

Stealing Your Heart Chapter 469

This time, Shen Peichuan stared at her instead of answering immediately.

It feels like she's deliberately trying to find out what happened.

But doesn't she know everything already? Why is she still trying to pry into this matter?

Not hearing a response from Shen Peichuan, Lin Xinyan slowly looked up. Her heart thumped as she saw the man gazing at her inquisitively. "Why are you looking at me like that?" She asked, forcing herself to act calm.

"Nothing." Shen Peichuan shook his head. Something doesn't seem right, but come to think of it, it doesn't seem wrong either. She probably wants to know because she cares. After all, Cheng Yuxiu had died to save her. It's understandable for her to be concerned.

He shook his head earnestly. "Zong Qifeng never mentioned anything about that."

Zong Qifeng was aware of the existence of Wen Xian's child, but he never told Cheng Yuxiu about it since the latter woman had just recovered from her mental illness back then. Still, the fact remained that the man knew about the child. Moreover, he knew the child was Lin Xinyan; he just never mentioned it.

Lin Xinyan and Zong Jinghao were now married and already had two children anyway. What else could be done?

Zong Qifeng didn't want them to be burdened by the grievances from the previous generation.

He could tell how well the couple got along, so he deliberately kept the truth hidden.

The old man wanted them to spend the rest of the days together.

“Wen Xian had a child?” Shen Peichuan asked, gazing at her.

Lin Xinyan tensed up for a brief moment before quickly regaining her composure. “No,” She answered, shaking her head. “I was just asking.”

Shen Peichuan nodded without giving her the slightest hint of doubt.

He and Su Zhan left after dinner. Lin Xinyan got ready to give the children a shower, but Aunt Yu called out to her. “I’ll do it after I’m done with the dishes. The bathroom’s wet. It’d be bad news if you were to slip.”

“It’s fine—”

“I’ll bathe them.” Zong Jinghao cut her off as he walked out of the study room. Then, he carried his daughter into the bathroom.

Seeing them walk away, Lin Xichen walked over and tugged the edge of his mother’s shirt. “Be nicer to Daddy, Mommy.”

The woman gazed at her son, frowning.

Don’t I treat him nicely?

“I know Daddy used to not like Grandmother, but I could tell he was really sad after she was gone.” Even the boy noticed his father’s low spirits.

Lin Xinyan pulled the boy into her arms for a hug. “I’ll be super nice to him.” She replied softly.

How she wished she could get rid of all the sadness in his heart. *But once a glass breaks, the cracks will remain no matter how much you try to fix them. The glass will never go back to how it once was.*

The son stroke her belly that was now protruding ever so slightly. He was beginning to look forward to having another younger sibling.

The boy already had a sister, so he yearned more for a brother who could play with him.

“This one’s going to be a boy.” Lin Xichen vowed confidently.

Lin Xinyan raised an eyebrow. “How do you know that?”

Not even an ultrasound would be able to determine the baby’s gender at the moment. They’d have to wait at least three months for that.

Where did that confidence of his come from?

“I feel it.”

Lin Xinyan pinched her son’s cheek. “Take a shower and go to bed.”

With a smile, the boy gave Lin Xinyan’s belly another caress and said to the baby inside it, “Be good. I’ll play with you when you come out.”

Then, he ran off.

Lin Xinyan smiled hopelessly as she gazed at her son before rubbing her temples. Aunt Yu, who had just finished cleaning up, walked out of the kitchen and saw the woman. “Are you feeling uncomfortable?” She asked with concern.

“Ah...” She looked up at Aunt Yu and shook her head. “No. Maybe I’m a little tired. I’ll be heading upstairs.”

Lin Xinyan slowly walked up the stairs while holding onto the railing. Despite intending to lay in bed for only a short while, she ended up falling asleep quickly.

After giving the children a shower, Zong Jinghao pushed the door open to find the room in darkness. The curtains remained open, allowing the moonlight to seep in. As his gaze fell on the woman curled up in bed, he gently closed the door, walked over and touched her forehead. Noticing it felt rather warm, the man soaked a towel in water before wringing it and placing it over her forehead.

Lin Xinyan jumped as her forehead came into contact with something cold. "Is it too cold?" Zong Jinghao hurriedly removed the towel and asked.

She slowly opened her eyes and her voice sounded hoarse right after waking up. "Yeah."

"You're a little warm. This'll help."

Lin Xinyan felt her own forehead. Indeed, it felt slightly warmer than usual. "I'm awake now, so it won't feel cold anymore." She replied, putting her hand down.

Zong Jinghao placed the towel on her forehead once again. He had gotten his hand wet while soaking the towel, so his fingers were icy now. Hence, instead of touching her face, the man pulled up her blanket and tucked the corners. "Sleep. I'll be right here next to you."

Feeling sleepy, the woman shut her eyes.

She didn't know when she had fallen asleep, but she could feel someone holding onto her and placing a large, wandering hand on her belly. The woman shifted into a comfortable position in her husband's arms and continued sleeping.

Perhaps it was because she felt so warm and safe in his arms that it took her only a moment to fall back asleep.

The next day, Lin Xinyan woke up to find Zong Jinghao standing before the window, talking on the phone. From the sounds of it, he was talking to Guan Jing about some company matters. The woman rubbed her eyes and turned, gazing at her husband with half of her face buried into the pillow.

After a while, the man hung up. “Aren’t you going out today?” Lin Xinyan immediately asked.

Upon turning around and realizing she had woken up, Zong Jinghao put his phone away, walked toward her and placed both his hands on her shoulders. “I’ll be keeping you company today.”

Squinting like a cat, she nuzzled against Zong Jinghao’s chest. “So you’ll do whatever I want?” She asked softly while wrapping her fair arms around his neck.

“Whatever you want.” The man replied lovingly, his gaze deepening.

She smiled through her pinkish lips. “In that case, let’s get our children’s names changed. Then, we’ll go to the movies and you’ll buy me a flower bouquet. Oh right! You’ll take me out for a romantic dinner.”

He complied.

Lin Xinyan continued to act coquettishly. “Carry me.”

The man lifted the blanket, held her by the waist and carried her, heading into the bathroom.

Lin Xinyan kept her face buried in his neck, with her eyes slightly closed. “I didn’t shower last night. Could you help me with that? I want my entire body to smell good, and I want to wear the prettiest clothes. I want to be a woman worthy of you—one who looks fitting standing next to you.”

“Okay.” He responded, lowering his gaze at her.

Upon reaching the bathroom, Zong Jinghao put her down and began to fill the bath tub with hot water. Lin Xinyan stood outside the glass compartment gazing at his back. The man had a thin waist and no excess flesh. His hips looked tight and sturdy too.

Suddenly, tears began to spill over the sides of Lin Xinyan's eyes uncontrollably.

How she wished to be with this man until the end of time.

To have lots of children together, and to live a normal life.

Yet, living a normal life had become her most extravagant desire.

The moment Zong Jinghao turned around, Lin Xinyan wiped the tears off her face and gently leaned against the countertop. Then, she licked her own lips as though enjoying something tantalizing. "Take my clothes off for me. I want you to serve me." She said to him with an enticing smile.