

Stealing Your Heart Chapter 1036

“Well, so is this true?” Zhuang Jiawen looked at his siblings and pressed, uncharacteristically interested in this little bit of gossip. He wanted to understand what happened then.

Zong Yanxi decided to satisfy his curiosity. She replied, “Yes, he was once in love with Mom.”

“Wow, he must be pretty persistent, huh? I heard from my parents that he has no children at all. Apparently, he didn’t marry his wife out of love,” Shen Xinyao said and snuck a furtive look at Bai Yinning. Although his looks had been tempered by age, it was evident that he had been a very handsome man in his heyday.

He had a very pleasant aura as well.

“Has his leg always been that way?” Zhuang Jiawen knew the least about him, and his questions were thus the most frivolous.

“Yes,” Shen Xinyao replied.

Zhuang Jiawen shot her a glance. “How do you know everything?”

“My parents told me about it,” she answered.

“Well, what else did your parents tell you? Tell me all about it,” Zhuang Jiawen said.

Shen Xinyao shook her head and said, “Nothing else.” She paused before adding, “He wasn’t a bad person.”

“Dear me, how do you know all these?” If they weren’t in a mourning hall, Zhuang Jiawen would have given her cheek a good pinch. She knew so many things, yet she had never told him about any of them.

Zhuang Jiawen shot her another look. “Is that what your parents think too?”

“No, it’s what I think.”

Shen Xinyao continued, “A man who’s so constant that he loves the same woman even after so many years? I doubt someone like that could be a horrible person.”

Zhuang Jiawen found himself unable to respond.

However, after a long silence, he said, “That doesn’t mean he is a good person.”

“What, do you hate him or something?” Shen Xinyao raised an eyebrow.

Zhuang Jiawen wasn’t like Zong Yanchen and Zong Yanxi—he had no understanding of Bai Yinning as a person. However, when he found out that Bai Yinning used to like his mother back in the day, and still continued to love her, he realized that this man had been his own father’s love rival.

If his mother had chosen to be together with Bai Yinning instead of his father, Zhuang Jiawen would never have been born.

He put himself in his father’s shoes, and therefore, he dislikes him.

Furthermore, he didn’t like him too from his own point of view.

However, he still had much admiration for the man.

Zhuang Jiawen knew there was no way he would be able to wait for one woman for so many years.

He admired Bai Yinning for his persistence. There were few people like him around.

Did his mother know about this man’s lifelong infatuation with her? If she found out that a man who loved her since her younger days continued to love her even today, would she feel for him too?

As he thought, Zhuang Jiawen's gaze fell upon Lin Xinyan, who was standing by Zong Jinghao at the door. She looked rather solemn. He knew from years of looking at his parents that they were very much in love.

Even if his mother felt something for Bai Yinning, it would be a very small bit of affection compared to the love she felt for her husband.

He was selfish—he wanted his mother to love only his father.

Seeing his zoned-out expression, Shen Xinyao asked, "What are you thinking about? You look totally out of it."

Zhuang Jiawen replied, "Nothing."

However, he was thinking secretly that he wanted to meet up with this cripple if an opportunity arose.

Zong Yanxi saw right through him. "You just be good!"

"What do you mean?" Zhuang Jiawen pretended to look innocent.

"You know exactly what you're thinking! What right do we have as the younger generation to interfere with the adults' matters? Are you mistrustful of your father or your mother?" Zong Yanxi's sharp words left him completely speechless.

Yes, he had to faith in his father.

Bai Yinning was so hopefully devoted to Lin Xinyan, but it was Zong Jinghao who had won her heart in the end. This meant that they probably loved each other very much.

Sigh.

Zhuang Jiawen looked up at Cheng Yuwen's photograph, feeling rather depressed. He heard that his grandmother had died while saving him and his mother.

When you get to the other side, he thought, help me tell my grandmother that I made it safely into the world and that I'm all grown up now.

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Su Zhan stood outside the funeral hall, greeting mourners who were mainly relatives and friends. An unexpected number had shown up, and the car park was fully packed. They had to make some other arrangement.

After the memorial service would be the funeral procession.

Before that, the deceased's loved ones had to bid farewell to him. Thinking about the impending departure with Cheng Yuwen, everyone felt extremely sad.

Right before they sent him off, the emcee read the eulogy. Turning to everyone, he started his speech, "Today, we gather here to send off Mr. Cheng Yuwen. As he departs from this earth, please remember that death is an end to the full circle of life. Just as the moon waxes and wanes according to its seasons, our lives are governed by life, death, separation, and reunion. Although Mr. Cheng may have left us, the sound of his laughter and the look of his smile will be forever imprinted in our hearts."

"With that, I extend my condolences to all his loved ones."

The funeral music began.

Everyone got up and bowed three times towards the coffin.

Finally, amidst much tears and crying, the funeral procession made its way to Cheng Yuwen's final resting place.

The cemetery was located in the northern suburbs of C City, in one of the most auspicious locations they could find. They had chosen not to bury Cheng Yuwen in Baicheng. This was because the younger ones had already chosen to settle down in C City, and Zhuang Zijin looked forward to being buried next to him after she passed on.

The funeral finally ended at night.

Then, everyone gathered in the villa.

Qin Ya brewed some tea for all the guests. They had gone the entire day without eating, so she called up a restaurant and ordered a simple supper for them.

Even though the dead was long gone, those who were alive had to live on cheerfully.

“Now that the funeral is over, should we bring Yanchen to the hospital for a checkup?”

This time, Sang Yu came alone. This was because Shen Peichuan had an important meeting with the higher-ups and coupled with his early retirement; he was all tied down with work and couldn't make it.

Hence, she had to come along.

Now that the funeral had ended, everyone sat around and made small talk. They were all extremely worried for Zong Yanchen—after all the present condition of his eyes was very serious.

“There's no need...”

“You just keep saying you don't need to go for a checkup, but all of us feel worried just looking at you.” Qin Ya felt that he should go to the hospital to get a doctor's advice too.

Zong Yanchen could see her faint shadow moving in front him. Before this, he had been able to see anything but darkness.

In order to assuage his elders, he had no choice but to say, “Alright then, let's go to the hospital tomorrow.”

“That's the attitude we want. Don't let us worry about you anymore.” Qin Ya poured a glass of water and placed it in his hand. “You haven't eaten anything the entire day. Here, have some water.”

At that moment, the doorbell rang.

She walked over to open the door and found that the food had arrived. Since there was so much of it, Qin Ya asked them to bring everything in for her and place the boxes of food on the dining table.

After settling the payment, the food delivery man left. Qin Ya unpacked the boxes and said, "Wash your hands and have some food, everyone!"

Sang Yu came over and helped. She put some soup into a bowl and brought it into the room for Zhuang Zijin, who was so heartbroken that she was lying in bed. Lin Xinyan and Zong Yanxi stayed in the room with her.

Sang Yu went back out and brought some light snacks into the room for them.

As she entered the room, she said, "I'll stay with her. Why don't you both go have something to eat?"

Zong Yanxi stood up and took the plates of food from Sang Yu. "It's okay, I'll watch over Grandma. You should have something first." She turned to look at Lin Xinyan and said, "Mommy, you should go and have something too."

Lin Xinyan still had something to discuss with Zong Jinghao. She patted her daughter's shoulder and said, "I'll come over again later."

"It's okay, I'll sleep with Grandma tonight. You can return to your room. I'll be right here, so don't you worry." Zong Yanxi offered to help with this.

She had a very close relationship with Zhuang Zijin. After all, her maternal grandmother had raised her as a child.

"Are you worried that I won't be able to take care of her well?"

"Oh, alright." Lin Xinyan finally relented and got up.

Everyone sat around the dining table, having a few bites of the food.

Zhuang Jiawen took up the burden of feeding his blind older brother.

"Have you ever fed me when I was a kid?" Zhuang Jiawen asked.

"When you were two months old, he stuffed a huge piece of candy into your mouth. It nearly choked you to death." As she spoke, Sang Yu stretched out her hands to show him the size of the candy.

She had been in charge of looking after Zhuang Jiawen on that day. Barely a few seconds after she took her eyes off the boy, Zong Yanchen had stuck a piece of candy as large as a glass marble into his mouth. It had nearly scared her to death.

Zhuang Jiawen was speechless.

"Wow, I must be pretty lucky, then. Otherwise, I would've been tortured to death by you a long time ago."

"I did that because I adored you."

"Ha! I don't need your adoration, thanks. I don't think I could bear with it."

Lin Xinyan gulped down a bowl of soup. She didn't think she could eat anything else. She felt really tired after the entire day. After supper, she sat around the living room and chatted with the others. A few of the women put the dishes away—because they had ordered takeaway, the cleanup process was much easier.

When it was nearly nine, everyone returned to their rooms to rest. Lin Xinyan wanted to go and take care of her elder son, but Zhuang Jiawen told her to leave that to him.

The two boys got along well with each other, so Lin Xinyan relented. It had been a long time since they were able to talk to each other like that. She patted Zhuang Jiawen on the shoulder and said, "Don't you bully your older brother, alright?"

"Relax! I won't stuff candy into his mouth." Zhuang Jiawen waved his hand in dismissal. "Go and sleep now."

"Alright then."

Lin Xinyan returned to her room. When she opened the door, she got a text notification from Bai Yinning. It said, *Let's have a meal together tomorrow afternoon. I'll be leaving tomorrow night. You were too busy today, so we didn't get a chance to talk.*

"Okay," Lin Xinyan replied simply.

"I'll see you at the Drunken River Pavilion at 11 am tomorrow, then."

"Okay."

She put away her phone and stepped into the room. Zong Jinghao had already washed up. He put on a set of blue silk pajamas, and was seated in bed, preparing to go to sleep.

Lin Xinyan shut the door and walked over to him. "Tell me honestly, is there something you're hiding from me?"

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Zong Jinghao froze, then he looked up at her and raised an eyebrow. "What do you mean by that?"

"You know perfectly well what I am talking about."

"No, I really don't." He swung his feet up and lay down in bed. Lin Xinyan caught hold of his arm and said disapprovingly, "Zong Jinghao, you've been getting more ridiculous as you grow older."

Seeing how stubborn she was, Zong Jinghao knew that she must've found out about Zong Yanchen's condition. He sighed and said, "Well, our son is fine, isn't he? Don't bother investigating anymore."

"When you said you were going to the office, you were actually looking for him, weren't you? When did you learn to lie?" Lin Xinyan was furious. Her son became blind and nearly lost his life, and she had been one of the last few people to know about it.

"I'm his mother, and I gave birth to his. Don't you think I have a right to know?"

"I was worried that you would be worried." Zong Jinghao took her hand. "I won't do this again. You must be tired after today, right? I'll give you a shoulder massage."

As he spoke, he pulled Lin Xinyan onto the bed.

Lin Xinyan pulled away from him. "Ugh, don't pull this trick on me."

"Well, what do you want me to do? It was in the past. Even if I was in the wrong, you can't continue to blame me for it, can you?"

His words made Lin Xinyan angry. Was he abusing the fact that she couldn't stay angry at him for long to behave so recklessly.

"I don't plan to forgive you." Lin Xinyan stood up abruptly. Zong Jinghao didn't move away in time—her head bumped violently into his nose as she got up from the bed. The pain made him wince a little. He felt something running down his face—when he reached up to touch it, he realized that it was blood.

Lin Xinyan was holding onto her head. Her forehead hurt from bumping his nose, too.

"You..." She was ready to yell at him again when she saw the blood streaks on his face. Shocked, she exclaimed, "Are you alright?"

Zong Jinghao raised his head to staunch the bleeding. "I'm having a nose bleed."

Lin Xinyan grabbed some tissues and dabbed it across his face. "Go into the bathroom and wash the blood off first."

Zong Jinghao pressed the tissue paper to his nose and snuck a suspicious look at her. "Was that intentional?"

"Well...yes," Lin Xinyan said, sniffing.

"Are you still angry?"

"Yes."

"Well, how do you plan on getting your revenge on me?"

"Okay, that's enough." Lin Xinyan stood up and pulled him into the bathroom. "Go and wash up."

After rinsing his nose for a long time in the bathroom, they finally managed to stop the bleeding.

"Ugh, you should change your pajamas, too." Lin Xinyan passed him another set of pajamas. The one he was wearing was stained with blood.

After his nose stopped bleeding completely, Zong Jinghao changed into the new set. He said, "There's blood on the sheets, too."

"I guess we should change it then." Lin Xinyan yanked the sheets off the bed. "If the kids see this, it'll be so embarrassing."

Zong Jinghao nodded his head by the side. "Your son just got married—you should be setting an example for his wife! If your daughter-in-law finds out that you beat your husband, she's going to learn from you and bully our son, too."

Lin Xinyan was so furious that she nearly flung the bed sheets onto the floor. He was the one who had kept the secret hidden from her, but he had managed to turn everything around and put the blame on her!

Trying to keep her anger under control, she adjusted her breathing and said in an even voice, "Bai Yinning asked me out for dinner."

Zong Jinghao, who had been standing listlessly by the side, ran up and helped her with the sheets immediately. "Did you say yes?"

Lin Xinyan looked up defiantly at him. "Why shouldn't I say yes?"

Zong Jinghao was speechless.

"You're already so old. What's the point of meeting up with an old flame?" Zong Jinghao felt extremely displeased. His face had clouded over.

"He was the one who asked me out. I'll feel bad for rejecting him."

Zong Jinghao raised an eyebrow. "Are you trying to make me angry?"

"Nope, I'm just bored." Lin Xinyan tugged the sheets off completely and brought them to the laundry room. She flung the bed sheets into the basin and washed off the blood with her hands. Only after that could they be placed into the washing machine, or they wouldn't be scrubbed clean.

Zong Jinghao followed her. "Did you really agree to go?"

Lin Xinyan squatted down and grunted in reply.

Zong Jinghao squatted down next to her and helped to wash the sheets. "Don't go."

Lin Xinyan didn't say anything.

"Just look at yourself? The kids are already so big, and you choose to go and meet with..."

"Mom, Dad, what are both of you doing?" Zhuang Jiawen had just fed Zong Yanchen his medicine, helped him to shower, and helped him into his bed. After this, he had been going upstairs to his own bedroom when he saw that the lights were still on in the laundry room. He decided to make a detour to take a look.

When he popped his head in, he saw his parents washing the bed sheets.

"It's so late at night. Why aren't you guys sleeping instead of washing the sheets here at this hour?"

"Your Dad can't sleep, so I decided to give him a little something to do."

"I've never seen your mom wash the sheets before. So she insisted on showing me how to do it."

Zhuang Jiawen was speechless.

What is going on?

"The two of you..."

"Oh, hurry along to bed." Zong Jinghao shut the door of the laundry room in his face.

Frowning, Zhuang Jiawen went up the stairs.

When he entered his bedroom, Shen Xinyao was still awake as she had just returned from Sang Yu's room.

She went to the cupboard and took out a set of pajamas for him. "Wash up quickly and get into bed."

Zhuang Jiawen sat down on the bed. "Come over here."

“Hmm?”

She walked over to him with his clothes in hand. Looking at his face, she asked, “What’s up with you?”

“When I was coming upstairs, I saw Mom and Dad washing their bed sheets in the laundry room.”

“At this time of the night? Both of them?” Shen Xinyao asked, shocked.

Even if the sheets were dirty, they could’ve waited to wash it the next day. They had just finished organizing Cheng Yuwen’s funeral today, and must’ve been very tired. Why were they washing their bed sheets at this hour then?

Zhuang Jiawen felt very confused too. “What do you think they were up to? Their reasons contradict each other, too. Mom said it’s because Dad couldn’t sleep and she wanted to give him something to do, while Dad said it was because he had never seen Mom washes the sheets before and she insisted on showing him.”

“Are they trying to hide something from us?”

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“What’s there for them to hide?” Zhuang Jiawen felt rather dubious.

Shen Xinyao felt that something was amiss. “Mom and Dad are both getting on in age. Could it be that they’re feeling unwell?”

She didn’t want to jump to conclusions, but this concerned life and death and the well-being of her in-laws.

Although she wanted to comfort herself, she didn’t want to live in denial.

The matter at hand was already strange enough as it was.

“Well...”

Shen Xinyao’s words made Zhuang Jiawen feel a little uneasy. It was human nature to start pondering on certain matters once something took root in their hearts. They had to get to the bottom of the matters or they’d be restless.

He mumbled, “Do you think that’s it? Like you said, there is a possibility that they’re sick...”

“Can it be...” Shen Xinyao was so shocked that she clapped a hand over her mouth.

“What is it?” Zhuang Jiawen asked, looking up.

“Were Mom and Dad washing the sheets because they stained them and do not want us to find out about it?”

“What?” Zhuang Jiawen got her meaning immediately. “Do you mean that...”

Shen Xinyao nodded frantically. "I heard that diabetes and Alzheimer's can cause the elderly to lose control of their bladders."

Zhuang Jiawen stood up and wanted to go downstairs again.

Shen Xinyao stopped him. "It's too late now. Why don't you ask your dad out for a meal tomorrow and talk things over with him? See if you can find out who's the one with diabetes."

Zhuang Jiawen nodded. "Alright."

The two of them spent the rest of the night worrying, so they were unable to get proper sleep.

When Zhuang Jiawen woke up the next morning, he looked like a panda. His dark eye circles were awful—after all, he hadn't been able to sleep well the past few days because of Cheng Yuwen's funeral.

He went downstairs and saw Zong Yanxi packing some clothes.

"Yanxi, why are you packing your clothes? Are you planning to leave already?"

"I'll tell you about it during breakfast later." Zong Yanxi went into the room and helped Zhuang Zijin out.

Zhuang Jiawen didn't press the matter.

While they were having breakfast, Zhuang Zijin said, "I'd like to go for a short vacation. Yanxi, come with me."

"Grandma, where do you want to go? Wait for a few days, and I'll go with you." Zong Yanchen was worried about Zhuang Zijin. "I'm taking a long break from work this time."

Zhuang Zijin waved a hand to signal her disapproval. "No thanks, I don't need you. None of you follow us! I just need Yanxi to follow me."

"But..."

Lin Xinyan was about to protest, but Zong Yanxi cut her off. "Mom, I can take care of Grandma very well. Don't worry. Actually, isn't it great that Grandma wants to go out for a vacation? It's much better than being cooped up at home all day."

The two of them must have planned this beforehand, thus, Lin Xinyan couldn't say anything.

Zong Yanxi shifted her gaze to Zong Jinghao. After a long pause, she said, "Dad, do you remember that assignment you promised me the last time? Can you try and extend the deadline on that one? If not, tell the client that I can't do it—I'd like to spend some time with Grandma."

"Just go whenever you're free," Zong Jinghao replied.

Actually, he approved the idea of Zong Yanxi and Zhuang Zijin going traveling together.

He could take this opportunity to adjust his mindset.

"I still feel a little worried about Yanchen." Zong Yanxi looked over at her brother. His blindness was always a source of concern.

Although his sight was coming back, and he could now make out the vague outlines of everything he saw; he still couldn't see very clearly. In fact, he was nothing short of severely near-sighted.

Thankfully, his eyesight had already improved much from yesterday.

Zong Yanchen held up his bowl and grabbed his chopsticks. "My eyesight is slowly recovering. Don't worry about me."

"Yanchen, can you see now?"

Everyone was flabbergasted by his actions. They gathered around him immediately.

"Yanchen, you can see now!"

"Can you see my hand?" Zhuang Jiawen waved his hands frantically in front of him. His brother smacked his hand away. "Stop waving your hand about in front of our faces!"

"Yanchen, you can finally see now?" Lin Xinyan was overjoyed, but she tried not to reveal it.

He replied, "Yes, but I can't see anything clearly. I think my eyesight will recover fully in about two days."

"Excellent. It's good that you can regain your eyesight." Zhuang Zijin was extremely happy, too.

Because of this piece of good news, the somber atmosphere in the house over Cheng Yuwen's passing dissipated.

After breakfast, Zong Yanxi left the house. "Jiawen, come and send us off."

"Wait, you're actually leaving today?"

"Yes, I already booked the tickets yesterday night." she pointed at her luggage. "I've already packed my things. Just help me put the luggage into the car boot, thanks."

Obediently, he dragged the luggage outside and placed it into the car boot. Zong Yanxi turned to her family members and said, "None of you is allowed to follow us to the airport! Jiawen is driving us there. Our plane is flying off at nine o'clock, so we'll have to leave now. If you come, you'll just send us off at the boarding gate anyway. So he alone is good enough."

"Take good care of Grandma then!" Lin Xinyan was still felt a little worried.

"Don't worry."

"Oh, don't worry about us. Yanxi and I will return after we are done travelling," Zhuang Zijin said. Her face still looked rather pale.

Zong Yanxi helped her grandmother out of the door, and Lin Xinyan helped her into the car.

At the airport, Zhuang Jiawen headed for the ticket counter to check in their luggage. Zong Yanxi and Zhuang Zijin sat down at the waiting area, waiting to board the flight.

Zhuang Jiawen finally left after he saw them boarding the airplane.

"When we return from Baicheng, let's go and have a look around B City," Zhuang Zijin said.

Actually, she wanted to drop by Cheng Yuwen's old house. She hadn't been back to B City for a long time, and she didn't know how much longer she was going to live for. While she was still alive, she wanted to return to where she had once lived.

When she mentioned B City, Zong Yanxi's mind jumped immediately to that person. Her heart skipped a beat. She grabbed hold of Zhuang Zijin's hand and said, "Alright, I'll bring you to B City."

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Suddenly, Zhuang Zijin asked, "Yanxi, when are you going to have kids? Haven't you been married for a few years now? Why did you come back by yourself this time? I haven't seen Mohan at all."

Aside from Zhuang Zijin, everyone already knew about what happened to Zong Yanxi.

Because Zhuang Zijin and Cheng Yuwen were getting on in age, everyone was afraid that they would faint from shock if they heard about it. Hence, they had purposely hid the truth from them.

Thus, Zhuang Zijin had no idea what Zong Yanxi had been through. She still lived under the blissful assumption that she and Jiang Mohan were still happily married to each other.

She wondered why they still had no children despite being married for so many years.

Zong Yanxi knitted her brows together, wondering what she should tell her grandmother.

"Why aren't you saying anything? Have the both of you been fighting?" Zhuang Zijin asked, gazing at her with her cloudy eyes.

"No, we haven't been fighting, he's just a little busy. Why don't you take a nap first? We'll be there in a few hours." Zong Yanxi placed a blanket over her and let her lay her grandmother's head on her shoulder. While patting on her shoulder, she said, "When I was a child, this is how you used to pat me to sleep."

Zhuang Zijin's eyes narrowed into a thin line. Sounding a little out of it, she murmured, "Yes...time flies and you're all so big now."

As she spoke, Zhuang Zijin leaned against her and fell asleep.

Meanwhile, after sending Zong Yanxi to the airport, Zhuang Jiawen didn't go straight to the office. Instead, he went back home and looked for Zong Jinghao.

"Dad, there are some company matters I'd like to seek your opinion on." He looked rather serious. "Can we have a little chat together?"

Since his son wanted to ask his opinion on something, Zong Jinghao certainly won't turn him down. With that, they went upstairs to his study room.

Zong Jinghao sat down in his chair and asked, "What matters are you referring to?"

Zhuang Jiawen dragged a chair over and sat down in front of Zong Jinghao. After mulling over the subject for a while, he asked, "Dad, who is ill between you and my Mom?"

Zong Jinghao looked extremely confused.

Why is he suddenly asking such a strange question?

"Yesterday night, I saw both of you washing your bed sheets in the laundry room. Did you guys accidentally stain it with something embarrassing? Were you washing it off because you didn't want the rest of us to see it?"

Zong Jinghao frowned and asked, "Embarrassing? What do you mean?"

"I mean...sometimes when elderly people get an illness, they can't control their bladders..."

Although Zhuang Jiawen tried to put it delicately, Zong Jinghao understood his meaning immediately. He said, "Yes..."

"Is it you, or my mother?" he asked in panic.

No matter who it was, he was very disturbed by it.

"It's your mother." Zong Jinghao avoided his son's gaze.

Zhuang Jiawen looked extremely worried. "Have you brought her to the hospital for a checkup?"

"No, not yet. Why don't you take her to the hospital today?" his father replied.

Lin Xinyan was still mad at him, and she didn't talk to him the entire night. She had even insisted on meeting up with Bai Yinning for lunch today. When he thought about that, Zong Jinghao felt really annoyed.

He decided to use his son to hold her back from meeting up with that man.

Although it was strange that he felt so jealous at his age, Bai Yinning still made him rather uneasy. This was because he was a married man, and he could've chosen to live his life happily with Zhou Chunchun, but he decided to hanker after Lin Xinyan even until now.

Zong Jinghao couldn't help but be on guard.

"By the way, don't tell her that you're taking her for a checkup, or she'll refuse for sure. Find an excuse to drag her there, and when you get to the hospital, suggest to her that she should do a full body checkup," Zong Jinghao told his son.

Zhuang Jiawen got an idea. "Got it. I'll go right-away."

If his mother was really ill, they had to nip the illness in the bud instead of letting it spread.

He called Shen Xinyao to their bedroom. "Dad says it's Mom. Now, we have to trick her to go with us to the hospital."

Hearing this, Shen Xinyao felt her heart sink. "How are we supposed to trick her?"

Zhuang Jiawen gazed at her and patted her shoulder. "I'll leave the honors to you."

"Me?" Shen Xinyao looked at him, unsure. *What could I do?*

"Yes, you." He was very certain about it. "Tell her that you feel unwell, and that you think you might be pregnant. Ask Mommy to go to the hospital with you. There's no way she'll refuse you."