

Stealing Your Heart Chapter 491

The news was reporting the commotion that took place after a major company in C City had been taken over by B City's Wanyue Group overnight.

As the images changed on the screen, a photo of Zong Jinghao stepping out of his car in front of Wanyue Group's building appeared. It was only his side view, but she could see his distinct profile that radiated a cold aura, stopping anyone from coming near him.

"This is the first time the President of Wanyue Group has appeared in public after taking over the Nanlong Company. As he refuses to accept any interviews, we have no information about what happened behind the scenes."

The photo on the screen was clearly a shot taken without his knowledge; Zong Jinghao refused to accept any interviews, and his full face was not visible.

She had already wound down the window, hoping to hear more news about him. As she stared at the screen, unblinking, her hands gripped tightly onto the car door. However, the image soon went away and was replaced by the face of the person in charge of Nanlong Company. The man looked unkempt; he looked like a man defeated.

Qin Ya had been paying attention to the traffic lights, so she did not realize what Lin Xinyan had been staring at. Once the lights turned green, she drove off.

Seconds later, the screen was covered by other buildings, and Lin Xinyan could no longer see the photos.

She retracted her hand and curled into herself. She bit down on her lower lip hard, digging her teeth into the flesh to the point it nearly bled, but she felt no

pain. All she wanted to do was to contain the longing that threatened to overtake her.

She forced the loneliness that screamed to be let out from her throat, and she forced the disappointment from the lack of comfort into the deep recesses of her mind.

She widened her eyes, forcing away the tears that tried to escape.

Soon, the car came to a stop in front of a building. The embroidery studio was on the third floor.

Beside their car was Shao Yun's car. Qin Ya glanced at it when she got down from the car. While reaching to open the back door, she muttered, "He's really hardworking to come here every day."

By now, Lin Xinyan had regained her calm appearance despite the minor remains of surging emotions in her heart. It had been a month since she had heard of his news, and now, she was experiencing very complicated emotions compared to the time she left.

Who said time can heal everything?

Why do I miss him even more than before?

Time isn't the cure for everything.

"Ms. Lin?" Qin Ya voiced, noticing Lin Xinyan's lack of movement.

Lin Xinyan recollected herself and looked up at her. Squeezing out a smile to the other woman, she replied, "I must be getting old. I'm daydreaming more easily nowadays."

Qin Ya smiled but said nothing; she knew what Lin Xinyan was thinking about.

Once the two women were out of the car, they took the elevator to the third floor. By now, everyone was already at work. There were a total of eleven embroiderers, and they all lived in the building. The building had four floors; the first floor was empty, the second was the textile factory, the third was the embroidery studio, and the fourth was their living quarter.

Shao Yun had been the one to find this building for her. It had a pleasant environment, and the annual rent was something she could afford.

Shao Yun seemed to be fascinated by these. When they entered the studio, they saw him watching an embroiderer embroider a phoenix and peonies with golden threads.

The embroiderer he was watching was unique among the eleven embroiderers. Most of the embroidered were middle-aged women, but this embroidered was a young man in his twenties. He had soft features, and his hands were like a woman's—nimble and slender. It was as though the embroidery needles had a life of their own in his hands. Every stitch he made was precise, and the image he embroidered was flawless.

Shao Yun watched his nimble fingers at work and muttered, "What a pity."

He had not realized their presence.

Qin Ya peeked at him. "Pity what?"

What's there to pity?

Shao Yun had put all his attention fully on the embroiderer and his work, so he was startled upon hearing Qin Ya's voice. He looked up at Qin Ya with widened eyes. "W-When did you come? Why are you silent in your steps?"

Qin Ya scoffed, "You're just deaf. I don't walk without a sound. Also, what do you mean by pity?"

Thinking that a mistake had been made with the embroidery, she hurriedly lowered her head to look at the fabric. The fabric that the peony was embroidered on was meant to go around the chest. If a mistake were made, they would have to redo it.

Not only was money wasted, but also time.

Shao Yun sighed, "What a pity he's a man."

He's so pretty that he should've been a beautiful woman instead.

Qin Ya snapped her head to stare at him, silent.

"You have one last chance. It won't matter how much you pay me anymore. I won't do this for you the next time you say this," Li Xin warned icily, without lifting his head.

Due to his looks and profession, he had heard a fair share of negative comments from others. The most common comment he had heard was that he was feminine. He hated having people who commented without prompting, and he was not good with socializing. Hence, he was quite a lone wolf who did not have many friends.

"Sorry. I won't do that again." Shao Yun was quick to apologize. After all, Lin Xinyan appreciated him, and he was the one in charge of the masterpiece within the twelve items. Shao Yun dared not infuriate the young man or he would chase him away.

Qin Ya glanced at Shao Yun, an amused smile on her lips. Although they were not of the same generation, Shao Yun had a young soul in him. He was cheeky, and he had trendy fashion sense.

"Where's Yan?" Shao Yun asked after seeing no signs of her.

Lin Xinyan was one to come every day; she never skipped a day.

Qin Ya walked toward the table to arrange the drafts on it. She muttered, "Maybe she's on the second floor."

She, too, did not know where Lin Xinyan was.

Usually, she would either be on the third floor or the second floor.

Putting on his glasses, Shao Yun said, "I'll look for her."

Qin Ya turned to tease him, "You're wearing sunglasses indoors? Are you trying to be cool?"

Shao Yun adjusted the glasses as he asked, "Do I look handsome?"

"Without a doubt," Qin Ya replied kindly.

She was right. Lin Xinyan was indeed on the second floor. While the staff had worked in a weaving factory in the past, they had never done fabric like this. Hence, she had to keep a close eye on their progress; she would not allow any mistakes to be made.

In the beginning, there were many scrapped fabrics, but they were getting better nowadays.

Lin Xinyan, who was tall and slim, was wearing a loose yellow dress and a pair of white sneakers. Without a good look, no one would realize that she was three months pregnant.

She stood in front of the textile machine as she bent down to check the fabric. When Shao Yun found her, he said, "Leave this to me. You don't need to supervise everything. Aren't you tired?"

"No." Lin Xinyan's head remained lowered as she unrolled the fabric. Under the light, she checked for imperfections. Right then, she spared a glance for Shao

Yun. "You don't know anything about this. How can I not worry if I leave this in your hands?"

She was right. Shao Yun did not know much about textiles, and he did not know why Lin Xinyan was obsessed with the tiring work. "I'm sure you know the entire JK Group is yours. As long as you're willing, you can take over immediately. If you don't want to manage it, you can hire someone to do so. You don't need to tire yourself out like this."

She can't use up all the money in this lifetime, anyway. Isn't it better if she spent her time with her kids?

Why is she doing this?

Moreover, she's pregnant. She's just making things difficult for herself.

Lin Xinyan gazed at Shao Yun, somber. "I didn't earn those money, so I won't use it."

"But that's what your parents left for you."

"I've never seen them," Lin Xinyan interrupted. If she could choose her fate, she would rather have been born into an average family with average wealth. All she wanted was living parents who could give her a good family to grow up in.

Gravely, she continued, "I'm not doing this for the money or for fame. I just want a sense of peace."