

Stealing Your Heart Chapter 311

Su Zhan walked all the way to the park outside of the building before slowing down to a halt. "What do you want to talk about?" Liu Feifei asked from behind him.

"I want to make things clear between us," Su Zhan affirmed, turning around to face her. He stared at her familiar, yet estranged face as he spoke.

He thought that he had known her inside-out, but he was mistaken.

He could never figure out what she was truly thinking of.

"You should know that things were over between us once you'd chosen to leave me. The reason doesn't matter to me, but you've already chosen to give up on our relationship. If you insist on hanging around, it'll only annoy me. I hope that you can honor your promise and stop meddling in my life," he chided her.

Liu Feifei stared at him in disbelief.

The man before her had since changed, and he no longer had any love left for her. Gone were the days where he bent over backward to make her happy, and all that was left were bitterness and disdain.

She balled her fists and scoffed. "You're not going to honor our relationship in the past?"

"That's in the past," he admitted coolly. "Let's move on from that."

He was serious about it.

He thought that he would struggle to get over her, but he suddenly found the courage to do so once he saw her.

He did not hate her, and neither did he blame her for anything.

Liu Feifei bit her lip. She had wanted to coax him into restarting their relationship, but Qin Ya's appearance had messed up her plans.

She had put all her hope on Su Zhan. As she was getting on with her years and running out of time, and she knew that it would be hard for her to find another rich man to marry.

Besides, her infertility would be a massive put-off to most men, let alone the desirable ones out there.

"Sorry, I shouldn't have returned," she apologized, turning around to leave. She stopped after a few steps and turned back to face him. "I wish you all the best for your future. I'll...make sure to stay away from you."

She knew then and there that she did not stand a chance unless Qin Ya left on her own accord or if Su Zhan dumped her.

She figured that leaving him with a good impression would be a good start.

After spending years of being a mistress, she had her fair share of tricks up her sleeve.

An evil grin appeared on her lips as a plan formed in her head.

On the other hand, Su Zhan found her decisiveness a little hard to swallow, but he accepted it anyway.

After she left, Su Zhan turned around and walked out of the hospital premises to buy breakfast for Qin Ya and his grandmother.

When he returned with the food, Qin Ya was still asleep, while his grandmother was wide awake. He rushed over to her bedside and asked, "Are you awake, Grandma?"

His grandmother opened her mouth to say something, but her words came out as throaty croaks. She started to panic, which only made it worse.

Su Zhan put down the food in his hands and held her hand gently. "Don't panic, Grandma. The doctor has said that you'll need some time to recover, so just relax and rest."

His grandmother tried to speak, but she could not make a sound.

Su Zhan patted her hand. "Are you trying to ask where Qin Ya is?"

His grandmother nodded.

Su Zhan pointed to the sofa, and his grandmother was relieved to see Qin Ya sleeping peacefully on it.

The last thing she wanted was for Su Zhan to lose Qin Ya because of Liu Feifei.

She wanted to tell Su Zhan that Liu Feifei was not as innocent as he had thought, but she could not make a sound.

Her face began to turn red from exertion as she tried her best to speak. Unfortunately, it was to no avail.

"Calm down, Grandma!" Su Zhan urged, patting her back. "Don't worry. I won't let Qin Ya leave."

His grandmother held on tight to his hand, hoping that he would keep his promise.

The doctor who came around to check on Su Zhan's grandmother informed them that long-term treatment was needed and that everything seemed normal post-operation.

He reminded Su Zhan to take good care of his grandmother.

After the doctor had left, Su Zhan took out a few boxes of food he bought earlier. "Are you hungry, Grandma?"

She nodded.

Su Zhan raised the head of the bed and placed a cushion behind his grandmother's back so that she could sit up. He picked up a bowl of congee and proceeded to feed her with a spoon.

After breakfast, his grandmother began to feel sleepy again, so he lowered the bed for her. "I'll be here. Go to sleep, Grandma."

His grandmother fell into a deep sleep within minutes.

Qin Ya, on the other hand, did not even stir.

Su Zhan got a nurse to take over for a moment as he went to get a change of clothes.

He reeked of alcohol and his clothes were a crumpled mess, and he figured that Qin Ya would not be waking up anytime soon anyway.

Meanwhile, Zong Jinghao skipped breakfast that morning, still full from the huge bowl of 'dumplings' that he had consumed the previous night.

Lin Xinyan leaned against the door and watched him as he put on a suit. "Are you going out?"

He was technically on vacation, so Lin Xinyan had thought that he would dress down and stay at home and rest.

After all, a break was hard to come by for him.

Zong Jinghao stood before the mirror, his handsome features fully visible in his reflection. His fingers paused over his buttons as he looked up at her reflection slowly. "Get ready. I'm bringing you along to meet someone."

Lin Xinyan stood up straight. "Who?"

She could vaguely guess who the person was.

The person whom she thought that Zong Jinghao wanted her to meet was a relative of his on Wen Xian's side. Even though many years had passed since Wen Xian's death and Zong Qifeng's remarriage, New Year's meant visiting relatives, and it made sense for Zong Jinghao to pay that particular person a visit.

"You'll know once we get there," Zong Jinghao uttered, smiling. He turned around to face her. "Why do you look so scared?"

Lin Xinyan forced a smile onto a face. "I'm not scared!"

Zong Jinghao walked over and grabbed her chin, rubbing his fingers against it. "Don't you know how disappointed I was last night?"

Lin Xinyan froze as she recalled the events of the previous night. *Oh...he's mad because I tried to take revenge for Cheng Yuxiu...*

He had forced himself to finish the entire bowl of dumplings for the sake of his kids.

Lin Xinyan bit her lips. "I wouldn't have done that if you'd just..."

“Stop meddling in my matters from now on,” Zong Jinghao warned, pecking her on the lips. “If you do it again...”

He grinned. “I’ll punish you.”

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Lin Xinyan blushed at the sound of that. “Are we bringing the kids along?” she asked, changing the subject.

“Yeah.”

“Alright then. I’ll go get them ready,” Lin Xinyan announced, turning around and heading downstairs in a hurry, as though she was running away from him.

Lin Xinyan helped her kids into their new clothes before sitting down to tie Lin Ruixi’s hair. Her hair was of the curly type and it had a tendency of turning into a huge mess if it was not tied up. Lin Xinyan decided to give her a little ponytail to bring out the beautiful shape of her forehead.

In fact, she had noticed how Lin Ruixi was starting to take after her father, with her clearly-defined jawlines and pretty features.

Upon tying her hair up, Lin Xinyan proceeded to dress her in a red coat that Cheng Yuxiu had prepared. It had a mix of oriental and western styles with a pearly white, round jade pendant hanging off one of the buttons. There was a Chinese knot in the middle of the pendant that further enhanced its beauty.

Lin Ruixi looked like an adorable doll with her big, sparkly eyes and porcelain skin.

Cheng Yuxiu had also prepared an outfit for Lin Xichen, but it had more of a gentlemanly vibe to it.

His outfit consisted of a pale yellow cardigan on top of a white shirt, along with a vest and a pair of dress pants. He wore a large, dark coat to top it all off, and it made him look like a businessman.

“Where are we going, Mommy?” Lin Xichen asked as he admired himself in front of the mirror.

“We’re going to visit someone,” Lin Xinyan answered vaguely. After all, she could not confirm that the person Zong Jinghao wanted to meet was Wen Qing.

Lin Xichen blinked. “Mommy...”

“Yeah?”

Lin Xinyan lifted her daughter off the bed and set her on the floor so that she could wear her shoes.

“Is Grandma coming to visit us?” Lin Xichen asked.

Having grown up with Zhuang Zijin and Lin Xinyan, Lin Xichen could not help but miss Zhuang Zijin after such an extended period of time spent away from her.

“Yeah, Mommy! Is Grandma coming?” Lin Ruixi asked, tugging at the hem of her dress.

Lin Xinyan felt bitter whenever she thought of Zhuang Zijin, as she could not understand why she had acted the way she did.

“I don’t think so, darlings,” Lin Xinyan murmured, holding her kids’ hands. “Let’s go and put on our shoes, shall we?”

She decided to avoid the topic of Zhuang Zijin while talking to her kids.

As they headed out, Zong Jinghao walked out of the study wearing a suit. He had his coat slung around his arm, which was a hint that he had been talking to Zong Qifeng.

“Ready to go?” Lin Xinyan asked.

Zong Jinghao lowered his head. "Yeah."

"I'll help the kids with their shoes," she announced before heading to the doorway with the kids.

Zong Jinghao put on his coat and took Lin Xinyan's down jacket off its hanger as she helped the kids put on their shoes.

Afterward, he gestured for Lin Xinyan to slip her arms into the sleeves before he zipped up the jacket for her. Glancing at the jade bangle on her wrist, he whispered to her, "Don't reveal it when you're taking your coat off."

He knew that Wen Qing was not particularly fond of Cheng Yuxiu and that she would have suffered, if not for Zong Qifeng.

Although he was not sure if Wen Qing knew about the jade bangle, he told Lin Xinyan to hide it just in case.

The two families rarely talked to each other after Wen Xian's death, but the Wens still treated Zong Jinghao well.

He did not want Lin Xinyan to get into trouble with the Wens because of Cheng Yuxiu.

Lin Xinyan pulled on her sleeves absentmindedly. "Does he have an issue with us?"

Zong Jinghao fell silent, and that was the answer that Lin Xinyan had needed.

She could tell from his reminder that they were not on good terms at all.

She took a deep breath sorrowfully.

It was windy outside, and Zong Jinghao pressed his daughter's head against his chest so that the wind would not blow into her face.

The chauffeur hurried over to help them open the car door, and Zong Jinghao gently placed Lin Ruixi onto one of the back seats. Lin Xichen, however, refused to be helped by anyone and clambered into the back seat on his own. To their relief, there was enough space for everyone.

The chauffeur backed out of the garage and onto the main road as the chilly wind blew past them, the sunlight doing nothing to warm the air up.

After approximately forty minutes, the car came to a stop beside an archaic mansion.

The chauffeur alighted first to open the doors. Zong Jinghao picked up his daughter upon alighting, while Lin Xinyan and Lin Xichen got out of the car on their own.

They could see the entirety of the mansion from where they stood. Although it was obvious that it had been recently renovated, the cracks in the walls and the flaking paint proved that it had been there for a long, long time. As they walked into the mansion, Lin Xinyan noticed that there were soldiers guarding the door.

The mansion was old, and only people of the highest echelons had the right to stay there.

Although Wen Qing did not quite qualify as someone who could stay in the mansion, it had been passed down to him by his father, Wen Jin, after the latter's death. The higher-ups decided to turn a blind eye to Wen Qing's position after seeing how extraordinary of a person Wen Jin had been.

The mansion was not as lavishly decorated as the skyscrapers in the city, but anyone who stayed there had earned their right to.

The chauffeur stepped forward to press on the doorbell, and the door was answered in just seconds.

A middle-aged woman whose hair was pulled back into a bun welcomed the family into the house. "It's cold outside. Come in and take a seat!"

Zong Jinghao bowed his head slightly. He stretched out his free hand to hold Lin Xinyan's hand, in the fear that she could not get accustomed to the unfamiliar surroundings.

Lin Xinyan glanced at him before looking away.

The woman laughed. "Your uncle told me to go grocery shopping early this morning because you're coming over. He's waiting in the living room!"

"No need for the trouble," Zong Jinghao uttered politely.

He was not on bad terms with the Wens at all, but neither was he particularly close to them.

The woman was used to it. "Are these two your kids?"

"Yeah," Zong Jinghao replied.

The woman looked back and forth between Lin Xichen and Zong Jinghao, amazed at how similar they looked.

Even Lin Ruixi was starting to look like her father as the years went by.

"He's so handsome!" the woman laughed. "All Ji does is mess around all day and annoy your uncle!"

"He's not coming back for New Year's?" Zong Jinghao asked.

Wen Xiaoji was the only son of Wen Qing, and he was the most rebellious child that one could ever meet.

Wen Qing had wanted to send Wen Xiaoji to the military, only for Wen Xiaoji to leave the country to pursue his studies overseas. When he realized that his major was useless, he went straight to an entertainment agency and signed on as an artist.

Wen Qing hated it, but there was nothing he could do to convince his son to pursue something else. In fact, Wen Xiaoji would do the exact opposite of whatever his father had wanted.

Even so, Wen Xiaoji was doing well in the entertainment industry. However, Wen Qing forbade anyone that knew about their relationship to talk about it, and Wen Xiaoji picked a unique stage name to prevent other people from getting suspicious.

After Zong Jinghao and his family entered the house, the woman closed the door behind them to keep the cold winds out.

Lin Xinyan looked towards the living room and noticed a man sitting on the sofa, the newspaper in his hands covering his face entirely.

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“He’s not coming back. He says that there’s an activity that he needs to attend. I don’t know what it is, other than the fact that he’s really busy. Well, I’m not even certain if he really doesn’t have time, or if he’s merely pretending.

Anyway, he’s not coming back,” lamented the lady as she took Lin Ruixi’s shoes off. Instead of being lavishly decorated, the house had a plain style. The family did not hire a maid, with the lady taking care of the house herself. Fortunately, it was not too big.

The lady was Li Jing, Wen Qing’s wife. Due to Wen Qing’s identity, in addition to the strict investigations from the superiors, she maintained a low profile, worried that she would bring more trouble to Wen Qing.

The person sitting on the sofa, having heard some noises, cast the newspapers aside and glanced over.

The lady walked towards him. “They’re here. The child is really likable. You guys can converse first! I have a few dishes that I haven’t finished cooking, so I’ll head into the kitchen first.”

Wen Qing waved his hand dismissively. “Go on with your work, then.”

When Wen Qing placed his newspapers down, Lin Xinyan looked over. Perhaps it was because she had heard about him from Cheng Yuxiu, she was extremely curious.

The heater in the house was turned on, so Wen Qing only wore a sweater. His hair was white, making him look around the same age as Zong Qifeng. However, both men exuded a completely different aura. Seeing as Wen Qing had a military background, he appeared extremely stern when he was expressionless.

On the other hand, Zong Qifeng was much gentler and approachable.

Lin Xinyan thought to herself, *Zong Qifeng definitely has feelings for Cheng Yuxiu. If he's not together with a woman whom he'd loved, how would he have been able to settle down?*

Meanwhile, Wen Qing glanced at Lin Xinyan too. She did not deliberately dress up, nor did she decide to put on a shred of makeup. However, as her skin was clear, she still exuded a comfortable aura. Her dark hair was tied into a ponytail, revealing her well-defined facial features—her crystal-clear eyes, tall nose bridge, and rosy lips. Although there was nothing prominent about her facial features, they made her look exceptionally stunning.

Wen Qing's eyes glinted as he fell into a momentary trance.

He was only jolted back to his senses when Zong Jinghao greeted him. Beckoning to the two children, he uttered, "Come here quickly. Let me take a good look at you."

Lin Xichen bravely strode over, confident and unafraid of Wen Qing's stern aura.

As a soldier, even if his actions became gentler, he would likely have been not as approachable as the average man.

On the other hand, Lin Ruixi was slightly more timid, not daring to budge at all. Zong Jinghao stroked her head and coaxed, "Go on."

His deep voice gave the little girl a sense of security. She mustered up her courage and shuffled over.

Scrutinizing the two children carefully, Wen Qing nodded in satisfaction. "Good, good, good!"

The three consecutive praises made it evident that Wen Qing was in a great mood.

“It must have been really cold outside, right?” His voice became much gentler.

“It’s okay. We were in the car, so it wasn’t so cold,” replied Lin Xichen.

Wen Qing burst out laughing. It was rare for a child not to be afraid of him. After all, he had a really stern look, especially when he was not smiling.

He placed a large hand on Lin Xichen’s shoulder. Touching his shoulder blades, he nodded. “He’s got a good body frame.” Then, he gazed into Lin Xichen’s eyes and asked, “Are you interested in joining me in the army?”

Li Jing had just come out at the moment, holding a mug of hot coffee. Glancing at Wen Qing, she chided him, “Don’t drag everyone whom you meet off to the army. Isn’t that how you had scared our son off?”

Wen Qing scoffed coldly at the mention of his son.

Li Jing placed the coffee mug on the table. “Everyone, please take a seat. You’re not outsiders anyway. Don’t be too courteous!”

Her words were mainly meant for Lin Xinyan, who merely smiled politely.

Grabbing her hand, Zong Jinghao sat down together with her. “She’s younger than me.”

Implicitly, he was telling them not to take it to heart if she were to do something wrong.

Li Jing was taken aback for a moment. Upon understanding what he had meant, she agreed with a smile, “She looks young.”

In fact, Lin Xinyan looked as though she had just graduated from college.

“Don’t mind your uncle. He’s just like that. Back then, Jinghao was also dragged to become a soldier for a few days. However, as he was the only child of the Zongs, he had to inherit the family business. That’s why he didn’t stay in the army.” Li Jing patted Lin Xinyan’s hand, telling her not to take Wen Qing’s words too seriously.

Wen Qing snorted. “What’s so bad about being a soldier? Jinghao was so exceptional back then. If he didn’t leave the army, he would’ve been much more accomplished than me. It’s such a pity.”

Zong Jinghao was the only child in the family, after all. Regardless of how much had Wen Qing insisted on it, Jinghao was still his younger sister’s son. He was from the Zong family, not the Wen family.

Wen Qing always thought that it was a huge pity.

Hence, now that he saw Jinghao’s children, a budding thought surfaced to his mind.

As his wife, Li Jing knew him much too well. She tried to stop him in time as she announced, “Jinghao only has one son. If he becomes a soldier, who’ll take over such a massive family business?”

Li Jing still had an old-fashioned mindset. She did not treat Lin Ruixi as a potential inheritor of the family business, as she assumed that Lin Ruixi would need to marry in the future.

Zong Jinghao placed Lin Ruixi on his lap and rebuked, “My daughter can do that too.”

He did not believe that only his son could inherit the family business. In fact, he was even more doting to his daughter.

If his daughter were interested, he would split the family business in half for them.

If Lin Xichen were really interested in becoming a soldier, he would pass the family business over to his daughter.

“Are you willing to go to the army with me? You can carry guns and shoot targets.” Wen Qing asked Lin Xichen.

“A real gun?” exclaimed Lin Xichen.

Wen Qing patted his chest in affirmation. “Of course!”

“Then I’d like to do as such too. Isn’t it so cool to point a gun at a bad guy?” As Lin Xichen spoke excitedly, he even made gun gestures with his fingers.

He was so serious about it that Wen Qing had started to burst out laughing. Wen Qing lifted his head and glanced at Zong Jinghao. “You guys are still young, so you can have another child. Give this boy to me.”

Li Jing cut him off curtly, “What’s the use of that? He’s still so young.”

“Then, I’ll wait till he grows older.” Wen Qing really wanted Lin Xichen to follow in his footsteps. He had taken a liking to the little boy the moment he had set his eyes upon him.

“That’s enough. Let’s go to the dining room. The food’s ready!” Standing up, Li Jing headed to the kitchen to serve the dishes. Lin Xinyan stood up too. “Let me help you.”

Zong Jinghao nodded.

“Let’s go to the dining room.” Wen Qing held Lin Xichen’s hand.

There were six chairs surrounding the rectangular table; just enough for everyone.

Wen Qing sat at the master's seat, while Lin Xichen sat beside him.

In the kitchen, Li Jing looked at Lin Xinyan and murmured, "I don't need you here. Go back and take a seat. I'll be done serving the dishes soon!"

Lin Xinyan turned the tap on as she began to wash her hands. "Well, I have nothing to do either. It'll be faster if I'd helped you."

Since Lin Xinyan had explained it as such, Li Jing did not refuse her help anymore. As she had prepared a lot of food, the dishes soon filled the entire dining table.

Wen Qing was in a great mood. Hence, he asked Li Jing to bring some alcohol over so that he could drink with Zong Jinghao. "Take that Maotai in my collections."

Li Jing eyed him, not because he had wanted to drink, but because she had wanted to mock him. "Jinghao is a big boss. What kind of alcohol hasn't he drunk yet?"

Wen Qing protested, "That's my best alcohol! There's such a festive spirit today. I'm in a good mood, so I'd asked you to grab a drink for me. Why are you nagging so much? Bring it over quickly!"

As though he had suddenly remembered something, he glanced at Zong Jinghao and asked, "What are the two children called? I still don't know their names yet."

Before Zong Jinghao could reply, Lin Ruixi announced, "My name is Lin Ruixi. My brother is called Lin Xichen."

After some interactions, the little girl was no longer as afraid of Wen Qing as she had been before.

Wen Qing's expression immediately changed.

Lin?

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The two children had the Lin surname?

Whose surname did they take?

“What’s going on?” Wen Qing’s tone grew serious.

It was a long-lasting tradition for children to take their father’s surname. For the older generation, they placed a lot of importance on it.

This time, Lin Xinyan walked over with the soup. Before she could place it on the table, Wen Qing urgently asked, “The children have followed your surname?”

He had a brief understanding of Zong Jinghao’s marriage. As Zong Jinghao was initially reluctant to share, he never told Wen Qing anything about Lin Xinyan. Wen Qing was busy too, so he did not really find out much about Lin Xinyan’s identity and background.

Lin Xinyan was stunned for a moment as Wen Qing’s question arrived too abruptly.

“That’s a long story. In short, it’s because I had disappointed them greatly. With regards to whose surname the kids take, I think that it’s only appropriate for them to take her surname. After all, she’s the one who has raised them.” Naturally, Zong Jinghao could tell that Wen Qing was very bothered and upset about this.

Directly before Wen Qing, he grabbed Lin Xinyan’s hand and pulled her to his side.

“When I got a divorce, I didn’t know that she was pregnant. I only knew afterward...” He did not elaborate on what had happened. However, he made it

clear that everything was his fault. Hence, he would not change the children's surname.

If a child were to take his surname, they could just have another one. In any case, Lin Xinyan agreed with him.

As for Zong Jinghao, he knew that they had divorced for a short while after getting married.

The children's age seemed to correspond to the series of events.

"The most unfilial act is to not continue your family's bloodline. Although Xichen is your son, he doesn't take your surname. What will his identity be in the future? Will he belong to the Zongs or the Lins?" Wen Qing was still insistent that the two children should have to change their surnames.

Nothing would convince him to accept the fact that the children took their mother's surname.

Zong Jinghao tightened his grip on Lin Xinyan's hand and stroked the back of her palm. She turned around to look at him.

However, he did not meet her gaze. All Lin Xinyan could see was his chiseled side profile. From this angle, she could even see his eyelashes clearly.

With a soft, yet determined voice, he asserted, "We're a married couple. We're one."

Wen Qing stuttered in fury, "Y-You..."

"What did your Dad say?" he asked, thinking that Zong Qifeng should have had a say in this.

However, Zong Qifeng had a clearer understanding than Wen Qing about what had happened. Hence, he did not oppose the children's surname.

After all, Lin Xinyan had personally raised the kids for so many years. If she were willing to change their surnames, he would naturally be overjoyed. However, if she were unwilling, he would not force her to do so either.

"He's gone old and he's confused. He's so enchanted by that woman that he can't even discern between right and wrong." Wen Qing's fury rose, upon the mention of Zong Qifeng. He still could not get over how quickly Zong Qifeng had married Cheng Yuxiu after Wen Xian had passed away.

Lin Xinyan's body stiffened, knowing clearly who Wen Qing was referring to.

Noticing her slight reaction, Zong Jinghao had a vague understanding of why she would feel that way.

Is she so close to Yuxiu that she'd become nervous every time someone would mention her name?

"That happened a long time ago, so I don't want to dwell on it further. I know that you're repulsed by it, but I must tell you something." A serious expression crossed Wen Qing's face. "Back then, your father could marry her because he had agreed on one condition. However, I realized recently that she might have broken the agreement..."

"Eat first. Let's continue chatting after the meal. Anyways, there's no point in digging up the past, right?" Li Jing placed the alcohol in front of Wen Qing.

He thought for a while. After all, Zong Jinghao did not visit that often. If he told him now, he might not even have the appetite to eat anymore. Hence, he uttered to Li Jing, "I'll listen to you. Help me pour some alcohol."

Smiling, Li Jing poured a glass each, for him and Zong Jinghao.

“It’s a joyous occasion today. Drink more with your Uncle, okay?” suggested Li Jing with a grin.

Zong Jinghao nodded.

Lin Xinyan sat beside him distractedly. Wen Qing’s interrupted speech must have had something to do with what Cheng Yuxiu had told her over the phone.

So many years have passed already. Why is he refusing to move on?

In addition to that, everything was planned by Wen Xian. Now, she’s making Cheng Yuxiu bear the consequences.

This is so unfair.

Cheng Yuxiu has sacrificed so much.

“If you’re free, bring your kids over to play.” Li Jing poured some soup for Lin Xinyan. While the men drank, they ate instead. “I wasn’t aware of what you would have liked to eat, so I’m not sure if the dishes today will suit your liking.”

Li Jing’s voice interrupted Lin Xinyan’s train of thoughts. Quickly returning to her senses, she responded with a reassuring smile, “I’m not a picky eater. This is good enough!”

“Alright then, make yourself at home!”

“Okay.”

Li Jing was very thoughtful and she kept placing food into the children’s bowls.

Wen Qing no longer mentioned anything about Cheng Yuxiu at the dining table. Instead, he chatted with Zong Jinghao about current affairs, politics, and the nation’s development.

“We don’t understand what they’re talking about, anyway.” Li Jing placed some vegetables into Lin Xinyan’s bowl. “They can chat while we eat.”

Lin Xinyan flashed her a smile and nodded politely. Nevertheless, she still felt extremely anxious as she did not know how Zong Jinghao would react if he discovered that the Tea Silk belonged to the Cheng family.

He clearly knew that she had mastered the skill of weaving Tea Silk.

With his intellect, he would definitely associate this with what happened at Baicheng.

She was afraid that this matter could no longer be concealed.

Nonetheless, she felt extremely conflicted. On one hand, she wanted to let Zong Jinghao know of this matter. After all, she did not want to leave him with any regrets. *How sad would it be if he had to remain oblivious to his biological mother’s identity?*

Yet, on the other hand, she wanted to keep him in the dark. She did not want to let Cheng Yuxiu’s years of bitterness and tolerance go to waste.

After the meal, Wen Qing summoned Zong Jinghao to the study room, leaving both her and the children in the living room. Li Jing turned the television on for the kids, worried that they would soon grow bored.

She placed the sliced fruits onto the table and called out to the children, “Come and eat some fruits.”

Pouting, Lin Ruixi uttered sweetly, “I’m already full.”

As she spoke, she even rubbed her stomach. Chuckling, Li Jing offered, “Let me touch your stomach and see if it’s protruding.”

The little girl giggled as she was tickled.

Lin Xinyan kept shooting glances at the study room, feeling extremely anxious. However, she did not dare to reveal her nervousness to Li Jing.

“What was Uncle going to say just now?” Lin Xinyan tried to elicit some information from Li Jing.

“It’s probably about Yuxiu. After all, he was extremely close with his sister. When Wen Xian passed away, he’d locked himself up for three days, refusing to even eat or drink. The first time I’d ever seen him cry was when Wen Xian had passed away. There’s actually a tender side to such a masculine man like him. He’s always been bothered about Zong Qifeng’s remarriage, so he’s harbored ill feelings towards Yuxiu.”

Li Jing had married Wen Qing just a while before Wen Xian had passed away. Furthermore, as Wen Xian had never really told her about it, she was not very clear about what had happened that year.

Li Jing sighed. “Even till now, he still hasn’t gotten over it. I kept telling him that it was all in the past. Now that we’re getting older, we should just let bygones be bygones. Yet, he’s so stubborn that even I can’t convince him.”

Li Xinyan agreed, “Yeah, everything has happened so long ago. It’s time to get over it. Worrying too much is not good for one’s health too.”

“That’s right. Unfortunately, he just refuses to listen. In my opinion, Yuxiu is quite a good woman. Sometimes, I even think that she’s quite pitiful to not have any children. How can a woman be considered a woman, if she never had a child? It’s going to be a lifelong pity,” lamented Li Jing emotionally.

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Lin Xinyan cast her eyes downwards. Although Yuxiu had given birth to Zong Jinghao, she had missed the critical period of taking care and bonding with her child.

As of current, Zong Jinghao was still very distant from her.

This was not only a lifelong pity for Cheng Yuxiu. She was a miserable, yet noble lady.

If Lin Xinyan was in Yuxiu's shoes, she might not have been able to do what Yuxiu had done.

"Try to convince Jinghao to stop being so bothered by it." Li Jing sighed. "I actually understand. If my father married barely a month after my mother had passed away, I might even have hated the woman. In fact, I might have even possessed an urge to stab her with a knife. Regardless of who experienced this, no one can say for sure that they know exactly how a person would feel.

Yet, Jinghao managed to control his impulses. Although his relationship with Qifeng became tense, he did not cross the line. He's giving Qifeng the cold shoulder because he just can't get over this emotional hurdle. As Jinghao's wife, you should try to counsel him more."

Lin Xinyan nodded gently.

Li Jing was right too. It was impossible to know exactly how he felt in that situation. Only someone who had gone through the exact same thing could truly understand his state of mind.

Upon listening to what Cheng Yuxiu had said, she continuously thought from Yuxiu's perspective on how to persuade Zong Jinghao.

However, she had never stood in Zong Jinghao's shoes, to think about it from his perspective.

He did not know the fact that Cheng Yuxiu was his mother, as well as the complications that had occurred in the past, along with the sacrifices that she had made for him.

Hence, she should approach this issue by thinking from his perspective.

"I'll take my leave first."

At this moment, the study room's door opened. Zong Jinghao soon walked out.

"I'll send you out," offered Wen Qing.

However, Zong Jinghao rejected his offer, saying that it was cold out there. As their car was parked just outside, they could quickly reach the car.

When Lin Xinyan saw the both of them walk out, she stood up from the sofa. Zong Jinghao walked towards her and urged, "Let's go home."

Lin Xinyan nodded.

"It's still early. Why don't you stay a little while longer?" Li Jing tried to hold them back.

"It's okay. It's actually getting late." Lin Xinyan was eager to learn about what Wen Qing had told Zong Jinghao.

Li Jing merely said that out of courtesy. She could tell that Lin Xinyan had really wanted to leave. "Come when you're free."

“We’ll definitely visit when we’ve gotten the chance to.” Lin Xinyan helped the children wear their coats, while Li Jing walked over to help as well. “It’s Chinese New Year’s Eve tomorrow.”

“I’ll be a year older after the New Year!” declared Lin Ruixi cutely as she blinked.

Li Jing chuckled. “Yeah, a year older. While you kids grow up, your grandaunt will also grow older.”

“You’re not old, grandaunt,” refuted Lin Ruixi.

Li Jing laughed even louder as she praised, “You’re such a sweet-talker.”

At that moment, Wen Qing walked over and handed them two envelopes.

“As it’s your first time here, I’ve prepared some gift money for you, in celebration of the new year. I’ll give it to you again when you visit the next time.”

“I’m fine,” protested Lin Xinyan, thinking that it was not right for her to accept the bulging envelope. Although Wen Qing was very extreme when it came to Wen Xian, he was still righteous and honest at heart.

“It’s for the kids. Plus, it’s your first time visiting my house. The money is not only for tradition’s sake, but rather, it’s also a piece of my sincerity.” Wen Qing liked to speak as though he was a high-ranking officer.

Li Jing agreed, “Take it. The children will be happy too. Well, I didn’t prepare any gifts for them.”

Lin Xinyan instructed the children to thank Wen Qing.

“Thank you, granduncle,” exclaimed the children simultaneously.

“You’re welcome!” Wen Qing stroked Lin Xichen’s head. “Eat well and grow taller, so that you can follow me to the army and become a soldier.”

“Okay!” Lin Xichen nodded firmly, looking extremely interested in becoming a soldier.

Standing at the door, Li Jing and Wen Qing watched them take their leave.

Soon, their car sped off. Lin Xinyan sat beside Zong Jinghao, so close that she could smell the faint alcoholic scent on his body.

Unable to hold herself back, Lin Xinyan asked, “What did the both of you talk about in the study room?”

Zong Jinghao had already expected her to ask this question. However, he was surprised that she would ask him so eagerly and quickly.

Leaning against the seat, he gazed at her silently.

Being put at unease by his stare, Lin Xinyan blinked. “Why are you looking at me like that? Is it something that I shouldn’t ask about?”

“Yeah.”

Lin Xinyan’s heart skipped a beat.

When Zong Jinghao noticed the change in Lin Xinyan’s expression, he sighed and pulled her into his arms.

“I’ll tell you when we reach home.”

Laying in his embrace, Lin Xinyan thought about it for a while before saying, “I’m sorry. I kept persuading you to accept Yuxiu, but I never considered how you might have felt.”

Zong Jinghao lowered his gaze in surprise and delight. He pulled Lin Xinyan closer to him.

“Shall we change the kids’ surnames?” asked Lin Xinyan suddenly.

She had heard Shen Peichuan mention that the children should change their surnames. Back then, she did not take it to heart. However, after witnessing Wen Qing’s dramatic reaction, she wondered if it was only right to change their surnames.

After all, she had already accepted Zong Jinghao and the family.

“Why change it?” Zong Jinghao did not see any problems with it.

“If we don’t change their surnames, won’t they belong to the Lin family?” Truthfully, Lin Xinyan was even more unwilling to let them take the Lin surname. She only did that because she was left with no other choice.

“The children are yours. They have nothing to do with the Lin family.” Zong Jinghao had never thought that the children had belonged to the Lin family just because of their surnames. In his opinion, the children belonged to Lin Xinyan. After all, she was pregnant with them for ten months and she had raised them bit by bit. No one was worthy enough to take her place.

Lin Xinyan tugged his collar. “We’re a couple now. How would the others think, if they learn that the children have taken my surname?” She teased him on purpose, “Will the others think that it’s because you’re merely a live-in husband?”

“You’re being so mischievous.” Chuckling hoarsely, he bent down and kissed her ear. “I don’t mind, as long as I can marry you.”

Lin Xinyan shifted away quickly. The chauffeur was right in front of them, but he still acted so brazenly.

His smile grew wider.

When Qin Ya woke up in the hospital, it was already the afternoon.

“Are you hungry?” Su Zhan returned to the hospital after changing into a clean set of clothes. When he saw that she was still asleep, he continued staying by her side.

Instead of going downstairs to buy lunch, he instructed the maids at home to cook and send the dishes over. After all, his grandmother was unused to eating food that was not home-cooked.

As Qin Ya had slept for a really long time, she soon felt a bit dizzy. She sat up for a while before her strength began to return to her body. Gazing at Su Zhan as she rubbed her eyes, the memories flooded through her mind again. She was about to leave earlier when Su Zhan’s grandmother had suddenly gotten a stroke. Hence, she followed them to the hospital...

She stood up from the sofa. “I should leave.”

Clenching his fists, Su Zhan pretended to not hear her. “You’ve slept for a long time. Aren’t you hungry?”

Qin Ya shook her head. “Not really.” Then, she raised her head and glanced at him. “Let’s... let’s end things now.”

Is this woman really that ruthless?

Su Zhan stood up and shrugged. “You can leave. However, since you’d slept with me, you’ll have to compensate me for my emotional distress.”

Qin Ya was rendered speechless, her expression morphing instantly.

He’s acting as gangster-like as he had been before!

“How much do you want?” Qin Ya reached out for her bag as she began to fish for her wallet.

Su Zhan smirked. “How much do you think I’m worth?”

After a moment of contemplation, he suggested, “Five hundred thousand, then.”

He thought that Qin Ya would be unable to afford such a huge sum. Hence, he would have a reason to keep her by his side.

“Do you think that you’re a prince? You aren’t worth that much!” Qin Ya almost cursed at him. *Why don’t you rob a bank instead?*

Yet, her remaining rationality informed her that this was the hospital. It was rude for her to yell at him, so she held herself back.

Even if he had tried to coax her nicely, he wouldn’t be able to hold her back. After all, this woman was heartless.

Hence, deciding that he had nothing left to lose, he offered, “You should know clearly whether I’m worth that much. Well, that’s an unchangeable fact. If you can’t afford it, stay behind and continue being my wife.”

Qin Ya scoffed furiously. Whipping out a card from her wallet, she threw it onto his face. “Don’t appear before me again!”

Su Zhan was shocked. *She can actually afford it!*

She’s merely Lin Xinyan’s assistant. How can she have so much in her savings?

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Qin Ya could not even bear to look at his astounded expression.

Wearing her coat and grabbing her bag, she left.

Su Zhan lowered his head and stared at the credit card beside his foot. Picking it up, he quickly chased after Qin Ya, who had just left the room. He grabbed her wrist and dragged her out.

Struggling to break free, Qin Ya yelled furiously, "What are you doing?"

Su Zhan ignored her. Instead, he pulled her to the parking lot and shoved her into the car. To prevent her from alighting, he locked the car door after pushing Qin Ya in.

Furious, Qin Ya slammed her fist against the window repeatedly. "Su Zhan, what are you doing?"

Still ignoring her, Su Zhan rapidly drove out of the hospital.

"If you do this, you'll only make me despise you further! Not only are you disloyal, but you're also a shameless bastard! Why did I even agree to marry you? I must've been out of my mind!" Qin Ya rubbed her cheeks frantically, trying to calm herself down.

However, when confronted with such a shameless person as Su Zhan, she found that she could not calm herself at all.

He's so disappointing!

“Aren’t you leaving? Your luggage is still at home, so I’m sending you back to retrieve it,” muttered Su Zhan sarcastically with a smirk. “You call me a heartless scoundrel, but what about you? You’d left immediately, without giving me a second chance. Have you considered how I might’ve felt? I’d contemplated it over and over again before I’d finally decided to marry you. Indeed, my ex-girlfriend has returned. But I don’t love her anymore! Yet, you’d pursued the issue relentlessly, not willing to accord me even a single shred of trust!”

The more Su Zhan spoke, the more upset he became.

“Trust is mutual. If you don’t trust me, how can I trust you?” Qin Ya looked at him. “I’ve given you a chance before. Didn’t I say that you’re not allowed to meet her? Nonetheless, you’d met her multiple times. You had plenty of opportunities to come clean to me, but you didn’t. If you truly cared about me, you’d think of me whenever you’d met her. I won’t be anxious every time you visited her, nor will I feel sad by it. I’m an orphan. Although I was adopted by a nice couple who had given me a happy childhood, I’m still a very insecure person. Do you know how much courage I’d mustered before deciding to marry you?” Her voice turned hoarse. “Do you know how hopeful I was?”

Su Zhan’s eyes reddened. Upon listening to Qin Ya’s accusations, he found that he could not rebuke her statements at all.

Regardless of whatever reason he had, the fact that he had met Liu Feifei was unchangeable.

Qin Ya covered her face with her hands. “We need to calm down.”

The car stopped at the neighborhood’s parking lot.

Su Zhan sat there silently, while silence enshrouded them.

After a while, he broke the silence. “I’m returning this to you.” He placed the credit card on her lap and explained, “I said those words due to a fit of anger. Don’t take it to heart.”

Qin Ya did not move or respond.

Once again, the car fell into another state of silence.

After a while, Qin Ya moved. She pushed open the door and alighted the car quietly.

Although she did not utter a single word, Su Zhan knew what she was going to do. He was overwhelmed by a feeling of powerlessness.

After all, he single-handedly caused this situation to occur. *Who else was to blame?*

Qin Ya walked out, dragging a suitcase behind her. She walked to the car doors and placed the keys onto the seat. "These are the house keys."

Then, she left. She no longer had any reason to keep the house keys.

Su Zhan remained silent.

Qin Ya glanced at him. Somehow, she could not utter a single farewell. Pulling the suitcase behind her, she walked out of the neighborhood.

Su Zhan opened the car door and gazed at her back. "If you have time, can you visit grandma? She doesn't want us to break up. I'll lie to her, saying that we've reconciled. I don't want her to worry. If you don't visit her, she'll definitely suspect that we haven't gotten back together. Since she's getting old already, can you please do me this favor?"

Qin Ya stopped in her tracks and promised, "I will."

She did not do it for Su Zhan, but for his grandma.

Su Zhan stumbled forward, trying to hold her back. However, as he was unable to find any other excuses, he could only say, "Thank you."

Without even turning back or replying, Qin Ya left with her suitcase.

Su Zhan closed his eyes and squatted down on the floor, not caring about his image anymore. He fervently ruffled at his hair, frustrated at himself for not holding her back.

However, when he thought of his grandmother in the hospital, he had no choice but to pick himself up and return to the hospital to take care of her.

He was not to reveal his inner state of despair to his grandmother.

Su Zhan felt a thousand times worse this time than when Liu Feifei had left him.

When he returned to the hospital, his grandmother was awake. However, as she could no longer speak coherently, as she soon appeared quite crestfallen. After all, not everyone could immediately accept the reality that they could not speak.

"Mm..."

Su Zhan walked over and held her hand.

"Mmmm..." Su Zhan's grandmother wanted to say something. He patted her hand and asked, "Are you asking about Qin Ya?"

She nodded.

Su Zhan lied, "She's been a bit tired, so I've sent her back to rest."

Worried that she would not believe him, he added, "She'll visit when she's free. Don't worry and rest well, okay?"

His grandmother held onto his hand. Despite the words that she was bursting to say, she could not utter them right now. In the end, she merely sighed.

All she could do was pray that Su Zhan and Qin Ya would not break up.

“Sleep first. I’ll watch over you,” assured Su Zhan as he patted his grandmother as if he were coaxing a child.

Over at the Zongs, the two children opened the envelopes immediately upon returning home.

The bills were probably just withdrawn from the bank as they were still fresh and crisp. Even the serial numbers were consecutive.

Lin Xichen counted them. “6666.”

Lin Ruixi passed her envelope to her brother. “Count it for me too.”

Lin Xichen glanced at his sister and sighed. Looking as though he had no choice around it, he took her envelope. “We definitely got the same amount of money.”

“How would you know if you didn’t count it?”

“It’s just social etiquette! We are siblings, so we won’t be treated differently.”

“Count it for me,” insisted the little girl.

Lin Xichen had no choice but to take the money out and count it.

While Lin Xichen counted the money, Lin Ruixi became very bored. Hence, she stacked the bills up for fun. Raising her head, she looked at Lin Xichen and asked, “Xichen, how are you going to spend all this money? Will you buy a Chinese New Year’s gift for me?”

Lin Xichen glanced at his sister. "I'm going to buy a present for Mommy."

She blinked. "Oh, yeah! It's going to be Mommy's birthday soon, after Chinese New Year."

Zong Jinghao was on a call, standing in front of the French Window. When he heard the children's conversation, he glanced at them. *Were they talking about Lin Xinyan's birthday just now?*

When is it?

When is Lin Xinyan's birthday?

"Call me after you've arranged everything."

After the other party received his instructions, Zong Jinghao hung up the call. It was going to be Chinese New Year tomorrow. Throughout the years, the company had always hosted a gala. However, as Zong Jinghao was absent from the company for a long time this year, the planning for the event started later. In fact, they were still rushing it, a day before Chinese New Year.

The branch companies locally and overseas would also publish their end-of-year report.

When he entered the house, Guan Jing called him and reported this matter to him. Lin Xinyan had gone upstairs, while the children were counting their money on the sofa. Zong Qifeng and Yuxiu were not at home.

Zong Jinghao looked at his son and asked, "When's your Mommy's birthday?"

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After he had finished counting the money, Lin Xichen passed it to his sister and looked at Zong Jinghao. He blinked, his eyelashes fluttering. “You don’t even know my Mommy’s birthday. How can you call yourself her husband?”

Zong Jinghao was rendered speechless.

He could not even rebuke Lin Xichen. *Yeah, he’s right. I’m not a qualified husband. We’ve been married for six years. In fact, it’ll be seven years after tomorrow. Our kids are going to be six years old already, yet we’ve not even slept together yet.*

Am I not an unqualified husband?

It’s my fault for not giving my wife happiness—in life and in bed.

Although Lin Xichen had already accepted Zong Jinghao, he had never forgotten about how Zong Jinghao had abandoned them. *If he wants to win Mommy’s heart, he’ll need to put in some effort.*

“Find out yourself.” It was evident that Lin Xichen was unwilling to reveal that piece of information. Crossing his arms over his chest, he announced, “Let me give you a hint. You don’t have much time left.”

Zong Jinghao raised his eyebrows. *Not much time left?*

Does this mean that her birthday’s going to happen in a few days?

Zong Jinghao crouched down to look his son in the eyes. “Do you believe that I can find out just by asking a single question?”

Nonetheless, Lin Xichen reacted swiftly and slapped a hand over his sister's mouth.

He was afraid that Zong Jinghao would ask his sister. After all, Lin Ruixi was an easily-swayed person who always clung to Zong Jinghao. If he were to ask her, she would definitely spill the beans.

"Don't try to coax my sister." Lin Xichen glared at Zong Jinghao.

On the other hand, Lin Ruixi felt a bit flustered. *What's going on?*

Why did Xichen suddenly cover my mouth?

"Mmm..."

"What are you doing?" asked Lin Xinyan. When she was walking down the stairs, she saw Lin Xichen covering Lin Ruixi's mouth.

Zong Jinghao glanced at his son and grinned happily. "Just now, Ruixi said that your birthday is on the day after Chinese New Year. Then, Xichen insisted that she was wrong and covered her mouth."

"It's on..."

"Mommy!" interrupted Lin Xichen loudly, worried that she would reveal it.

He glared at Zong Jinghao. "You're playing dirty!"

"I'm not!" Zong Jinghao shrugged. "Aren't we going to rely on our own capabilities?"

This time, Lin Xichen was at a loss for words.

Puzzled, Lin Xinyan patted her son's shoulder and told him to release Lin Ruixi. "If you keep covering her mouth, she'll feel uncomfortable."

"Mommy, don't tell him! Let him find out when's your birthday himself. If he fails to do so, it means that he's insincere," explained Lin Xichen to Lin Xinyan.

She blinked, starting to understand the situation.

Although Lin Xichen had faith in Lin Xinyan, he did not trust his sister that much. Hence, he dragged her to the bedroom. "Follow me to the bedroom!"

"What about my money?" Lin Ruixi stared at her brother pitifully. *With all that money, I can buy a lot of things for Mommy.*

I can't bear to leave the money there. What if I lose it?

"Mommy, help us pick up the money." Lin Xichen was adamant in preventing his sister from interacting with Zong Jinghao. *He's such a cunning man. He almost tricked Lin Xinyan into revealing it!*

Lin Xinyan nodded.

After the kids entered the room, Lin Xinyan stared at Zong Jinghao and asked, "Why are you arguing with a child?"

Zong Jinghao sat beside her, while she picked up the money. He took the bills from her hands and helped her pick them up. "Your son provoked me first."

Yeah, I'm actually the victim here.

Lin Xichen bullied me first, okay?

Lin Xinyan rolled her eyes, feeling speechless.

Zong Jinghao placed the money back into the envelopes, which he then put on the table. "Accompany me to a gathering today."

"What meeting?" asked Lin Xinyan. She could guess that this was the company's internal gathering instead of a business gathering.

Before Zong Jinghao could respond, Lin Xinyan rejected his offer, stating, "I don't want to go."

She knew that Zong Jinghao's intention of bringing her to the annual gala was to introduce her identity to the company's staff.

As her relationship with Zong Jinghao was not extremely stable yet, she did not want to be influenced by outsiders.

Still, she acknowledged his goodwill.

Burrowing herself into his arms, she explained, "We didn't even have a wedding ceremony. When we'd decided to get married, it was very secretive and barely anyone knew about it. If I suddenly appear at the company's gala, with you introducing me, what would the others think? If they knew about our children, what kind of speculations would they have? Would they say that I'd married into money? Or that I'd used the children to force you to marry me? Someone like you would attract a lot of gossips. I just want to have a peaceful life with my kids. I know that you're worried about me and that you want me to live openly, but it's better if we take it naturally."

She raised her head and glanced at him. "I understand your kind intentions, but I'm not prepared yet."

Zong Jinghao pursed his lips. He only wanted to introduce her true identity to the others, but he had never considered the negative consequences of announcing it so abruptly. Indeed, if he suddenly declared that he was married, it would invite a lot of speculations.

“What did Uncle tell you?”

Lin Xinyan still wanted to know what Wen Qing and Zong Jinghao talked about, and what they were planning to do.

She needed to know Zong Jinghao’s thoughts about it.

Indeed, he did not know about Yuxiu’s background, nor did he deliberately investigate it.

This time, he learned from Wen Qing that the Tea Silk belonged to the Chengs.

In exchange for marrying Zong Qifeng, Cheng Yuxiu offered them a skill that had been passed down for generations in her family.

As of now, someone had picked this skill up again.

Wen Qing knew that someone had mastered the skill, but he did not know that it was Lin Xinyan.

When Zong Jinghao heard about it, he was surprised.

He lowered his head and planted a kiss on Lin Xinyan’s forehead. Without leaving, he mumbled, “You probably know about the Tea Silk’s background, right?”

Although he was asking a question, his tone was affirmative.

Lin Xinyan’s heart skipped a beat. Lowering her voice, she forced herself to sound as normal as possible. “When Cheng Yuwen taught me, he informed me that it was the Chengs’ ancestral business.”

His kiss moved to the corners of her eyes. “Are you still unwilling to tell me?”

Lin Xinyan's body stiffened. "I'd promised that I wouldn't."

So don't force me to do as such.

"Does he want you to take action against me?" asked Lin Xinyan hoarsely.

Indeed, that was what Wen Qing had said. "Initially, she promised me, but she's now going against her words. By breaking our promise, she's pushed it too far. If I didn't know about it, I'd just leave it be. However, now that I am aware of it, I will definitely not just stand aside and do nothing."

Back then, Zong Jinghao did not say anything in defense. He knew that if he had tried to convince Wen Qing against pursuing this matter, it would only serve to raise his suspicion.

Hence, Zong Jinghao tried to shoulder everything himself. Only then could he protect Lin Xinyan and stop Wen Qing from feeling suspicious.

Now, Zong Jinghao suspected that this was all a part of Cheng Yuxiu's evil plot. She deliberately involved Lin Xinyan in this issue, because neither he nor Wen Qing could do anything to Lin Xinyan.

"With me around, no one can harm you." *Including Wen Qing.*

Lin Xinyan knew that Zong Jinghao was currently stuck between a rock and a hard place.

She did not want to put him in a tough position, nor did she want to ignore what Cheng Yuxiu had told her.

Cheng Yuxiu had sacrificed too much for Zong Jinghao's sake. *Did she even have to give up a skill that had been passed down for generations?*

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“I won’t let anyone know about this yet.” She wanted to put matters relating to the Tea Silk and the fashion show on hold first.

It did not mean that she was going to give up on them. Rather, she was waiting for an appropriate opportunity.

If she insisted on pursuing this matter regardless of everything else, she would only make things more difficult for Zong Jinghao.

Fortunately, there was still a lot of time.

His kiss slid to her ears as he uttered hoarsely, “You’re still unwilling to tell me.”

Sweat dotted her forehead and nose. Her body trembled while her mind was in a state of turmoil.

In the end, she still decided to keep silent about it.

At three in the afternoon, Guan Jing called Zong Jinghao, informing him that everything was now ready. He could head over now.

Standing at the porch, Lin Xinyan tidied his collar and tie attentively. He hugged her waist and asked her, “What if I don’t want to go anymore?”

Lin Xinyan replied, “If you aren’t afraid of demotivating your staff, you don’t need to go.”

The employees from the headquarter and branch offices would be there. In fact, just by counting the members from the upper management, there were already

two hundred people. As it was rare to see Zong Jinghao even once a year, it would be quite unpardonable if he did not show up at the gala.

Zong Jinghao pinched her cheek, his eyes scanning her face carefully. As his fingers stroked her lips, he asked, "Will you wait for me until I return home?"

Lin Xinyan nodded. "Yeah."

"I'll come back as soon as possible." He planted a gentle kiss on her soft and tender lips. The longer he kissed her, the more addictive it became. Hence, he hugged her waist and deepened the kiss.

Click!

They heard the door open. Lin Xinyan pushed him away hurriedly, while Zong Jinghao released her.

Zong Qifeng and Cheng Yuxiu entered. Looking at how neatly dressed Zong Jinghao was, Zong Qifeng asked, "You're going out?"

"I'm going to the office," replied Zong Jinghao curtly.

Zong Qifeng did not say anything either. After all, he had stopped managing the company for a long time and he had complete faith in Zong Jinghao's abilities. There was nothing else for him to instruct.

Lin Xinyan held the coat up for Zong Jinghao, who reached his arms into the sleeves. He shrugged slightly and the coat fit onto his body snugly. It was a high-quality grey woolen coat, without any creases on it. When he wore the coat, he exuded a dignified and exceptional aura.

Lin Xinyan sent him out.

As it was cold outside, Zong Jinghao told her to head back into the house.

Watching the car drive out of the courtyard, Lin Xinyan closed the door and entered the house.

“Did you visit the Wen family?” The moment Lin Xinyan turned around, she saw Cheng Yuxiu standing behind her.

She answered honestly, “Yes.”

“He didn’t place you in a difficult position, right?”

“No. He doesn’t know that it’s me and Jinghao tried to deflect him. I think that he probably won’t know anytime soon.” If he remained oblivious, he would not take any action.

However, even if he knew something, Wen Qing would not act as ruthlessly as he had before. After all, she was Zong Jinghao’s wife.

She could tell that Zong Jinghao was very important to him.

As for the children’s surname, Wen Qing was not so bothered about whether they had followed the Zong family’s surname. Instead, it was about whether they had followed Zong Jinghao’s surname.

After Zong Qifeng had married Cheng Yuxiu, Wen Qing no longer had any feelings left for his ex-brother-in-law.

Cheng Yuxiu heaved a sigh of relief. “That’s good, then.”

She was afraid that she would cause Lin Xinyan trouble.

Cheng Yuxiu beckoned Lin Xinyan over to the sofa, before instructing the maids to pour them two cups of steaming tea.

“We went to Wen Xian’s grave today.” She and Zong Qifeng would go there every year. “Initially, we wanted to invite you along. However, as you still have two kids to take care of, I didn’t ask you to come.”

No matter what, Wen Xian took care of Zong Jinghao for six years on her behalf. Although Wen Qing was quite mean to her, Wen Xian never did anything wrong.

After all, she was willing, right from the start.

Chen Yuxiu took a sip of the tea and asked, “What do you want to eat for dinner? I’ll cook for you.”

As Lin Xinyan did not have much appetite, she answered, “Anything’s fine.”

Cheng Yuxiu smiled. “Okay, then. I’ll just cook a few dishes. You don’t look too well. Go and rest!”

Indeed, Lin Xinyan felt a bit exhausted.

There was still quite a while before nighttime. She soon agreed, “Then I’ll take a short nap.”

“Go on.” Cheng Yuxiu waved her hands.

Laying on the bed, Lin Xinyan unknowingly drifted off to sleep. Even when the sun began to set, she still had not woken up yet. It was the knocking on the door that had jolted her back to reality.

“Mommy, it’s time for dinner,” Lin Xichen called out.

She stood up, washed her face, and went downstairs. Other than Zong Jinghao, everyone was present in the dining room.

Initially, she had wanted to take a short nap before helping Cheng Yuxiu for dinner. Unfortunately, she had overslept in the end.

It was quite inappropriate of her to sleep, while her elders had labored.

“Why didn’t you wake me up earlier?”

“Don’t be so polite! You were outside for such a long time. Now that you’ve returned, you deserve a good rest.” Cheng Yuxiu poured her a bowl of nutritious soup and passed it to her. “It’s suitable to drink this during the winter.”

Lin Xinyan received it with both hands. The soup was still steaming when she took a sip of it. It was quite hot, with a slight hint of ginseng.

“I’ve added red ginseng to it. It’s good for women. Drink more later, when you have the appetite,” reminded Cheng Yuxiu.

Lin Xinyan nodded. “Thanks, Mom.”

“You’re welcome!” replied Cheng Yuxiu brightly. Even if she could not hear her son call her ‘Mom’, she was still happy to be acknowledged by her daughter-in-law.

After dinner, the maids cleared the table. Cheng Yuxiu offered to take care of the two children, as she helped in getting them to bathe and sleep. As the children had met her before, they were familiar with her and were willing to interact with her.

Lin Xinyan was happy to let Cheng Yuxiu help. Since Zong Jinghao was not around either, it was good for them to spend some time together.

After watching the television with the two kids, she headed upstairs.

Glancing at the clock, she realized that it was barely nine o'clock. As she had slept too much in the afternoon, she no longer felt tired. She took a shower and changed into her white, silk sleeping gown. Then, she picked a book that she liked and started reading it on the bed.

As time ticked by, it was already past midnight and she began to feel tired. Yawning, she placed the bookmark on the page she was reading, closed the book, and placed it on the table. She then pulled the sheets over her body and turned the bedside lamp off. Just as she was about to sleep, she heard the door open downstairs.

As it was late into the night, she could hear even the slightest noise.

She turned the bedside lamp on again.

Soon, she heard footsteps coming up the stairs...

The door was pushed open quickly.

Through the faint golden glow of the lamp, he could see the woman lying on the bed while staring at him. "You aren't asleep yet?"

"I'm waiting for you."

Lin Xinyan glanced at the white specks on his shoulder and asked, "Is it snowing outside?"

Only then did Zong Jinghao realize that he was still wearing his coat. Casting his gaze to the side, he saw a few snowflakes on his shoulder. They must have landed on him when he had alighted the car as he walked towards the house.

"Yeah," he replied. Afraid of bringing the cold air into the room, he hung the coat on the coat rack before walking in.

Then, he closed the door and approached Lin Xinyan.

Gazing at him, she moved to the edge of the bed. Her jet-black hair was scattered messily over her shoulders, while her fair, flawless skin had a rosy tint to it. Even her pink lips were as moist and alluring as that of a rose petal, giving one the urge to taste them.

Bending down, he inched closer to Lin Xinyan. She could smell a scent on his body. There was a slight smell of alcohol, though it was not too pungent.

“Did you drink today?”

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“A little.” The managers from the branch offices had been coaxing him to drink, so he had to take a few sips.

Zong Jinghao came closer to her face as he spoke. Lin Xinyan could feel his breath tickling her cheeks and she soon turned away from him, but Zong Jinghao gripped her chin and turned her face back towards his. “Do I smell bad?” he asked while making her look at him.

Lin Xinyan nodded. “You reeked of alcohol. How do you feel about that?”

“Oh. Then I’d better wash up now.” Zong Jinghao chuckled. “Would you like to wash up with me?”

Lin Xinyan pushed him away as her face became a shade of crimson red. “Stop teasing me.”

Zong Jinghao’s grin widened further as he got up and went to the bathroom.

Soon enough, the sounds of running water sounded from the bathroom.

Wrapping herself in a blanket, Lin Xinyan could not help but feel nervous out of the blue.

“Get me my clothes, please.” Zong Jinghao’s husky voice sounded out from the bathroom after he was done.

Lin Xinyan looked up at the glass door of the bathroom. Only then did she recall that she had worn the one and only bathrobe inside the bathroom and that Zong Jinghao had nothing to wear now.

Goodness! I've forgotten to put another one inside. Lin Xinyan could not help but smack her forehead in regret.

She went to the wardrobe to get him a brand new bathrobe, which she had bought shortly before moving over. Lin Xinyan removed the price tag of the robe before knocking on the door. "Here."

Soon enough, Zong Jinghao opened the door. Before she could react, Zong Jinghao grabbed her wrist and pulled her inside. After pulling her in, he pressed her against the cold, tiled walls.

He had just finished his shower, hence the bathroom was misty with vapor, from the hot shower. His firm and naked body still dripped with droplets of water.

"What are you... Mhm..."

Before she could finish her sentence, Zong Jinghao trapped her lips in a passionate kiss.

...

The kiss then turned into a heated love-making session behind the glass door, which continued for a long time as the couple danced and drowned themselves in their fiery feelings of passion.

Lin Xinyan had lost track of time as fatigue overcame her. By the time Zong Jinghao had finally decided to stop, she only knew that she had turned into a lump of jelly. She would have collapsed right then if he hadn't supported her.

In her blurry state, Zong Jinghao carried her back to the bed, as she wrapped her blanket around herself. To her misfortune, Zong Jinghao still continued his assault on her lips, despite how tired she was. Poor Lin Xinyan had no choice but to muster all her strength as she bit on his attacking lips hard. Zong Jinghao frowned at the sudden pain before he soon relaxed. "Still want to continue?" he asked in his muffled voice.

“You horny idiot!” Lin Xinyan scolded accusingly. Unfortunately, her voice turned out like a cute whimper instead, due to her weakened state.

Seeing the countless number of hickeys on her body, Zong Jinghao knew that she was really tired this time. Hence, he did not press on further and merely hugged her to sleep. “Yes, I know that I’m an idiot. I’m the biggest idiot here,” Zong Jinghao cooed while patting her back soothingly.

Lin Xinyan slept very soundly this time. By the time she woke up, there was no sign of Zong Jinghao beside her.

She took her handphone from the table to check the time and widened her eyes in horror. *It’s already one o’clock? Did I sleep the whole morning away?*

My God! Zong Jinghao’s parents are here too! How does that make me appear, waking up this late?

What will the elders think of me, after this incident?

Lin Xinyan kicked her blanket off frantically. Perhaps it was due to the aggressive love-making from the night before, her knees buckled the moment she had touched the floor. She had almost fallen. Fortunately, she was quick to catch hold of the table to prevent her fall. She only dared to take baby steps towards the toilet after stabilizing herself. When she reached the bathroom, Lin Xinyan finally had a proper look at the hickeys covering her body. *Goodness! This is embarrassing! How am I supposed to cover these up?* Lin Xinyan thought with a frown as she cursed Zong Jinghao internally.

After washing up herself, she took out a black turtleneck, pairing it with a checkered skirt before going downstairs.

She was relieved to see that Zong Qifeng and Cheng Yuxiu were not in the living room. If it were otherwise, she would have been terribly embarrassed to meet them.

“Good morning,” Aunt Yu greeted upon seeing Lin Xinyan. It was New Year’s Eve today, and everyone was here, in Zong Jinghao’s place now. Hence, Zong Jinghao had invited Aunt Yu over to celebrate the Chinese New Year with them.

Lin Xinyan ran her hand through her hair to cover up her face. She merely hummed in reply without looking at Aunt Yu.

Zong Jinghao shut his laptop upon hearing his wife’s voice and stood up from the sofa. “You must be hungry now?”

Nonetheless, Lin Xinyan made it evident that she was upset at him as she gave him the cold shoulder before heading for the dining hall downstairs.

Aunt Yu uttered with a smile, “I’ve just heated your meal in the kitchen. Let me serve it to you.”

Lin Xinyan pulled out a chair and sat down while Aunt Yu served her the warmed dishes. When Zong Jinghao entered the hall, Aunt Yu immediately retired knowingly, while she uttered, “It’s snowing outside. I’m going out to enjoy the beautiful scene now.”

With his hands supporting the table by her sides, Zong Jinghao leaned down from behind and trailed his lips against her ear. “You’re mad at me?”

Lin Xinyan continued to ignore him while sipping on her soup.

Zong Jinghao planted his kiss on her cheeks instead. The more Lin Xinyan ignored him, the more he had tried to annoy her, as his hands slowly sneaked beneath her sweater...

“Zong Jinghao!” Lin Xinyan yelled and stood up to glare at him. “Do you know how shameless you are? What if anyone sees you behaving in such a manner? Do you want to die of embarrassment?”

Zong Jinghao found her mad and reddened face adorable instead, as he chuckled lightly, reminding her, "There's no one at home now."

Cheng Yuxiu and Zong Qifeng had brought the twins out to play, and they would only return at night.

What? There's no one at home now!

"Then why didn't you wake me up this morning? You're not the only one who stays here! Your parents are here, and our children are here, yet the whole family is awake. All except for me. What does that make me, in the eyes of your parents? Did it ever cross your mind of how embarrassing that is for me?"

"But you looked so tired." It was late in the night when he had returned home, and even at that, he couldn't control himself when making love with her. By the time they were done, it was already morning and Lin Xinyan had only just managed to sleep then. *How would he have the heart to wake her when she was sleeping so soundly then?*

Zong Jinghao came over to hug her, only to have his hands slapped away by his wife.

After such an experience last night, the poor woman had started to develop a phobia against his intimacy.

Zong Jinghao ignored her protests and trapped her forcefully between his arms. He had even crossed her arms and pinned them to her chest, in an effort to stop her from struggling. With his firm chest against her back, Zong Jinghao leaned down and whispered in her ears again. "Did I hurt you last night?"

Lin Xinyan lowered her eyes in embarrassment. She had been begging him to stop, the night before, but not once did he go soft on her.

The poor woman could still feel the embarrassing soreness between her legs.

Zong Jinghao buried his head into her affectionately. He knew that he had lost control, the moment he had felt himself inside of her. The only thing that he had in mind then, was to pleasure her and to become one with her.

“I have no idea why either. I just couldn’t control myself,” he mumbled into her neck.

He had been living a single life of abstinence for over thirty years, which explained his high sex drive and insatiable appetite, the night before.

Zong Jinghao lifted his head from her neck and rubbed his face against hers. “I’ll be gentle, next time.”

Lin Xinyan struggled to get away from him. “Can I... not?”

“No way!” *I can comply with anything, but not this one!*

Worried he would scare her off, Zong Jinghao continued to coax her gently. “I am a normal man with needs. You know that I’ll fall sick if I practice abstinence for too long. Can we do it three times a day?”

Last night was like the first night of marriage to him, as it was the first time he had finally made love to her while being awake.

Lin Xinyan felt speechless at his insatiable sexual needs.

Three times a day is too much for me! “Once a day.”

“No!”

“Then there’s no need to negotiate further.” Lin Xinyan held her ground firmly.

Zong Jinghao blinked his eyes pleadingly. His long eyelashes brushed against the corner of her eyes, which caused her to turn away from the itch. Zong Jinghao thought that his wife was mad at him and sighed internally.

“Fine, once a day then.” *I shall make that one and only session longer if that’s the case.*

Yup, that way, I won’t lose out much.

Zong Jinghao kissed her eyelids and trailed his lips down her cheek towards her neck.

Lin Xinyan groaned in annoyance. “I haven’t eaten yet.”

Zong Jinghao paused and let go of her reluctantly. *Oh, yes. She looks so skinny already. If I don’t feed her well, I might even break her waist while bedding her.*

Suddenly, Zong Jinghao’s phone rang from the sofa.

Lin Xinyan was relieved to have a reason to push him away. “Go and answer your phone.”

“Sit down first.” Zong Jinghao pulled out the chair for her.

Lin Xinyan obliged and sat down obediently. “You should eat more. You look too skinny now,” Zong Jinghao uttered while kissing her forehead.

Lin Xinyan did not answer him as she munched on her lunch.

Zong Jinghao smiled at how hungry she had looked before picking up the call.

Shen Peichuan’s voice sounded from the other end of the line.

“Is this Jinghao?” Shen Peichuan was afraid that the one who had answered the call was Lin Xinyan instead, hence he had to check first.

His voice sounded urgent from the earpiece.

Zong Jinghao frowned at the urgency in his tone. “Yes, I am.”

Shen Peichuan finally dared to convey his message out loud. “Lin Guoan is dead.”

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Zong Jinghao glanced at his wife with a deep frown. He was not uneasy over Lin Guoan's death. Rather, he was uneasy over his intuition that Lin Guoan's death must have been related to Zhuang Zijin.

From the day when she had decided to remarry Lin Guoan, Zong Jinghao already had a bad feeling about this. As predicted by him, Lin Guoan was dead, on New Year's Eve.

Zong Jinghao went to the window and only spoke after making sure that Lin Xinyan couldn't hear him. "Where was he found dead?"

"At his home. I'm at the crime scene now. This news came as a shock to me as well. He just died so suddenly, without any sickness or injuries. Is this karma coming into play?" Shen Peichuan rambled on.

Naturally, Zong Jinghao brushed that superstition off.

"I'll go over now." If it weren't for the fact that this incident involved Lin Xinyan's relatives, Zong Jinghao wouldn't even have bothered to pay heed to such a matter.

In fact, Lin Guoan's death was not enough to make him take this matter into his own hands. He was worried that Zhuang Zijin was involved in his death, and that was why he had to take care of it.

For so many years, Lin Xinyan and Zhuang Zijin were inseparable as they pulled through their hardships together. They had a very connected mother-daughter relationship. Although Lin Xinyan was mad at Zhuang Zijin for not listening to her as she insisted on remarrying Lin Guoan, Zong Jinghao could see that his wife still cared for her mother deeply.

It would be good if Zhuang Zijin were not involved in this case. But if she is...

Zong Jinghao hung up the call and returned to the dining hall. Lin Xinyan still continued to ignore him as she enjoyed her meal.

A strand of her hair slid over her shoulders as she lowered her head. Zong Jinghao tucked the loose strand behind her ear and uttered softly, "I'm going out now."

Lin Xinyan hummed in reply.

"There's no one else at home today, so you can go back and sleep for a while after you're done eating," Zong Jinghao added gently.

Lin Xinyan nodded and asked, "You're going to your company?"

Zong Jinghao hesitated and lied, "Su Zhan and Shen Peichuan have asked me to join them for lunch."

"Oh, okay. Don't drink too much. It's bad for your health," Lin Xinyan uttered in concern.

Zong Jinghao was surprised by the concern in her voice, and his eyes curved into a hearty grin. For so many years, there was no one else who actually cared about his health, and Lin Xinyan was the first. He kissed his wife affectionately as warmth enveloped him. "Wait for me to come back."

Lin Xinyan pushed him lightly. "Go now. Don't keep them waiting."

Zong Jinghao hummed in reply and left with his coat.

Right after Zong Jinghao had left, Aunt Yu entered from the courtyard.

She removed her snow-covered coat at the entrance and saw that Lin Xinyan was still by the dining table. The hems of Lin Xinyan's sweater were rolled up slightly, revealing a bruise on her waist.

Aunt Yu thought that her eyes were playing tricks on her and approached Lin Xinyan to check on her waist.

She rounded her eyes in horror when she saw that it was really a bruise. "Your waist..."

Hearing that, Lin Xinyan pulled her sweater down frantically.

"Did Young Master Jinghao hit you? Does he have a tendency for violence?" Aunt Yu's eyes were filled with disbelief. *Who else could have hit her if not Zong Jinghao?*

"No, I fell down and knocked my waist last night," Lin Xinyan lied.

Aunt Yu still refused to believe her. "How did you end up knocking your waist?"

Lin Xinyan lowered her head and let her hair cover her beet-red face. "I slipped in the toilet, that's how I knocked my waist. Excuse me, I'm going up first."

Afraid that Aunt Yu would pester her further, Lin Xinyan got up and escaped from the dining room frantically.

Aunt Yu eyed the unfinished bowl of soup and called out, "Are you full? You haven't finished your soup yet."

"I'm full now."

Without turning back, Lin Xinyan ran into her room and closed the door. After panting out a heavy sigh, she raised her sweater to check her waist in the mirror. Only then did she see the bruise on the back of her waist. *No wonder it feels so*

painful here! That horny Zong Jinghao had been taking me by the side of the sink last night!

She then loosened the fly of her skirt and tucked the sweater in, in case the hem of her sweater rolled upwards to reveal her waist again.

When she was done, the tired Lin Xinyan plopped herself on her bed. To her misfortune, she couldn't sleep at all, even after quite some time.

Since she couldn't sleep, Lin Xinyan got up again and went downstairs. Aunt Yu was wiping the dining table now. They had booked a place at a renowned restaurant for their reunion dinner, so Aunt Yu was not busy at all as she didn't have to cook.

"Aunt Yu, let's go shopping." Lin Xinyan decided to get some presents for her kids and the elders for the Chinese New Year celebration.

Aunt Yu nodded with a smile. "Sure! But you should wear something thicker. It's snowing outside."

Lin Xinyan took note of that and returned upstairs to get her handbag and coat. The driver was on holiday now, so Lin Xinyan would be the one driving. Aunt Yu wanted to take the backseat, but Lin Xinyan insisted for her to sit in the passenger's seat instead.

Her act surprised Aunt Yu greatly. Although she was favored by Zong Jinghao, she was always aware of her status as a mere servant to the Zong family.

Nevertheless, Lin Xinyan merely smiled. "We are a family, so don't be so distant with me."

With that, Aunt Yu finally took the passenger's seat. Despite the cold weather, Aunt Yu felt that she was wrapped in warmth by Lin Xinyan's kind gesture.

“Young Master Jinghao is lucky to have married you.” She was not praising Lin Xinyan because of her beautiful face alone. She was praising her for her kindness and down-to-earth personality towards the servants, seeing as Lin Xinyan had never acted like a stuck-up woman who had married into a rich family.

Most of the maids who worked for rich families were always treated like slaves or even discriminated against, as though they were thieves who would steal their properties. Getting scolded by their masters was common for maids and housekeepers, especially when they did something that was not in their master’s favor.

Aunt Yu thought that she was lucky enough to be serving kind families like the Zongs and the Wens, but never had she expected that an outsider like Lin Xinyan would be just as easygoing as the two families too.

In contrast, it never crossed Lin Xinyan’s mind of how kind her gesture was. To her, Aunt Yu was merely someone who she should respect, as she was the one who had taken care of Zong Jinghao throughout his life.

As much as she didn’t want to think so, Lin Xinyan knew that Aunt Yu was the one who was by Zong Jinghao’s side most of his life, instead of Cheng Yuxiu and herself.

Zong Jinghao’s undivided trust towards her was enough to show that Aunt Yu was indeed a kind and selfless woman.

Soon enough, they arrived at the mall.

According to the Lunar traditions, tomorrow would be the start of the year of the Rat, hence the place was lavishly decorated with red and gold decorations of the rat. The mall was still crowded with people coming out for some last-minute shopping before the Chinese New Year.

Lin Xinyan and Aunt Yu started to walk around the ground floor. The ground floor mainly consisted of the kid's zone with foods and clothes for children. Since the twins were not with her now, Lin Xinyan planned to get something here for them.

Being the mother she was, Lin Xinyan was very familiar with their favorites and soon came out with bags of food and new clothes.

They then proceeded to the second floor. When they passed by a menswear store, Lin Xinyan spotted a nice suit that would look good on Zong Jinghao at the display window. Thus, she entered.

Aunt Yu followed her in with a smile. She found that Lin Xinyan now looked exactly like a normal married woman who was shopping for both her husband and kids.

A heartwarming sight indeed.

Zong Jinghao usually wore dark-colored suits, which were either black, grey, or dark blue with no patterns and designs. However, this particular suit which Lin Xinyan had spotted for him had dark checkers that would reflect a light hint of blue when shone underneath the light. For Zong Jinghao's lean figure, this suit would be perfect for him, as the patterns were not that obvious, suiting his tastes for simple-looking suits.

The shop attendant praised Lin Xinyan for her choice. "That's a wonderful choice from you. Our store specializes in high-end business wear for men, and this suit that you've chosen is our limited edition. Your husband can wear it to any formal occasion and would give off a staid and serious vibe with its dark colors."

Lin Xinyan checked the price tag and was stunned in her place; the price came up to a grand figure of a hundred and eight thousand.

For the entirety of her life, she had never once bought herself such an expensive piece of clothing before.

However, she really liked the suit, and soon she asked the attendant. “Do you have any discounts?”

The attendant shook her head. “I’m sorry, there’s no discount at the moment. If you think that this suit is too pricey, you can check out the other cheaper suits over there. They range from around thirty to sixty thousand, so they should be more affordable for you.”

For any high-end menswear store, the cheapest set of suits would also be worth around ten thousand. However, when Lin Xinyan compared the cheap ones with Zong Jinghao’s set of suits, she realized that even the lousiest ones that he owned were of much better in quality than most of the suits in the store.

He is rich, of course, he can afford to buy the best suits available. I don’t have so much money to spend like him.

Nonetheless, I can’t expect him to wear such a lousy suit, right? With that, Lin Xinyan gritted her teeth and asked the shop attendant to wrap up the painstaking suit that she had chosen.

Poor Lin Xinyan could feel her heart bleeding when she swiped her card.