

Stealing Your Heart Chapter 204

“I am aware,” Lin Xinyan said. She’d figured it out since the first time Bai Yinning brought tea silk to her.

She was curious as to what Bai Yinning’s plans were. “He saved me because of this jade bangle. Do you think he has something to do with Yuxiu?”

She looked at Zong Jinghao. He didn’t like her, neither did he want to hear anyone speak her name.

However, she had a feeling that both the tea silk master and Bai Yinning had connections to Yuxiu, considering how the master had glanced at her jade bangle ever so discreetly. “Where did this bangle come from?” She asked.

Zong Jinghao didn’t know either. As a man, he never needed these kinds of things, and neither did his family tell him about the fact that they had a jade bangle as an heirloom.

“So you want to stay and figure things out?” Zong Jinghao asked, though it was obvious what the answer was.

This damn woman...

He closed his eyes and forced himself to calm down before saying, “You don’t even know why he wants you to stay. Have you ever thought about what will happen to me or the kids if something happens to you?”

That was an oversight on her part, but the curiosity to find out who Yuxiu had outweighed the guilt. She didn’t see Yuxiu as a villain.

“You will protect me anyway,” she said, hugging his arm and pressing herself against his body.

Her sudden affection made Zong Jinghao freeze for a moment before recovering.

She checkmated him.

She was nowhere near being a submissive woman, and that made her difficult to control.

He couldn't scold her or beat her, so he had no choice but to play along.

Zong Jinghao hugged her back. “What am I to do with you?”

Lin Xinyan rested her head on his collarbone and looked faraway. The reason why she wanted to find out more about Yuxiu was because of Zong Jinghao as well.

If this man wasn't her children's father, she wouldn't have stepped into this mess.

She reached out and wrapped her arms around his thin waist. “I'll protect myself.”

Zong Jinghao pressed a hand onto his head and planted a warm kiss onto her forehead. “I'll wait for you.”

Lin Xinyan didn't want to leave her kids for too long, so she nodded.

Zong Jinghao and Shen Peichuan decided to stay along with their men so Su Zhan and Qin Ya went back to the hotel to pack their things. The old man moved into a wooden house in the backyard, leaving the front side for the rest of the group to stay in.

However, none of them were allowed to go to the backyard, and neither could Lin Xinyan come out from it until she had mastered the art of tea silk weaving.

It was like the extreme private lessons of the past, reincarnated in a modern setting.

The backyard was still part of the house, yet it had all of the latest technology installed. Everything was arranged in an orderly manner and wiped clean. It was pretty obvious that the space was cleaned and used frequently.

The old man handed a notebook to her. "These are some notes I made. You can take a look. By the way, have you come across this kind of thing before?" He asked, gesturing to the machinery.

Lin Xinyan took the notebook with both hands and answered truthfully, "I've never used a weaving machine before, but I've seen many types of fabric and know their characteristics well."

The old man nodded, seemingly satisfied with her answer.

However, his mood began to sink the moment he looked at the machinery in the room. "These might not be able to see the light of day anymore..."

"Why would you say that, Master?" Lin Xinyan asked. She was curious as to why tea silk weaving was going extinct as well.

"Why don't you leave this place..."

"Read the notebook thoroughly. I'll test you on it tomorrow," the old man said before walking out of the room.

He obviously didn't want to dwell on the subject any longer.

Lin Xinyan remained calm. This was her first day after all, and she will figure out what she wanted to know soon enough.

The backyard was different from the front yard in the sense that there were only two small rooms there besides the machinery room. Each room was occupied by a bed and a table, and everything was quiet and still.

It was the perfect place to get absorbed into a good book.

Lin Xinyan spent the rest of the day just doing that.

The old man came to visit her a couple of times, clearly pleased with her patience.

When night fell, the old man prepared some dishes and called Lin Xinyan out for dinner.

There was a small wooden table in the shape of a rectangle in the middle of the yard, along with two small stools. There were two dishes, a fish as well as a plate of vegetables sitting on the table.

Lin Xinyan took the initiative to get the cutlery and handed the old man his chopsticks. "Here, Master."

The old man smiled, and it was the first time she saw him smile and it was warm and bright.

"I caught this fish using a cage in the river, so it's definitely clean. Don't worry, just eat," the old man said, putting a piece of fish meat into Lin Xinyan's bowl. "Try it. Tell me how it tastes like."

Even Lin Guoan had never been so nice to her before. She could feel tears prickling her eyes as she stuffed the fish into her mouth.

The old man had gone easy on the flavoring, leaving the original taste largely intact. The fish meat was soft, with just a hint of saltiness and even sweetness, which was something she had never tasted before.

“Did you put sugar in this?” Lin Xinyan asked.

“No. The fish itself tastes sweet, and only the fish in this river will taste like this,” the old man said calmly, answering her questions with great patience.

Lin Xinyan continued to ask questions, mostly related to things in the notebook that she didn’t understand.

He answered each and every question in great detail.

Just like that, a week passed since Lin Xinyan moved in, and she hadn’t stepped out of the yard even once.

She spent most of her time there learning how to use the machines, though she was still at the basic.

She figured that she hadn’t gotten that far yet. When the time comes, the old man would surely teach her what she needs to know.

One night, they sat down at the same dinner table, and began to enjoy their usual meal of rice and vegetables.

“Master, do you have any relatives?” Lin Xinyan suddenly asked.

The old man’s hands froze for a moment, before he stuffed a bite of vegetables into his mouth and chewed for a long while. “Yes,” he finally said.

“Then why aren’t they coming to visit you?”

The old man finally lifted his head to look at her. She was obviously seeking out information about him.

Lin Xinyan hurried explained, “I’m just asking...”

“I have a younger sister.”

The old man interrupted.

When Bai Yinning came looking for him, he made up his mind to hand down the Cheng family craft, even if it meant breaking the contract.

Since he already agreed to teach Lin Xinyan, there would definitely be some things he couldn't hide for long.

After a few days of observation, he realized that Lin Xinyan was indeed a diligent girl that didn't need much guidance.

“Did she get married off to some other village?” Lin Xinyan asked quickly, seizing the chance.

“Not just another village, she's in a really faraway place now, so she comes back only once in a while. I'm the only person living here, but I did contact her a couple of days ago, so she might be here anytime soon.”

The old man's voice remained calm, though there was a hint of sadness in it.

“Whatever you want to know, just ask her when she comes,” he told Lin Xinyan as he looked her in the eye.

Lin Xinyan gave him a bewildered look. How did he know what she wanted to know?

Most importantly, why would his sister know about it?

Who is his sister?