

Stealing Your Heart Chapter 584

The Chief of Public Relations left the office and closed the door.

Zong Jinghao walked over to her. "I think she has a point. Why don't we take this opportunity—"

"Is now a good time?" Lin Xinyan cut him off. "Don't even bring up the fact that you still have so much to take care of; I can't put on a wedding dress with this belly of mine."

"I'll get them to make a bigger dress. Besides, getting Gu Bei punished by the law doesn't mean we can't hold our wedding, right?" Zong Jinghao had made up his mind. He didn't want anyone else to misunderstand, and he wanted to give her and the children their rightful place.

The children would be attending elementary school soon. There'd be speculation if their identities were unclear.

"But—"

"Listen to me this time." The man was unusually adamant and didn't take no for an answer. "You may not care what others think of you, but you'll have to consider the kids. They need to face everyone with a clear identity."

Lin Xinyan looked down. She understood Zong Jinghao's intentions, but Qin Ya was still in the process of recovering, and they hadn't taken care of the matter involving Gu Bei. It really didn't seem like the right time to hold a wedding now.

Still, Zong Jinghao had a point. The children needed a solid identity and place. She didn't mind people saying things about her, but talking about her children was unacceptable.

This would only bring suffering to the kids and affect them psychologically.

She lowered her gaze. "I'll leave everything to you."

"Okay," Zong Jinghao replied gently while twirling a strand of her hair. "I'll get my dad to pick a good date for us."

Lin Xinyan's parents were gone, and Zong Jinghao only had his father. A wedding would only appear official with a senior around, and the wedding date was crucial too. The man didn't believe in superstitions, but he still wanted to pick an auspicious day for the wedding that he had wanted to hold for Lin Xinyan for so long.

He silently considered the best venue to hold the wedding.

However, Lin Xinyan didn't seem particularly thrilled.

Zong Jinghao couldn't help but feel slightly depressed. *Doesn't every girl look forward to her own wedding?*

Why does she seem uninterested?

"Don't you have any ideas in mind?"

Lin Xinyan pushed his hand away, hoping he would behave more appropriately in case the secretary were to walk in. "I did, but that was last time. I'm already used to being with you by now."

She already saw Zong Jinghao as her husband even if they didn't hold a wedding.

When Lin Xinyan was younger, she had certainly fantasized about meeting her Prince Charming and walking down the aisle with her hand in his.

Then, they would have children and live normal lives. Unfortunately, life was always full of surprises. She ended up betraying herself, getting pregnant, then marrying him.

Lin Xinyan had long shattered all the dreams she once had, feeling like she no longer had the right to experience love.

After giving birth, she supported her family on her own, never bringing any of her emotions home lest she made Zhuang Zijin worry.

The woman often cried silently in the dead of night.

She was only in her twenties, but her experiences were akin to those of someone who had already lived half their life.

The most challenging times had passed, and Lin Xinyan no longer had the urge to live a glamorous life. Her mind was now in a state of peace—a feeling that people usually experienced only when they were in their forties or fifties.

Having understood life, she knew that any love, no matter how passionate at first, would eventually dwindle.

Being able to stay in love while living a normal life was the most precious thing.

“Not long after arriving at C City, I met a beggar on the streets. His clothes were so dirty that I couldn’t tell how they originally looked, and who knows how long he had worn them for. His hair was stiff and tangled like hay, and his face was full of wrinkles. He always sat in the same spot, sometimes laughing, and sometimes weeping into his pillow. Those who lived nearby often took turns giving him food. I initially thought he was a lunatic. Then, I eventually found out from those living nearby that he was mentally unstable.”

Lin Xinyan turned to her husband. “He ended up that way because his wife had died while giving birth. Both she and the child didn’t make it, so the man went crazy.”

The street that the beggar used to sit on was nearby the embroidery studio that Shao Yun had rented for her. Every time she walked to the studio, she would surely pass by that street and see the beggar sitting there. But one day, the beggar disappeared. According to Shao Yun, he had died of cancer.

At that moment, Lin Xinyan lamented over how cruel fate was to let a person suffer all their life.

Hence, what she wanted most was for everyone she cared for—along with herself—to be safe and healthy. “I don’t wish to lose anyone I love, nor do I wish for anyone I love to lose me.”

For a moment, Zong Jinghao couldn’t respond to her sudden burst of emotions.

“I won’t go crazy. You won’t leave me either,” he finally said, pulling her into his arms and pinching her cheek. “What’s with that brain of yours, thinking of such things all day?”

Lin Xinyan slapped his hand. “It hurts.”

Zong Jinghao huffed coldly. “I’m glad you know it hurts. If you start thinking about such nonsense again, I’ll—”

“You’ll what?” Lin Xinyan grabbed his necktie and pulled him toward her. Zong Jinghao was sitting upright and steadily, so he didn’t lose his balance. The woman stopped tugging at his tie. “You’re bullying me already? You should get someone else to be your bride then,” she said coquettishly.

Zong Jinghao laughed in exasperation at how unreasonable she was being. “How am I the bully? You’re the one trying to strangle me.”

Feeling uncomfortable in her current position, Lin Xinyan slid down and lay on the couch, using the man’s thigh as her pillow. “Of course you’re the bully. You’re so much bigger and taller than me. There’s no way I could ever beat you,” she whined while playing with his necktie.

Zong Jinghao smiled and said in a deep voice, "Then I'll let you do whatever you want."

Lin Xinyan perked up. "So you'll never fight back?"

"That's not it."

Lin Xinyan looked into the man's pitch-black eyes. "Then what is it?"

He chuckled. "I'll let you be on top."