

It was because of six years ago.

It was not her that night.

It was Lin Xinyan. And that was why he felt an inexplicable familiarity towards her.

What had happened that night?

Why did Lin Xinyan appear in his room?

In Lin Xichen's eyes, his lack of response was a silent denial.

Did he not want to acknowledge them?

Did he want to remain a heartless man?

Fine!

Very well!

He did not need this daddy anyway!

This heartless man did not have the right to be his daddy!

Lin Xichen pushed Aunt Yu away and slid down the sofa. He picked up the report from the table and tore it into half. As if that alone was not enough, he continued tearing it until it could no longer be pieced back. "This must be a misunderstanding. How could I be his son?"

Lin Xichen pointed at Zong Jinghao.

"My mum was pregnant for nine months then she gave birth to me and my sister. I'm six years old now. I have never seen my daddy but I never dared to ask about it, because I know mommy would be sad. I had seen her waking up in shock from a nightmare and hiding to secretly cry alone. I don't know what she had dreamt about and I don't know who had appeared in her dreams. I don't know if her dreams had reminded her of sad things."

Lin Xichen sniffed. "She always guiltily tells me 'sorry, I can't give you a complete family' when she thinks that I'm asleep. I never was. She would never say this when I'm awake because she was afraid that I would ask why I didn't have a daddy."

He looked at Zong Jinghao with disappointment. "My mommy is so great, how could she ever want you?"