

I Want a Lifetime with You

Chapter 443

What? Let Song Zhenyan talk to Ning Xin? No way, I won't allow that. I'm not that dumb. However, Ning Xin had something else in mind. Seeing how her husband shot daggers at Song Zhenyan, she quickly placed her hand on his and shook her head. "Just let me talk to her."

Fu Heng frowned. He obviously didn't want to let his wife be with Song Zhenyan on her own. Patting his hand, Ning Xin gave him an assuring gaze. "This is the Fu Residence, and everyone is here." I'm confident that she won't do anything to me, no matter how much she dislikes me. Besides, Fu Chengyan is close to me, and I believe she can see that too.

Fu Heng thought about it briefly before nodding his head. "Alright then." Despite his approval, he cast Song Zhenyan another warning look. The message in his gaze was clear.

Song Zhenyan's face turned pale. Despite knowing the truth, she still found it unbearable. She straightened her back to face the man. "You don't trust me, do you?"

He narrowed his eyes. "You two can talk here. I'm going upstairs now. Let me know when you're done, and I'll come and get you, alright?"

"Okay." Ning Xin smiled helplessly. She then turned to look at Fu Sheng. "Let me talk to Zhenyan."

Fu Sheng could feel that he's not needed here. Being Song Zhenyan's husband, he couldn't deny that he was a failure. Having no other choice, his gaze darkened slightly as he nodded. "Sure."

After the two men left, Ning Xin averted her gaze and stared at Song Zhenyan.

Now the spacious living room was left with only the two women. Fu Zhengyun had left a while ago.

Ning Xin gestured her to take a sit. "Zhenyan, let's sit and talk."

Song Zhenyan's lips twitched a few times as she eyed Ning Xin speculatively, trying to pick up a hint of what the woman was thinking, but she found nothing.

Disheartened, she pursed her lips and said while looking at Ning Xin, "Are you happy now?"

"Why do you say so?" Ning Xin asked in bewilderment while staring straight into her eyes, fearless and assertive. Her gaze had always been unflinching in the face of Song Zhenyan since thirty years ago.

"What do you want to know? Just ask me."

Song Zhenyan hesitated for a moment. She then asked with a smirk, "Yan is my son, but he's closer to you. Don't you feel proud about it?"

Ning Xin glanced at the woman impassively. "I see. You're still holding a grudge against me. You think that I snatched your son away from you, don't you?" She paused and shook her head. "Zhenyan, what have you done for Yan other than giving birth to him?"

"You!" Song Zhenyan said through gritted teeth, "What do you mean?"

"You came to me today because you want to clear the air with Yan, am I right?" Though Ning Xin was in frail health, she wasn't empty-headed. On the contrary, she was a shrewd and talented woman. Otherwise, the outstanding Fu Heng wouldn't have fallen head over heels for her.

Song Zhenyan's face contorted with embarrassment as Ning Xin read her mind. Yet, she had to plead with the woman who took her beloved man away from her. Only she knew how mortified she was on the inside.

She had always been a loser in front of Ning Xin.

As the arrogant Young Madam of the Song family, she had never been humiliated in such a way before. As a result, not only did she resent Fu Sheng, but she detested Ning Xin too because the latter stole Fu Heng and Fu Chengyan from her.

Glancing at Song Zhenyan's face, Ning Xin lowered her gaze. "Yan is your son, and no one can change that. I've never thought of snatching him away from you. And he is Sheng's son too. Back then, you were not around and Sheng was very busy. That's why Heng and I took care of him. There's nothing wrong with that."

“That’s not right! He has his parents!”

“Yes, he has parents, but where were you then? You left without a word, abandoning Jiayu and Yan when they’re young. Have you thought about their feelings before doing that?”

“You...”

“You only cared about your own feelings, thinking that everyone has wronged you. Just because you felt that you had Jiayu after Sheng forced himself on you, you vented your resentment on her. But don’t you see that it isn’t fair to her?”

Ning Xin shook her head. “Yan was young at that time, but that doesn’t mean that he knew nothing. In fact, he was a boy who had a mind of his own. If you had known that he would graduate from the university at fifteen years old, you would’ve recognized his capabilities and foresee his future accomplishments. Nevertheless, you have never been a part of his life. Yan is close to me because I’ve stayed by his side for a long time. But no matter how close we are, I’m only his aunt, not his biological mother. Do you think that Yan treats you badly? Three years ago, you and your brother drugged and schemed against him, and that almost ruined his reputation. If he didn’t care for you, do you think that the Song family would still be around?”

The color drained from Song Zhenyan’s face. “You...” She was taken aback that Ning Xin knew everything. “How did you know that?”

“I even know that you refused to be with Sheng, so you drugged him, and he raped an innocent girl and had Ling. Sheng never said a word about this, but Heng, Yan and I knew. After that, you refused to let Ling join the Fu clan, and Yan didn’t agree too. Do you remember that?”

In a daze, Song Zhenyan stared blankly at Ning Xin, who was shaking her head, seemingly disappointed. “Do you think Yan hates Ling? Not at all. Yan actually cherishes her more than anyone else. He didn’t agree because he didn’t want her to be the laughing stock of the family, and wanted her to live a simple and normal life instead. He didn’t do it for your sake.”

“I’m not trying to ridicule you, but to tell you that you’re the one who has created this mess, so only you can solve it, but it’s going to take time. The hurt buried deep down in Yan’s heart is bigger than you can imagine, as the person who hurt him is supposed to be the dearest one to him. If you really want to salvage your relationship with Yan, think about what he really wants all these years.”

Song Zhenyan was so shocked that she couldn't find her voice. Things that she thought she had hidden well had been exposed to everyone else, yet she still tried her best to conceal them like a fool.

"But Fu Sheng did cheat on me back then. He and the girl..."

"Zhenyan, how can you still put the blame on others?" Ning Xin raised a brow. "Do you still think that I snatched Heng from you?"

"Yes. Isn't that the case?" I wouldn't have ended up this way if it weren't for Ning Xin. Fu Heng was the one I loved, and I was supposed to marry him.

Ning Xin couldn't help but shake her head disapprovingly. "No. Do you still remember that woman?"

"Who is it?"

"Lin Yunjia."

Song Zhenyan staggered backward. "Lin Yunjia? Why did you mention this woman!"

Of course, I remember Lin Yunjia. Other than Ning Xin, she too tried to steal Fu Heng from me. I'll never forget this despicable and shameless b****!

"If you remember her, then you should know that Heng and I have yet to get together back then. Didn't you and Lin Yunjia fall for Heng at the same time?" Ning Xin paused to think for a moment. "That means you know about the switch of my daughter, Pei Huan, and the girl whom we raised was Lin Yunjia's child with someone else."

Song Zhenyan nodded. "So what if I knew about it? What has that got to do with me?"

"Yes, it has nothing to do with you. Since both of you love Heng, after you married Sheng, wasn't Lin Yunjia the one who would benefit the most?"

"What are you trying to say?"

"I guess you have no idea that your brother and Lin Yunjia knew each other."

A thought popped into Song Zhenyan's mind. Ashen-faced, she stared at Ning Xin in disbelief. "No! I don't believe you!"

"You should. Although Sheng loves you deeply, he wouldn't drug you. Try to recall and see. Who else did you see on that night you lost your virginity? Other than Sheng and your brother, did you see Lin Yunjia?"

"Now that Lin Yunjia is dead, you can easily put the blame on her." Song Zhenyan still refused to believe the truth.

"I've said everything I can. It's up to you whether to believe my words. Sheng was the victim in that case. He married you because he loved you, but you only had eyes for Heng and wanted to divorce him. Zhenyan, have you ever loved Sheng? Even only a little?"

"I..."

"Why did you even marry him when you didn't love him?" Ning Xin pressed on, making the other woman feel out of breath. Pressing her lips into a thin line, Song Zhenyan shouted, "That's none of your business!"

"Yeah, you're right." Ning Xin looked away. "Since your marriage is a mistake, you shouldn't have gotten married and gave birth to Jiayu. And why did you give birth to Yan then?"

"What else do you know? I..." Song Zhenyan didn't know what to say. She was dumbfounded for a second, and there was an inscrutable emotion in her gaze.

"You felt aggrieved that Heng didn't marry you, and that you're restrained by Sheng, so you tortured him, Jiayu and Yan to vent your resentment. Later on, you drugged him so that he would divorce you willingly, and the Song family would be able to trample on the Fu clan. Am I right?"

Judging from Song Zhenyan's silence, Ning Xin knew that she guessed everything right. "I bet these ideas weren't from you alone. Now I see that your brother is quite smart."

Song Zhenyan's head jerked up in an instant. "What else do you know?"

She suddenly realized that Ning Xin was way more devious than she thought. "My brother..."

