

# Stealing Your Heart Chapter 30

The fire burned and burned, and it was about to swallow him up.

He lowered his voice, and a corner of lips turned upwards. His tone was cold with no hint of joy nor anger. "What I've said to you, it's not important, is it?"

Lin Xinyan instinctively shuddered.

"Your marriage is just a deal; you have no rights to request anything from her." He Ruize's tone was also cold.

"If I don't have to rights, you don't too. Regardless if it's a deal or not, you're thinking of someone else's wife, that's not what a gentleman does." He looked away from He Ruize but gave a side-eye to Lin Xinyan. "I'll give you a minute."

He walked into the building.

He Ruize turned around to look at Lin Xinyan. "Don't worry, I'm here. I'll accompany you in and explain to him."

Lin Xinyan shook her head. She was in the wrong.

She promised him the last time, but now she broke the promise.

"It's alright, Ruize. You should go, I still need to work." Lin Xinyan walked into the building. Zong Jinghao had already went up.

Lin Xinyan took the elevator up.

Standing out Zong Jinghao's office, she steeled her heart and knocked the door.

“Come in.”

She pushed open the door and was about to explain before Zong Jinghao cut her off. “Let’s end our marriage now.”

He looked up at her. “A month is too long. Let’s end it now.”

Lin Xinyan could not stop her lips from trembling. She thought she had been strong and brave, but she was not.

It was not enough.

She could not save herself when the danger came.

If she had not found He Ruize, she might not have gotten out of there.

Perhaps she would have been killed by Shen Xiuqing and Lin Yuhan.

Zong Jinghao did not want to continue his words. He picked the phone and said, “Lawyer Lee, draft me a divorce—”

“No!” Lin Xinyan rushed over, covered his phone, and shook her head. “I really didn’t mean to not go home. There were some things last night, that’s why—”

Hah.

Zong Jinghao’s eyes landed on the dress she wore, and he laughed gloomily, the sound seemed to pass through her flesh and blood. “I’m giving you what you want, isn’t that good?”

She was clearly wearing jeans and shirt yesterday, and today she was wearing a dress.

How crazy was last night, that her clothes were no longer wearable?

Perhaps she had her charms, but she was wild.

His time was not worth spending on this kind of woman.

“No.” Even if they were to have a divorce, now was not the time.

If she were to lose Zong Jinghao as he supports, she would return back to her state eight years ago.

A fish out of the water, helpless.

Zong Jinghao stared at her. She was stunned, panicked, and disoriented like a deer in headlights. She was hesitating and at a loss. He was caught off guard by the sudden throb in his heart but he sneered. She was fooling around with other men, but she wanted to keep the marriage?

Absurd! Ridiculous!

He remained indifferent and distant. “I’m giving you the chance to be with that man together and forever, but you’re telling me no?”

Lin Xinyan was in a panic, and she was fearful. She was afraid Zong Jinghao really wanted to divorce her.

In that moment, Lin Xinyan thought about his unexpected kiss. Without further thoughts, she leaned over and kissed him.

The time froze.

Zong Jinghao was stunned for a moment. He lowered his eyelids and stared at the woman who was kissing his lips. He had forgotten how to react.

She was slutty in her real life, but her kissing techniques were like a beginner’s.

And there was this sense of familiarity, that made him not push her away within a second. His rationality returned, and Zong Jinghao pushed her away roughly.

Unprepared for the push, Lin Xinyan's knees turned into jelly and she fell backwards. Her dress rode up and her legs were exposed.

The wound tore open again, and the bandage on her knees were seeped with blood. It was attention-grabbing.

Pain shot into her knees.

She trembled.

Zong Jinghao was shocked.

Her legs—

Lin Xinyan ignored the pain on her knees and crawled to stand up from the ground. She looked at him and continued to beg him. "Don't divorce me."

She was afraid. Afraid that she would lose everything. She finally managed to stand on equal terms Lin Guoan as Zong Jinghao's wife, and now this was floating away from her hands like bubbles.

Her tears fell in fear and in bewilderment.

Zong Jinghao walked to her, bent over, and pulled up the edges of her dress. Both of her knees were wrapped with white bandages, the bright red on it was eye-catching.

She was hurt?

His voice held a tone of distress that was barely detectable. Perhaps even he did not realize it, that he would feel distressed when she was hurt. “What happened?”

Lin Xinyan wiped the tears on her face and took the chance to explain. “I was going home last night in a cab, but it turns out someone had arranged for the cab driver to hurt me. To escape, I jumped from the car, and that’s where my knees were hurt. I didn’t mean to not go back. I was only with He Ruize because he saved me.”

Zong Jinghao did not want to admit that he felt his heart softened when he saw the wound on her knees.

He straightened; his expression was still cold. “Do you know who had wanted to hurt you?”

“Shen Xiuqing and Lin Yuhan. It’s because I married you. They were afraid that you were going to support me if I take revenge on them, and so they decided to get rid of me first.” She had nothing to hide for this matter. She had to convince Zong Jinghao not to divorce her. That was her priority.

So her unwillingness to divorce was not because she liked him but was because she was afraid of others waiting to harm her.

He was surprised to find himself a little disappointed.

He turned around to face the French windows, showing her a lonely back. “This is why you don’t want to divorce me?”

Lin Xinyan did not deny it. “Our deal was for a month, so can we wait until then?”

Zong Jinghao closed his eyes and frowned. He was obviously disinterested to discuss further. Instead of agreeing or rejecting her, his tone was cold as he said, “Get out!”

“I won’t be staying out all night. In this duration as your wife, I will be doing what a wife does. Don’t worry, Mr. Zong.” Lin Xinyan guaranteed.

Zong Jinghao was frustrated, and his tone was freezing cold. “Get out!”

Lin Xinyan hesitated for a second, then limped out.

When the door closed, Zong Jinghao held his forehead and laughed mockingly at himself. He was laughing at the irony; he was laughing at himself.

He lost control of himself because of this insignificant woman.

He had never done this.

He knew that she was not pure nor naive. Yet he could not restrain himself from acting unlike himself whenever she was involved.

Lin Xinyan returned to her spot. She pulled apart the bandage, and the blood from her wound bled out. She took out the medication that He Ruize gave her and poured it on her wound. She did not wrap it up again.

It was time for work, so the employees were slowly coming into the office. She quietly translated her documents. She was so quiet; it was as if she was not there. Even Bai Zhuwei did not appear to look for trouble with her.

In the afternoon, everyone went out for lunch.

Lin Xinyan was not with the others. She had bought packed lunch and ate it at her spot while looking through the documents. Bai Zhuwei had told her to finish the translations by two days. She had only translated half yesterday, and there was still half left. She was busy today.

To avoid Bai Zhuwei finding fault with her, she had to finish translating within the time given.

For lunch, Bai Zhuwei went to the office cafeteria with Zong Jinghao. Naturally, they came back together.

Zong Jinghao never asked anything regarding Lin Xinyan.

This made Bai Zhuwei feel relieved.

She had been too agitated and nervous the last time because Lin Xinyan was the girl of that night. The baby in her stomach was Zong Jinghao's child.

Now that she had time to think, she realized that Zong Jinghao would never know the truth of that night as the only woman who knew about it was already dead.

As long as she could keep Zong Jinghao's heart to herself... As for Lin Xinyan, she knew someone would get rid of her soon, and—