

Stealing Your Heart Chapter 987

The room was covered in darkness. As the light from the opened door gradually illuminated the room, she saw a shadow of a figure.

Her hand that was holding onto the knob tensed up. She thought that she would be strong enough to face her parents. But when she came face to face with them, emotions overwhelmed her. She greeted with a choking voice, "Dad."

Zong Jinghao didn't intend to reprimand her. After the incident, he knew that she had matured and learned from her mistakes.

"Dad, I was wrong." Zong Yanxi threw herself into his embrace. She had planned not to cry in

She couldn't control herself. Just like a movie, everything she had suffered during the past year flashed across her mind. The images were so clear that she felt as if she was reliving them.

Zong Jinghao patted her on her shoulder and murmured. "It was all my fault."

The biggest mistake he made in his life was misreading Jiang Mohan. He was so confident that his daughter's qualities would cause Jiang Mohan to fall in love with her. However, he didn't expect it to end in such a disaster.

"No, I chose to walk that path myself." Zong Yanxi wiped the tears off her face.

Realizing that no one else was to blame other than herself, she willingly admitted her mistake and prepared to bear the consequences. The last thing she wanted was for her parents to blame themselves.

As Zong Jinghao wiped the tears off the corner of her eye, he felt extremely grateful that she was alright.

Sitting by the bed, Lin Xinyan looked out the window with her back facing the door. She wasn't dressed in her pajamas yet and neither was Zong Jinghao. They obviously hadn't slept and were waiting for her instead.

They didn't get the door because they were blaming themselves for not protecting their child. They too were hesitant to face her and were equally worried about losing control of their emotions.

Zong Yanxi sat down beside the figure by the bed. Despite being covered by the shadows, she could still see the slight tremble of the woman's shoulders.

She called out in a choking voice, "Mom."

Lin Xinyan didn't respond because it would then be obvious to all that she was crying.

She was heartbroken over all that her daughter had suffered.

However, she wanted to hide sorrow she felt.

Zong Yanxi went over to hug her. She wanted to apologize but the words just wouldn't come out. However, words no longer mattered at that very moment.

The only thing that could comfort them now was the warmth of a hug and crying their hearts out.

Upstairs, Shen Xinyao was still awake and she figured that no one would be able to sleep that night. Hence, she got up and pushed open Zhuang Jiawen's door.

Although the light wasn't on, the curtains were left open. Hence, the room was dimly illuminated by the light from the streetlamp outside.

Hugging her pillow at the door, she murmured, "I can't sleep."

Zhuang Jiawen was awake and aware of his door being opened. He looked at her in the dim light. "Why don't you count sheep?"

"I already did but it didn't work," Shen Xinyao grumbled coquettishly.

Zhuang Jiawen shifted himself in bed and made a space. He then motioned her over. "Come, I'll coax you to sleep."

Shen Xinyao hurried onto the bed with her pillow and snuggled up to him under his blanket. By then, she had thrown her pillow to a corner and laid her head on his shoulder instead.

Zhuang Jiawen patted her on her back. "Good baby, sleep baby..."

Shen Xinyao covered his mouth. "I'm not a child. You're the one who's a baby. Even Yanxi called you Baby today."

He's already an adult and it's really amusing to still be called Baby.

Holding that thought in her head, she burst into laughter.

Annoyed that she touched his sore spot, Zhuang Jiawen warned sternly, "Don't ever call me that."

"That's your nickname since you were young. Everyone calls you that anyway..."

Before she could finish, her mouth was sealed just like how she covered Zhuang Jiawen's. Except he wasn't using his hands, but his lips instead.

Both of them began kissing passionately as they embraced each other.

Both were of the same age and equally youthful. Hence, the lust within them was set ablaze. Fully aware that one thing would lead to another, they quickly pushed each other aside and stopped.

Both of them lay back on the bed and were panting heavily.

When they finally calmed down, Zhuang Jiawen looked at the ceiling and remarked, "When you barge into my room in the middle of the night, aren't you worried that I would lose control?"

"I trust you," Shen Xinyao declared with conviction.

Zhuang Jiawen smiled wryly. "I don't even trust myself."

"But I still do." Shen Xinyao lay on her side and hugged him. "Do you think Yanxi will cry when she sees Mom and Dad?"

"I don't know." Zhuang Jiawen patted her. "It's getting late. Let's sleep."

"I don't know what's gotten into me today. I just can't sleep." Shen Xinyao looked at him. "Can you?"

Zhuang Jiawen replied. "No, I can't."

Tonight was fated to be a sleepless night.

"Then why did you still ask me to sleep?" Shen Xinyao grumbled.

Zhuang Jiawen chuckled in response. While stroking her hair, he asked, "Aren't you worried the elders might see you leaving my room in the morning?"

Shen Xinyao had a conservative upbringing and always obeyed her elders. Hence, she would never do anything that they would disapprove of.

Furthermore, she was a kind and filial girl.

After a while, Shen Xinyao sat up. "I just wanted to see if you were asleep or not. I'm going back to my room now."

In truth, her real intention was to stay by Zhuang Jiawen's side as she knew he was feeling anxious over his sister's return. Now that she was back, his emotions would likely be volatile like a rollercoaster.

Hence, she just wanted to be there for him.

When she prepared to leave with her pillow in hand, Zhuang Jiawen stopped her by tugging her pajamas. "Don't go."