

Stealing Your Heart Chapter 809

Click. Just then, the door swung open and Zong Qifeng entered with the kids. Zong Yanxi was holding a string that led up to a balloon twisted in the shape of a butterfly. As she ran over, the butterfly bobbed in the air, looking like it was flapping its wings.

She immediately asked, "Where's my little brother?"

She wanted to give him the balloon.

Zong Yanchen crossed his arms before his chest. *He's a boy. He won't like something as girly as a butterfly!*

Zhuang Zijin exited the room and said, "The baby's asleep. Don't go bothering him now."

The little girl pouted before throwing herself at Zong Jinghao. She cried out sweetly, "Daddy!"

Zong Jinghao lifted her into his lap, tucking her wind-mussed hair back behind her ears. His voice was soft as he asked, "What did you do today?"

Zong Yanxi proceeded to recount all the places they had been to him.

Zong Qifeng greeted Shen Peichuan before he headed back to his room. He was getting on in the years now and bringing two energetic kids around the whole day had exhausted him.

Zong Yanchen sat down off to the side. His back was ramrod straight, making him appear more mature than his actual age. He was staring at his sister cuddling in their father's embrace.

Shen Peichuan patted the little boy's head. "I realize you've been growing quieter and quieter."

Zong Yanchen's voice was indifferent as he replied, "How else am I supposed to act? Am I supposed to be like Yanxi and let Daddy put me in his lap? I'm a big boy now! I'm not doing something so humiliating!"

Shen Peichuan snickered at his words.

Zong Yanxi glared at her brother and huffed. "Yanchen, you're just jealous that Daddy's hugging me and not you, right?"

"Hah! As if I'm that childish!" With that said, the little boy slipped off the couch and headed deeper into the house.

A grin tugged at Shen Peichuan's lips as he looked at Zong Jinghao. "Yanchen is becoming more and more like you."

"I'm like Daddy too!" Zong Yanxi threw her arms around her father's neck and asked, "Daddy, am I like you?"

Pinching her cheeks, Zong Jinghao answered in the affirmative.

Truthfully, Zong Yanxi and Zong Yanchen both looked a lot like him. Their newest child, however, was more similar in appearance to Lin Xinyan.

"I wanna go see my little brother!" Zong Yanxi squirmed off her father's lap.

"Try to keep it down. Don't wake him, okay?" Zong Jinghao reminded.

"I will!" The little girl ran off with her butterfly balloon floating along behind her.

Half an hour later, it was time for dinner.

Sang Yu was helping Aunt Yu place the finished dishes on the table while Lin Xinyan was in the kitchen. Since the baby was already asleep, Zhuang Zijin was also able to chip in. Not being needed in the kitchen anymore, Lin Xinyan washed her hands and made her way to Zong Qifeng's room. She raised a hand to knock when she noticed the door was ajar.

Through the large crack in the door, she could vaguely see Zong Qifeng standing on the balcony. The man seemed to be coughing.

The sliding door was shut tight, almost like he was afraid someone would hear him coughing.

Lin Xinyan rapped on the room door, catching his attention. He immediately came in from the balcony.

“Dad, are you sick?” she asked in concern. She noted the wan look on his face.

He froze briefly before hurriedly waving his hand. “I’m fine. It’s just a cold.”

She nodded and offered, “We have some medicine in the house. I’ll bring some for you later.”

“I’ve already bought some.”

Worry still gnawed at her insides so she suggested, “Maybe you should go to the hospital?” Zong Qifeng was not exactly young anymore. She also noticed how he rarely picked up the baby nowadays. He used to be nearly inseparable from the baby.

“It’s just a small cold. I’m fine, really. Don’t worry so much.”

Pursing her lips, she decided to let the matter go. “Come out then. It’s time for dinner.”

Zong Qifeng nodded.

Back in the dining room, the women had finished setting up the table. Zong Qifeng washed his hands before sitting down at the head of the table.

With Sang Yu and Shen Peichuan present, the table was noticeably crowded.

Tonight’s dinner was a veritable feast. It was the right season for most seafood so there were a lot of seafood dishes on the table.

Lin Xinyan was peeling prawns for the kids when Zong Yanchen spoke up, “Mommy, you should eat. I can peel them myself.”

Zong Yanxi chimed in, "I wanna peel prawns myself too!"

Thus, Lin Xinyan placed the peeled prawn on Zong Jinghao's plate. The kids took a prawn each and got to work.

Zong Yanxi ate the first one she peeled and continued when she found it delicious. When she was done with a second one, she hopped off her chair and ran over to Zong Qifeng. She lifted the prawn up toward him.

Warmth shone in the old man's eyes as he said, "Looks like I was right to pamper you."

The little girl giggled and turned to say, "Grandma, don't be jealous. I'll peel one for you right away!"

Zhuang Zijin smiled and teased, "And here I was wondering if you had forgotten me. My sweet granddaughter, you're such a good girl for not forgetting about me!"

Zong Yanchen was silent as he put the first prawn he had peeled in Lin Xinyan's plate. Then, he placed the second one on his grandmother's plate.

Lin Xinyan stroked her son's head gently before she moved the prawn back to his plate. "You're a growing boy so you should eat more."

"Yanchen is definitely going to be very tall," Sang Yu commented. "Other kids his age aren't as tall as him."

Lin Xinyan had to agree. Her son had taken after his father in stature.

Now that Sang Yu had spoken up, Lin Xinyan found her gaze drifting over to where she was. She glanced between Sang Yu and Shen Peichuan thoughtfully. Although the couple was sitting next to each other, the air they gave off seemed to be slightly awkward.

By now, she had an idea of what sort of man Shen Peichuan was. She deliberately questioned Sang Yu, "Sang Yu, are there a lot of guys in your university?"

Shen Peichuan's head subconsciously tilted to look at Sang Yu.

Sang Yu nodded. "Quite a lot."

“Are any of them handsome?” Lin Xinyan prodded.

This time, it was Zong Jinghao who turned his head to stare at Lin Xinyan. His thoughts were written all over his face.

Is having me as your husband not enough? Why are you asking whether Sang Yu’s university has handsome men? What are you trying to do?

“Do you have any handsome and wealthy guys wooing you?” Lin Xinyan shot Sang Yu a meaningful glance.

At first, Sang Yu was bewildered by the other woman’s words. Then, it suddenly clicked in her brain. “Yeah.”

Reaching to touch the necklace on her neck, she continued, “This necklace was gifted to me by someone incredibly handsome and wealthy.”

With that said, she deliberately turned to show it to Shen Peichuan. “Peichuan, do you think it looks nice?”

Shen Peichuan was struck speechless.