

Stealing Your Heart Chapter 375

Lin Xinyan asked subconsciously, "What identity?"

"It's a secret," Lin Xichen teased.

Lin Xinyan did not take it to heart and thought that there was nothing strange for Lin Xichen to have secrets with his teacher because they had developed a good friendship. Even though his teacher could be a little weird at times, he had always been very caring towards Lin Xichen.

"Mommy, can you sleep with me tonight?" Lin Xichen hugged her by the neck and asked sweetly.

Lin Xinyan acceded to his request.

"Will he get jealous?" Lin Xichen asked inquisitively.

Lin Xinyan frowned. "Who?"

"Daddy." The way Lin Xichen addressed Zong Jinghao was not as smooth as how Lin Ruixi did it.

Zong Jinghao had not been around when Lin Xichen was a child. Thus, the latter found it uncomfortable to address the former intimately.

Lin Xinyan cupped his son's face and pinched his cheeks. "You're my son. Who dares to comment if I want to hug my son to sleep?"

"Hehe..." Lin Xichen smiled sheepishly in Lin Xinyan's embrace.

At dinner, when Lin Ruixi heard that her mother was going to accompany her brother to bed, she insisted that she join them too.

She held on to Lin Xinyan's thighs and acted like a baby. "Mommy, I don't care. I want to sleep with you too. Don't be biased and hug brother only."

Lin Xinyan bent down to carry her daughter. "All right, all right. Mommy will sleep with both of you tonight."

The little girl was over the moon but still complained a little, "Mommy hasn't been hugging me to bed and telling me bedtime stories. Daddy has claimed you for himself."

Coincidentally, Cheng Yuxiu walked out from the kitchen with a plate of cut fruits and overheard Lin Ruixi's grumbles. "Didn't I tell you bedtime stories too?"

The little girl justified, "It's different. There are no two storytellers that are the same."

Lin Ruixi knew that Cheng Yuxiu treated her well, and she was willing to follow her. However, when she was a child, Lin Xinyan told her stories every day. So, deep down, she felt closer to Lin Xinyan.

"How is it different?" Cheng Yuxiu teased her.

However, she knew in her heart that a mother's love could never be replaced by anyone or anything.

The little girl pursed her lips and thought about it for a while. "Mommy gave birth to me, not you."

Right then, Zong Jinghao walked into the living room and heard what her daughter had just said. It brought a smile to his face.

“Daddy.” The little girl was kicking her feet, signally Lin Xinyan to put her down on the floor. As soon as she got down, she ran towards Zong Jinghao happily.

Zong Jinghao had a suit jacket slung on his arm. Lin Xinyan came over to receive his jacket then hung it up in the wardrobe.

He bent down to carry her little girl. He wanted to touch her face, but he left his hand mid-air when he was reminded to wash up – he had just returned from outside.

“Daddy, Mommy said she’s going to hug brother and I to bed tonight,” the little girl bragged.

Zong Jinghao raised a brow and shot a glance at Lin Xinyan, but she ignored his gaze and continued eating some fruits.

After placing her daughter on the sofa, Zong Jinghao went to wash his hands.

When he came out, Cheng Yuxiu asked lovingly, “Have you had dinner?”

He did not look at her, simply humming in response.

Cheng Yuxiu was already very satisfied with their interaction now, as he would at least respond to her question instead of giving her the cold shoulder as he did in the past.

She undid her apron and went into the study room to give them some space.

Zong Jinghao sat on the sofa and placed Lin Ruixi on his lap, entwining her hair with his fingers. “Who did you say gave birth to you?”

The little girl answered without hesitation, “Mommy did.”

“Then... Do you know that Mommy can’t bear a child all by herself?”

Lin Ruixi blinked and tilted her head to one side, thinking hard.

“I was born by Mommy,” she emphasized, “By Mommy alone.”

“If you don’t believe me, go ask your Mommy. Without me, could she have given birth to you?” His smile was carefree and mischievous.

Lin Xinyan, who was eating fruits, almost choked to death upon hearing his words.

Naively, the little girl asked Lin Xinyan, “Mommy, you gave birth to me by yourself, right? It has nothing to do with Daddy?”

Lin Xinyan shot Zong Jinghao a death stare. *This man...*

She picked her daughter up. “Mommy will bathe you now.”

Zong Jinghao stood up and followed after them.

Lin Xinyan turned to look at him. “I’m going to bathe her. Why are you coming too?”

“I’ll wait at the door. When you’re done with her, you can bathe me too.”

Lin Xinyan did not utter a word.

Don’t you feel embarrassed?

She almost lashed out at him.

Zong Jinghao leaned towards her and landed a peck on her cheek before he turned to go upstairs.

Again, Lin Xinyan was rendered speechless.

Lin Ruixi blinked, looking rather upset and puzzled. *Daddy kissed Mommy, but why didn't Mommy return him a kiss too?*

Lin Xichen went back to his room after dinner. He had already taken his bath and changed into his grey silk pajamas. Sitting on his bed with his legs crossed, he bowed his head and started studying the numbers on his tablet again.

He looked up when he heard some noises – it was Lin Xinyan walking into the room while carrying his sister. The young boy heaved a long sigh. *Surely, she insisted to bug us because she knew Mommy was going to sleep with me tonight.*

“Are you upset at me?” Lin Ruixi raised her head and asked.

Lin Xichen gave her a big smile. “Why would I be? How could I not welcome my own sister?”

The little girl smiled and hugged Lin Xinyan. “Mommy, let's go and have a nice bath.”

Lin Xichen shook his head. *When will this girl grow up?*

Lin Xinyan caught him in the act and pointed at him. “She's your sister, also a child like you.”

Lin Ruixi isn't childish. Lin Xichen is simply mature for his age.

Lin Xinyan took her daughter to the bathroom and then prepared a tub of hot water. After ensuring that the water temperature was just right, she turned around to undress her daughter, only to find her sitting on a small stool all ready.

She looked like a porcelain doll – fair and tender. Lin Xinyan carried her to the tub. She swam happily while proclaiming, “Mommy, I can swim in here.”

She pulled her daughter back. “Don’t move; I’m going to wash your hair.”

The little girl suggested, “Mommy, why don’t you join me in the tub?”

“I’ll go after you’re done,” said Lin Xinyan.

Children liked to play in the water. Moreover, it was comfortable to take a hot bath. Lin Ruixi was surely enjoying herself very much, as seen from the splash-splash everywhere and how wet Lin Xinyan got after bathing her.

Subsequently, she covered her daughter with a big towel and brought her to the dry area to change into her pajamas. The bathroom had a spacious dry and wet area, so it made the whole process very convenient.

She had tailored-made pajamas for both of her children using very comfortable materials. Each of them had a different color. Lin Ruixi’s was yellow in color, which complemented her skin color and made her look exceptionally adorable.

She blow-dried her daughter’s hair and helped her put her slippers on before she let the girl out to play.

Since she was wet from head and toe, Lin Xinyan decided to take a bath herself.

After removing her clothes and getting into the tub, she remembered that she did not have any sets of pajamas in the bathroom downstairs.