

Stealing Your Heart Chapter 228

Wen Xian finally woke up two days after the surgery, and the first thing she said was, "How's the baby? He's not hurt, is he?"

Her voice was dry and raspy from being unconscious for two days straight.

Zong Qifeng held her hand and said, "He's fine. You protected him very well."

Wen Xian heaved a sigh of relief and looked up at the ceiling. "Thank God he's fine. I won't be able to face you if anything happened to him."

She didn't want to mention Cheng Yuxiu in case it makes Zong Qifeng unhappy.

Zong Qifeng lowered his gaze. "I've never felt so embarrassed in my life before," he said with a bitter grin.

"It's all my fault."

Wen Xian put all the blame on herself. "I was being too selfish. I forgot about you."

"You're not at fault, and neither am I nor her. It's just a matter of fate."

He patted her hand. "Don't think about anything else. Focus on your recovery."

"I went to see my brother, and he said that he didn't kidnap her..."

"It's fine. If you want to leave, we can get divorced as soon as you recover..."

“I’m not doing that. I’m staying here with you and the baby,” Wen Xian said as she held his hand. “I can’t deprive him of a mother...”

At that moment, Lin Xinyan began to cry.

She felt as though someone had poured boiling water into her, scalding her from the inside.

She couldn’t pass any judgments, since everyone seemed justified in their actions.

“What happened after that?”

Cheng Yuxiu remained calm the whole time, as though she was merely telling the story from a bystander’s point of view.

“Wen Xian couldn’t walk because of her injured leg...”

“Didn’t the doctor say that they can fix it with metal bars?”

“They only found out after the surgery that her leg had been crushed beyond repair in the car. She couldn’t walk anymore, and because of that, Wen Qing kept me and Bai Hongfei captive for even longer, since he didn’t want Zong Qifeng to leave Wen Xian’s side. No one suspected a thing when he claimed that we eloped, since everyone knew that we used to be lovers.”

“After that...”

A few more years passed, Wen Xian finally found out that Wen Qing had been keeping Cheng Yuxiu captive from his conversation with Wen Jin. By then, Zong Jinghao was already six years old.

Cheng Yuxiu had just given birth when Wen Qing went to kidnap her that year. She was locked in the dark, damp cell for a long time where the nasty environment had led to her infertility.

Wen Xian would never have guessed that Wen Qing had lied to her and that her father knew about it the whole time. She crashed into the room and yelled at them, "How could you do that?"

She was beyond furious.

"Wen Xian, why are you here?" Wen Qing asked, standing up from his chair. "We're doing this for your own good..."

Wen Xian continued to scream, "You're breaking the law for me? Who gave you the right to take away someone's liberties?"

"You need to calm down," Wen Qing said, his face darkening. "Haven't you been living in peace for the past few years? You're getting along with Qifeng, and that's good enough. What else do you want? Why would I risk losing my job to do this if it wasn't for you?"

Wen Xian stared at Wen Qing for a long while. "Let her go," she sobbed.

Wen Qing frowned. "Pretend you didn't hear anything today. Go back home now."

"How could I do that?" Wen Xian said, tears welling up in her face. She threw herself off her wheelchair and kneeled down before her brother.

"Are you crazy?" Wen Qing yelled, pulling her up. "You want to lose a limb or something?"

Wen Qing was getting impatient with Wen Xian. She had already lost the ability to walk, and she's still fighting for a woman that had nothing to do with her?

“I don’t care! I’m not getting up unless you let her go!” Wen Xian yelled with much resolve. Wen Qing was left with no choice.

He bent down to look her in the eye. “Why do you want to save her? Aren’t you concerned that she’s going to show up and ruin your marriage?”

Wen Xian looked at him. “I need to save her. I sent her to Zong Qifeng because I wanted to get together with Ziyi...”

“So you set them up?” Wen Qing asked, his expression contorting into something unreadable.

“Let her go,” Wen Jin said, breaking the silence. He believed that Wen Xian and Zong Qifeng were close enough to not drift apart because of that woman.

After all, their child was already six years old, and Zong Qifeng wouldn’t leave Wen Xian for that woman out of the blue.

However, he still hadn’t found out Wen Xian didn’t give birth to the child.

Finally, Wen Qing decided to obey his father’s orders and told Wen Xian the location where he held Cheng Yuxiu captive.

“How did you survive that ordeal?” Lin Xinyan asked, holding Cheng Yuxiu’s clammy hands tightly.

She could feel Cheng Yuxiu’s body trembling.

“I don’t know but it was very hard. I stared at the same walls every day and my mind went at some point. I couldn’t tell one person from another...”

When Zong Qifeng saw Cheng Yuxiu once again after six years, it was at an underground storage space. Her hair was long, dry and unkempt, and her gaze

was empty. Her body was thin like a stick, and when he opened the door, she stayed put in the corner of the room, as though she had succumbed to fate.

Standing at the door to the room, Wen Xian told Zong Qifeng, “She didn’t elope with Bai Hongfei after all. My brother kidnapped her and threatened to kill Bai Hongfei if she didn’t make that call to you. She had been kept here all these years.”

Zong Qifeng couldn’t hear anything else. All he could think about was how she had been imprisoned here all those years instead of running away with Bai Hongfei.

Bai Hongfei was released by Wen Xian as well.

They hadn’t been imprisoned together from the beginning.

Zong Qifeng’s legs felt like they were full of lead, and walking became a chore. He almost couldn’t match her face to the bright and strong girl he knew.

She was just a puppet, her soul had drifted from her.

She could no longer fend for herself besides breathing.

Cheng Yuxiu had retreated further into the corner of the room when she saw someone coming into the room, as though she was terrified.

Zong Qifeng went down on one knee before her and swept her hair away from her face. Cheng Yuxiu began to tremble from fear. “Get away from me,” she said.

She shoved Zong Qifeng, but he didn’t budge. “It’s me,” he rasped.

Cheng Yuxiu stared at him in shock, and when she finally registered his face, tears began to roll down her cheeks.

Zong Qifeng hugged her tightly. "I am taking you out of here."

"When I was rescued, my mind had been in a mess, and I couldn't remember a lot of things. It took a year for me to become normal again. The last time I met Wen Xian, she told me that she was sorry. We've never met again since. Soon, I heard that she was pregnant, and died not long after."

"Does that mean that Zong Jinghao has a half-sibling?" Lin Xinyan asked, instinctively assuming that the child Wen Xian carried belonged to Zong Qifeng.

"No. Qifeng said that the child wasn't his. I'm guessing that it belonged to the man Wen Xian loved."

Cheng Yuxiu looked at Lin Xinyan and reached out to stroke her face. "We got married barely a month after she passed away. Jinghao was unhappy about it even till now. When I was being held captive, Wen Xian did put in a lot of effort into raising him. He still won't call me his mother until now."

"Why can't you tell him?" Lin Xinyan asked as her heart ached. She felt sorry for a lot of people, but it was mostly for Zong Jinghao, since he didn't even know that his birth mother had been around the whole time.

If he found out that Cheng Yuxiu had been his birth mother, he would definitely regret giving her the cold shoulder all these years.