

Stealing Your Heart Chapter 976

Tawan might have inherited his title, but everyone looked up to him nonetheless.

He was a capable man, and everyone respected that.

In fact, they were more concerned about his lacking love life.

There used to be rumors of Sorn being an illegitimate child of his, but it was quickly dispelled by people who knew of his adoption.

However, the truth was that the people who spread those rumors knew perfectly well that Sorn was adopted; all they wanted to do was to remind Tawan of the fact that he was a mere human just like everyone else.

When Tawan appeared at the event with a female companion, it stirred up a huge commotion.

People approached them one after another for small talk, though it was obvious that they were there just to find out more about Zong Yanxi.

“Are you sure it’s a good idea to bring a foreigner to an event like this?” a man asked, glancing at Zong Yanxi every so often.

Tawan’s expression did not change. “Isn’t this just a birthday party?”

A royal birthday party was a birthday party nonetheless, so there were no restrictions as to who could accompany him to it.

The man smiled. “Everyone had thought that you weren’t interested in women, but it looks like you’re just not interested in Thai women.”

Zong Yanxi could not understand him, but she could tell that he was not being very polite towards her.

She could feel Tawan's body tensing up beside her, and she decided to intervene. Smiling sweetly at Tawan, she asked, "Can we go somewhere else? I would like some water."

"Alright," Tawan said. He excused himself and led Zong Yanxi to a table nearby loaded with various snacks and wine bottles. The flowers that lined the table glimmered under the soft moonlight.

Tawan glanced at Zong Yanxi in confusion and asked, "Are you sure you aren't fluent in Thai?"

"That's right," Zong Yanxi said honestly.

"Then how did you..."

"I can tell from his body language," Zong Yanxi said with a smirk.

Tawan fell silent.

Can you read my mind then?

"Lord Thitipoom," a beautiful woman headed their way said. She was clad in the clothes of a noblewoman, and despite her soft, supple skin, it was obvious that she was much older than them.

Her name was Saranta, and she was one of the King's royal consorts. She had been extremely beautiful in her youth, and her beauty remained even as she aged.

The King appointed her to be the emcee for the event, and he had even instructed her to make Tawan meet the princess in private in a bid to make them fall in love with each other.

Saranta figured that it would be an easy feat, but Zong Yanxi's appearance came as a massive shock to her.

What now?

She decided to figure out what Zong Yanxi's relationship with Tawan was for starters.

After all, there had been no news of Tawan going out for dates with any woman of late.

“Oh, what a surprise! I didn’t expect you to bring such a beautiful lady over today! May I ask how she’s related to you? I’ve never seen her before,” Saranta asked.

“She’s just a friend,” Tawan answered.

“Oh, really?” Saranta asked, not convinced. She glanced at the accessories on Zong Yanxi’s body.

“Only the marchioness of the Thitipoom family could wear this set of accessories. Are you sure she’s ‘just a friend’?” she continued, her smile unwavering.

In contrast to Saranta’s deep-set features, Zong Yanxi’s appearance gave off more of a gentle and tender vibe.

“We’re just friends,” Tawan repeated.

He did not want to attract unnecessary attention to Zong Yanxi, and neither did he want to become Saranta’s target.

He tried to distract Saranta from Zong Yanxi, but he knew that it would be difficult to hide Zong Yanxi from her prying eyes for the whole event.

I’m sorry, Zong Yanxi...

Saranta raised an eyebrow. “Oh, so she’s a guest? I could bring her around to meet some of the other ladies here tonight.”

She saw it as a chance to separate the two of them, and she went for it.

Tawan tried to turn her down. “She doesn’t speak Thai, so I don’t think she’ll be able to communicate with you or the others.”

Saranta frowned. “Can she play the piano?” she asked, determined to embarrass Zong Yanxi. “I don’t think she deserves to be your companion for the night if she doesn’t have any talents!”

Tawan narrowed his eyes.

Noticing his expression, Zong Yanxi tugged at his sleeve gently. "Does she want me to play the piano?"

Saranta had pointed at the grand piano across the room as she spoke, and Zong Yanxi could tell what she had meant by that.

Tawan clenched his fists. "Yeah..."

"Sure, I'll do it," Zong Yanxi said before Tawan could stop her. The last thing she wanted to see was Tawan getting into a fight with the woman standing before her, as it was pretty obvious that she came with a purpose.

She walked over to the piano with a skip in her step.

She only started to learn the piano when she was eight, after she heard her mother Lin Xinyan playing the piano.

She had ten years of experience under her belt, and even though she was not a professional pianist, her experience was more than enough to solve the issue she was facing at the moment.

I must not embarrass Tawan!

Sitting down before the grand piano, she rested her long, slender fingers on the keyboard and announced in Mandarin, "I will be playing a piano arrangement of Colorful Clouds Chase The Moon. Please enjoy."

She took a deep breath and began her performance. Slowly and steadily, she picked up her pace, and a beautiful melody began to weave its way through the hall.

As the music climaxed, everyone stopped what they had been doing and turned to watch her in awe.

Tawan was mesmerized. *I didn't know she could play the piano so well...*

He stared at her and admired how beautiful she looked onstage.

When she finished playing, Zong Yanxi stood up from the seat and smiled at Tawan. The latter walked over and reached out to help her off the stage.

He turned to the audience and announced, "This is our gift to the Princess."

Saranta gazed at Zong Yanxi from a corner. *Looks like I'll have to find some other way to embarrass her...there must be something that could stump her!*

"Would you like to take the stage for the first solo dance later on?" she asked Zong Yanxi with a smile.