

Stealing Your Heart Chapter 220

Did she ever love him?

It would be a lie to say that she didn't. She used to love him wholeheartedly.

However, she couldn't afford to say that at this moment. She needed to keep her heartless façade up for as long as possible. "No, I've never loved you," she answered.

The tears that she had been holding back the whole time began to fall as well.

Lightning ripped across the gloomy sky as thunder roared in their ears.

Bai Hongfei's legs gave way, and he fell to the ground. He had just wanted to see her again, yet this encounter felt worse than death.

He slipped into unconsciousness as his breathing became labored...

Cheng Yuwen turned around and grabbed his head, slapping his cheeks and pinching his philtrum in an attempt to wake him up. "Bai Hongfei, wake up!"

Zong Qifeng stayed put, giving Cheng Yuxiu a look. "Do you want to take a look?"

Cheng Yuxiu's tears began to fall like pearls falling off a broken necklace.

She shook her head. "Let's go."

Since she'd made up her mind, then dragging her feet would only make things worse for both of them.

“Are you sure?” Zong Qifeng asked, testing how determined she was.

“I’m sure,” Cheng Yuxiu said, raising her head to meet his eyes. It was a silent declaration of her resolve.

Zong Qifeng realized just how resilient this woman was despite her delicate appearance.

He closed the door and drove off.

Cheng Yuwen’s panicked babbles filled the air as he got on the phone with the ambulance.

Back at the hospital, Wen Xian had arrived too. She sat beside the driver’s seat in a black car, and a young, handsome man sat next to her. Zong Qifeng couldn’t really tell who it was due to the reflections on the window, but he could tell that he was Wen Xian’s lover.

His gaze darkened for a second.

Wen Xian noticed his presence and turned to the man. “Ziyi, you should go back first.”

Zhuang Ziyi nodded. “Take care of yourself. If there’s anything, just drop me a call.”

Wen Xian nodded, before she opened the door and alighted.

Zong Qifeng happened to alight from his car as well, and they exchanged looks for a few seconds. He was the first one to break eye contact, as he turned around to carry Cheng Yuxiu out from the car. He remained silent the whole time.

Just like Cheng Yuxiu, he was in a bad mood.

He started to climb the stairs but stopped after a couple of steps. "Go home. I'll take care of her today," he said.

Wen Xian stopped in her tracks, raising her head to look at his back. After a while, she finally spoke, "Fine. She isn't really in her best shape now, so I'd suggest that she stay indoors as much as possible. After her condition stabilizes..."

"Why don't you get pregnant yourself if you're so interested in it?" Zong Qifeng asked, cutting her off.

He looked at her straight in the eyes. "Was that your lover?"

Wen Xian pursed her lips together. "Don't do this to me, Qifeng..."

Zong Qifeng scoffed. "What do you want me to do? Can't I be curious as to why my wife is going on a date with another man?"

Wen Xian's eyes grew red. "I promised not to get serious with him before you fall in love with someone. We were just having a casual get-together today, and I didn't expect you to show up..."

"I don't want to hear that. Now leave."

Zong Qifeng left after spitting those words.

He cut through the bright corridors that smelled of antiseptic before arriving at Cheng Yuxiu's room. The maid had cleaned the room up when they were away, and was arranging the flowers in the vase when they came in.

The doctor had told them to put some plants in the room to calm her down and freshen up the air.

Wen Xian had gotten the maid to do just that.

When the maid saw them entering the room, she hurriedly put down the flower in her hands and pulled the blankets aside. "Did both of you go out?" She asked them.

Zong Qifeng was in a bad mood, and he kept quiet. Cheng Yuxiu's face was streaked with tear stains.

Neither of them answered the maid.

The maid understood the situation and stepped aside quiet.

"You may leave for now. I'll call you when I need you," Zong Qifeng said, covering Cheng Yuxiu with a blanket.

The maid gave a soft yes and left the room before closing the door gently behind her.

Zong Qifeng helped Cheng Yuxiu lie down on the bed. "Does anything hurt?"

Cheng Yuxiu shook her head.

Zong Qifeng pulled the blanket over her body carefully.

Cheng Yuxiu looked at him and figured that he was troubled too. If not, he wouldn't have confronted Wen Xian at the entrance.

She couldn't help but pity him for a second. What else would be more insulting than seeing one's beloved wife swoon over someone else?

"If you feel sad, just look at me. I've had it worse than you," Cheng Yuxiu said, her lips dry and voice cracking.

Zong Qifeng looked at her. "You're hurting so much on the inside, and yet you have the heart to comfort me?"

Cheng Yuxiu bit her lip and forced a smile on her face. "Don't you think we're kind of fated?"

"Hmm?"

"Both of us are pretty unlucky."

Zong Qifeng went silent.

After a week of hospitalization, Cheng Yuxiu was finally discharged.

The doctor gave her the green light to walk, but not too much. She had to stay in bed as much as possible.

Even so, there was plenty of space to walk around in the house, unlike the hospital.

As she had trouble getting around with her big belly, she started to sleep downstairs. Wen Xian followed suit.

Zong Qifeng slept alone on the second floor.

Their relationships seemed strange, yet they lived harmoniously.

Cheng Yuxiu began to think of herself as a surrogate.

However, she couldn't see a difference between her current situation and that of a real surrogate.

She would smile bitterly whenever that thought popped up.

"Why are you smiling?" Wen Xian asked as she folded the laundry.

Cheng Yuxiu froze for a second. She didn't notice that Wen Xian had been watching her.

"Nothing much. I just thought of a joke," Cheng Yuxiu said.

"What joke?" Wen Xian asked. She was feeling bored, and a conversation seemed enticing.

Cheng Yuxiu was caught off guard, but she managed to think of something funny that happened when she was in primary school. "In my first year of primary school. I had a classmate whose mom asked him how much he learned on the first day of school. Guess what he answered? 'Not enough apparently, that's why I have to go back tomorrow!'"

Wen Xian laughed. "Your classmate's really cheeky."

Cheng Yuxiu laughed with her, her troubles dissipated.

When Zong Qifeng returned, he saw the two women laughing and getting along well in the living room, and immediately got a feeling that he was the one who was not needed in this household.

When they noticed his return, they stopped laughing immediately. Wen Xian picked up the folded clothes and said, "I'm going to put this in the closet."

Cheng Yuxiu stood up as well. "I'll help you."

The two of them disappeared into a room as Zong Qifeng stood at the doorway frowning.

Why were they avoiding him?

He understood if Wen Xian had pretended that he didn't exist, but Cheng Yuxiu too?

He could feel the tension building up within.

During dinner, Wen Xian suddenly asked Cheng Yuxiu, “Do you prefer having a boy or a girl?”