

Stealing Your Heart Chapter 24

Zong Jinghao could not move in time, and he could only stare as Lin Xinyan fell onto him.

Her forehead knocked onto his chin, and it was painful. And her lips touched a shaped solid, a familiar yet foreign sensation.

For a moment, Lin Xinyan was stunned. Her rationality came back to her and she hurriedly got up. It was now then she realized that her lips had touched onto his Adam's apple.

She held onto her aching forehead, her face was burning red.

From shame.

Zong Jinghao's thoughts were also muddled up for a second after that moment. He slowly raised his eyes to look at her. "If I'm a thug, what are you?"

Without waiting for Lin Xinyan's reply, he slowly sat up and adjusted his collar, intentionally tracing his finger across the place that she had just kissed him. His smile was cunning as he said, "We're husband and wife. If you want to kiss, you can just tell me. I don't mind."

Lin Xinyan was rendered speechless.

Who wanted to kiss him?

That was just an accident!

“I would never want to kiss you!” Lin Xinyan turned and left; she wanted to leave the living room quickly.

Zong Jinghao sat motionless on the couch. He was angered by her last sentence.

“Who do you want to kiss then?”

He scoffed, “That man who impregnated you?”

In that moment, fear and humiliation bled all over her.

She did not want to talk about how she was impregnated.

She only felt heartache from hearing Zong Jinghao’s heartless words.

She had to stay strong, even when her heart felt like it was about to shatter. “Of course... of course I like the father of my child.”

Fantastic. This woman was amazing.

“I hope Ms. Lin hadn’t forgotten that she still owes me something.” Zong Jinghao stood up, brushed off the imaginary dust from his shirt, and raised his head slowly. He looked at Lin Xinyan, who froze by the door of the bedroom.

“I need a translator. Come to the office and start work by tomorrow.”

She had taken the contract; he would have a request in return.

That’s fine, that meant she no longer owed him anything else.

“Alright.” She answered, then pushed open the door to enter the room.

When she thought about the incident earlier, her face heated up again.

To avoid seeing Zong Jinghao, she never came out of the room until Aunt Yu told her to come out for dinner.

Zong Jinghao was already at the dining room. Aunt Yu served the food.

Lin Xinyan sat down and started eating, her eyes only on the food.

The atmosphere at the dining table was ambiguous.

Aunt Yu could not understand them. They were husband and wife, yet they acted like strangers. She served a plate of green broccoli in front of Lin Xinyan, and said, "Young Master likes to eat this."

Zong Jinghao preferred light flavors, especially vegetarian. Aunt Yu, who had taken care of him, knew him the best.

Lin Xinyan was stunned for a moment. She did not understand what Aunt Yu meant.

If he likes it, just put it in front of him, she thought.

Aunt Yu gave her a wink, hinting at her to pick some vegetables to Zong Jinghao. It took Lin Xinyan a while before she understood what Aunt Yu wanted.

And in this while that it took for Lin Xinyan to understand, Aunt Yu's eyes could have started cramping.

Lin Xinyan reluctantly picked up a piece of broccoli and placed it in Zong Jinghao's bowl.

Zong Jinghao looked up at Lin Xinyan, who smiled. She could not do anything about Aunt Yu's enthusiasm.

Her intention of matchmaking them was too obvious.

Zong Jinghao slowly picked up the broccoli. It was covered in a layer of light oil, and the light that shone on it reflected into his energetic eyes.

“Aunt Yu knows my taste buds best.”

Aunt Yu smiled.

“Young Mistress will learn it soon. She had just married into the family; she isn’t as familiar with it yet.”

Aunt Yu had changed the way she called her, she used to call her Ms. Lin. Although she was unhappy with the way she spent her nights away from the house, she was still the one that Madam had chosen for Young Master.

She would naturally want the best for them, and hope they lived up to the Madam’s wishes.

Lin Xinyan nearly bit her tongue in surprise at hearing “Young Mistress”. She lowered her head even more and finished the food in her bowl hurriedly. “I’m done. Take your time.”

The moment she finished her sentence, she ran straight into her room.

“What is with her?” Aunt Yu felt confused.

Zong Jinghao stared after the disappearing figure of Lin Xinyan. There was a smile on his lips and in his eyes, and on him it was a touch of unruly righteousness.

“Maybe she’s not used to your matchmaking.”

Aunt Yu sighed, “I’m doing this for you.”

She turned and left.

The only person left at the spacious dining room was Zong Jinghao. The glittering light from crystal chandelier from the ceiling shrouded him. He picked up another broccoli and slowly chewed.

The next day.

After Zong Jinghao went to the office, Lin Xinyan also left the house. Since she had promised to work in the office, she had to quit her work at the restaurant. She would have to go to the restaurant.

When she was changing her shoe at entrance, Aunt Yu walked over and asked, "Are you going out?"

Lin Xinyan nodded.

"Come back earlier, don't stay out the entire night. You're a married woman." Aunt Yu reminded her.

"Okay." Lin Xinyan went out after wearing her shoes.

And walked to the intersection of the main road to call for a cab.

There was no public transport here.

When she just started working, Lin Xinyan had requested for leave. And now, she was quitting the job. The manager was not too happy. "If you didn't want to work, why come for the job? You're just disrupting our flow."

Lin Xinyan felt apologetic. "I'm sorry, I'm really sorry,"

The manager's face was gloomy. He was about to open his mouth again when the foreman walked over and told him that they needed help.

The manager looked at Lin Xinyan, and said, "You can help for now. When we're less busy, you can leave."

"Okay." Lin Xinyan agreed to it out of professional ethics.

Lin Xinyan changed to her work clothes. It seemed like it was a busy day today.

"These are for Room 88." The chef informed her as she served the food.

Lin Xinyan hummed in response, placed the delicate dishes on the tray, and went towards the room.

With one hand balancing the tray, she pushed open the door with another hand. The room was spacious and brightly lit, yet it still maintained a sense of privacy. In front of the round mahogany table were two people, and she knew one of them—Zong Jinghao.

They were both surprised to see each other.

Tang Che, the president of HSBC, seemed to have been telling Zong Jinghao something. When someone entered the room, he stopped.

Lin Xinyan lowered her head and served the dishes from her tray to the table.

"The waitresses in Court Lan Gui are getting younger." There was a smile on Tang Che's face, and his eyes looked up and down at Lin Xinyan.

Lin Xinyan felt disgusted. She was about to leave when her wrist was grabbed by Tang Che. He looked at Zong Jinghao and smiled as he said, "Let her stay here and pour the drinks for us."

The smile on Zong Jinghao's slowly froze, and it hid under his serious, dark look.

"President Tang, do you know what we are talking about?"

He looked up. His gaze fled across Lin Xinyan's face, and said, "There's no need for you here."

Lin Xinyan hurriedly left with her tray.

Guan Jing, who was behind Zong Jinghao, frowned. He was not happy with Lin Xinyan's appearance. Why was she here?

If anyone were to know about her relationship with Zong Jinghao, how would the public gossip about this?

It would be an embarrassing matter for Zong Jinghao.

His dislike for Lin Xinyan deepened.

"Court Lan Gui is getting better in managing their business. The food is good, and even the servers are unique. The one just now, her skin was as fair as a white jade, and I'm sure I can hold her waist with a hug—"

"President Tang, let me pour some wine for you." Guan Jing interrupted.

It was only now then did Tang Che notice Zong Jinghao's grim expression. He smiled apologetically. "I was going off topic just now."

When Lin Xinyan walked out from the room, she sighed deeply. She never thought that they would meet so quickly after this morning.

After the peak hours, the manager had let her off. She changed her clothes, walked out, and saw Guan Jing standing by the entrance.

And he did not have a happy expression on his face.

He glanced at her coldly.

“Mr. Zong is waiting for you. Let’s go.”

Lin Xinyan followed him out.

“Mom, I saw a Chanel dress that I liked. Can we buy it after eating?” Lin Yuhan walked over, her hands holding onto Shen Xiuqing.

“Of course, the best for my daughter.” The mother and daughter were talking merrily as they walked over.

It seemed like they were also coming to Court Lan Gui to eat.

Lin Xinyan footsteps faltered when she saw the mother and daughter.