

Stealing Your Heart Chapter 489

Meanwhile, at C City.

In the middle of the night, Lin Xinyan woke from thirst. After drinking a glass of water, she returned to her bed. Yet, she was wide awake. Sitting up, she grabbed a book and started reading it instead.

As the children slept in another room, she did not need to worry that she was disturbing their rest. She was now living in a pleasant neighborhood with many facilities. It was quiet, and there was only a unit on every floor. Although the house was not large, it was not too small either; it was one hundred and sixty square meters, with four bedrooms and two bathrooms.

When Qin Ya came back, she lived in her place. Lin Xinyan had been the one who asked her to stay. Previously, Qin Ya had been injured badly. The house was rather lively with the children around, and it could prevent her from overthinking. After all, four bedrooms were enough for them.

There was a book rack near the window filled with books. They were all about Country Z's history. As a country with five thousand years' worth of history, they had more than a handful of historical heritage.

Several books on the rack were about embroidery.

There were many kinds of traditional embroidery. She knew of their existence, but she never read in-depth about it. Now that she had the time to, she realized the beauty of it, especially the traditional cultures of her country.

Red was a symbolism of prosperity.

In one of her books, she read about traditional weddings. The wedding attire in the book caught her attention.

Many young people chose to wear a white wedding dress nowadays.

The pure white was a sign of the pureness of love.

However, that was not its original meaning; it was given to it later on. The wedding dress originated from Rome. Back then, white was a symbol of prosperity, just like how red was the symbol of prosperity in her country.

Visually, Lin Xinyan felt that red represented the liveliness of prosperity better.

It was a passionate color, fiery and energetic. To her, it was a color that represented the feeling of the bride entering the wedding halls; it was emotional, and it conveyed the hopes of the bride.

This time, she had designed a series of twelve. Ancient wedding attires were the references for each design, and she had added modern elements to them. Each design was of a distinct pattern and different embroidery, but the base fabric was the same.

It was a new style with the combination of Tea Silk and various forms of embroidery into an attire with modern and ancient elements. That was why she named the series “New Chinese.”

Lin Xinyan realized furniture with a combination of traditional and modern elements had been trending recently. In other words, people were nostalgic about the culture left by their ancestors.

Not only did she want Tea Silk to catch the attention of the public, but she also wanted this culture to develop into something mainstream. She had connections, so holding an international fashion show was not a problem. What she needed to do now was to make sure that her series was flawless so it would become in the limelight internationally.

Lin Xinyan had encountered many problems during her creation. For the past few days, she had been researching about it. Although it tired her out, she felt that her time was well-spent. When she was free, she would find herself longing for that person. However, most of her time was spent trying to solve the problems through trial-and-error. Hence, time went by in a blink of an eye.

It was the same for this time. She eventually fell asleep while reading. Her book remained in her hands even after she was deep in her sleep.

She did not wake even when the sun came up.

The two children were getting more and more independent. They barely needed help in getting dressed and washing up.

In the morning, Qin Ya, with her hair in a mess and dressed in house clothing, went to check on Lin Xinyan. After realizing she must have read late into the night, Qin Ya did not wake her. Then, she went to the kitchen to make breakfast. They had subscribed for morning milk deliveries, and the milk came every morning at seven. It was fresh and healthy with no preservatives.

While she fried eggs, she placed the bread into the toaster. The two children who had woken up rushed in, wanting to help her.

Qin Ya frowned. "What can you do?"

"Help you with breakfast?" Zong Yanxi reached out, trying to help fry the eggs. They were enthusiastic about it, and Qin Ya felt bad about rejecting them. However, it was too dangerous for them. Thus, she gave them some chores that they could do. "Yanxi, bring the milk in from outside. Yanchen, you'll be in charge of toasting the bread."

Zong Yanxi enthusiastically rushed outside. On the other hand, Zong Yanchen stood in front of the toaster and looked at Qin Ya's back as she cut fruits. He asked, "Aunt Qin Ya, every time I look at you, I feel like I'm looking at someone else."

Qin Ya's appearance had changed. She was also Qin Ya, but she did not look the same, nor sound the same.

The explosion damaged her vocal cords, and her physical appearance and voice had changed. That was why Zong Yanchen was not used to this Aunt Qin Ya.

Instead of turning around, Qin Ya placed the cut fruits on the plate. She queried, "Am I prettier, or was I prettier back then?"

Zong Yanchen cupped his cheek and wondered. In a serious tone, he answered, "Physically, you're prettier now. But I like your looks back then. You look friendlier."

Now, even Qin Ya's personality seemed dulled; she was no longer as energetic as she used to be. For Zong Yanchen, it felt as though he was calling someone else 'Aunt Qin Ya'.

After putting the eggs on the plate, she turned to look at Zong Yanchen. "Are you praising or insulting me?"

"Of course I'm praising you. It doesn't matter if you're pretty or ugly. Inner beauty is the best. Back then, Aunt Qin Ya was pretty on the outside, but even prettier on the inside."

"Brat, you're getting better and better with words. Cheeky."

Zong Yanchen giggled. "I'm speaking the truth." He then hastily asked, "Aunt Qin Ya, can I suggest something?"

"Hm?"

Qin Ya turned off the stove and leaned on it instead. Looking at Zong Yanchen, she inquired, "What is it?"

“I don’t think the current Aunt Qin Ya is Aunt Qin Ya.”

Qin Ya furrowed her brows. “What do you mean?”

“No. Wait. Don’t get too anxious. Let me finish,” Zong Yanchen anxiously said.

Qin Ya calmed down and folded her arms as she patiently waited for him to speak. She wanted to hear what words this boy had to tell her.

“Aunt Qin Ya, it’s like you’ve reincarnated. Not only have you changed your looks, but you’ve also changed your voice. I think you should change your name too. That way, you’re a whole new person.”

That also meant that his sister and he would not find it weird to call her ‘Aunt Qin Ya’ anymore.

Every time he called her name, he hesitated.

Qin Ya ruminated. *His words are somewhat true. Other than my name, I’m no longer connected to my past.*

It’ll be a new me. I should take his suggestion into consideration.

“I’ll leave this task to you. Help me think of a charming and nice name.” Qin Ya pointed her chin in Zong Yanchen’s direction.