

Stealing Your Heart Chapter 1034

In the end, Lin Xinyan gave in to Shen Xinyao's request and went to visit her oldest son. When she arrived at the hospital, he seemed to have recovered somewhat. He was propped up in bed and chatting with Zhuang Zijin.

Shen Xinyao suspected that there was more to the matter than met the eye. "Did Yanchen get into another argument with Aunt?"

Lin Xinyan didn't hide the truth from her. She told Shen Xinyao everything she knew.

"Wow, how could Aunt do that?" Shen Xinyao felt that Chen Shihan's actions were a little too reprehensible for her liking.

They were living in modern times! Who cared about societal status anymore?

Even the princes of the English monarchy frequently married commoners nowadays. Was there a need for her to care so much about the family background of her potential daughter-in-law?

Lin Xinyan patted her comfortingly. "Just pretend that I never told you. It might make your brother feel uneasy."

Shen Xinyao nodded obediently. "Yes, I know."

That night, as Lin Xinyan prepared her son's medicine, her heart couldn't stop racing. It wasn't that she distrusted Mu Yuan'er—however, she found it incredibly difficult to believe that taking herbal medicine would cure her son of his serious eye injury.

She handed her son the bowl of medicine. "After the funeral, let's go and have you checked up at the hospital."

Zong Yanchen knew what Lin Xinyan was worried about. He replied, "My eyes didn't sustain just any injury—they were poisoned. Western medicine won't do me any good."

Lin Xinyan felt rather shocked. "Poisoned, you say?"

"Don't worry, I'll recover soon enough." Zong Yanchen had been afraid that he was going to send her into hysterics. Looking at her agitated reaction, it appeared that his worst fear might actually come true. "Do you think I would joke around when it comes to my eyes?"

She sighed deeply. "Can you take a longer break this time?"

Zong Yanchen nodded. "Yes, I can. I haven't taken a single vacation since I started work. The army gave me three months off."

She touched the bowl and ensured that the medicine wasn't hot before placing it gingerly into her son's hands. "Drink up."

Zong Yanchen tried to ease the tension in the room. Smiling, he said, "Mommy, you should feed me."

Lin Xinyan burst into laughter. "How old are you?"

"No matter how old I am, I'll always be your darling son." After Zong Yanchen grew up, he had stopped acting cute to her as frequently as he once did. She fetched a spoon and took the bowl of medicine from him. As she fed him spoonful by spoonful, she asked, "Is the medicine very bitter?"

Zong Yanchen nodded. "It's much more bitter than normal medicines."

He meant it when he said that. It was indeed much more bitter than normal medicines. Hence, Mu Yuan'er always promised to give him a piece of candy in exchange for him finishing the entire bowl.

"It's supposed to cure your eyes. For the sake of your health, you'll just have to endure it and drink the whole thing."

Although Zong Yanchen couldn't see anything right now, he could hear an undercurrent of concern beneath Lin Xinyan's stern words.

After he finished the medicine, Lin Xinyan peeled a mandarin orange and handed it to him. "Here, wash the bitterness down with this."

Zong Yanchen took it and plopped a piece of orange into his mouth. Smiling, he said, "How sweet!"

His mother stood in front of him. She wanted to ask him about Mu Yuan'er, but she held herself back in the end. Instead, she put some water into a pail for him to wash his feet.

"Oh, just get Jiawen to do it." Zong Yanchen felt a little embarrassed that his mother was still coddling him at his age.

"I was the one who bathed you when you were a child—how come you feel embarrassed around me only now? Besides, why don't you hurry up and find yourself a girlfriend? Jiawen is already married, for goodness's sake. You should've set an example as his older brother."

Zong Yanchen was speechless.

He went quiet again, afraid that his mother might continue to press him about this topic.

Seeing her son lapse into silence again, Lin Xinyan sighed in her heart quietly.

This kid was really good at keeping secrets from his own mother.

However, she didn't expose him.

The funeral was the next day.

It was a very tense and somber occasion. All the male guests were attired in black suits, while the women were clad in conservative black dresses.

Throughout the entire afternoon, guests dropped in to pay respect. The wreaths they brought stretched along the entire road.

As Cheng Yuwen's closest relatives, Zong Jinghao and Lin Xinyan were responsible for receiving the guests. They stood at attention in the funeral hall the entire afternoon, accepting condolences from an unending stream of people.

At that moment, a man entered the hall in a wheelchair pushed by a woman.

Although he was still very far away, Lin Xinyan recognized him instantly. It had been many years since they last met, but she could still recognize him.