

Stealing Your Heart Chapter 21

Lin Xinyan came to the hospital and saw He Ruize sitting at the corridor outside the rooms. His hands were placed on his knees, his back arched, and he seemed to be thinking.

He did not even realize that Lin Xinyan was already standing beside him.

“What are you thinking about?”

He Ruize looked up. He kept his emotions to a minimal when he saw it was Lin Xinyan. He looked towards the room and said, “Your mother’s moody.”

“Alright, take a rest, I’ll stay here.” Lin Xinyan was prepared.

He Ruize glanced at her stomach. “You need rest too.”

“Don’t worry, I can take care of myself.” Lin Xinyan gave him an effortless smile.

He Ruize nodded after a moment of silence. “Call me if there’s anything you need.”

Lin Xinyan hummed as an answer. He Ruize stood and walked out. Looking at his back, Lin Xinyan pursed her lips. Despite knowing him for a long time, she still did not know anything about him. She knew nothing about his family nor his background.

He was obviously thinking hard about something earlier, or else he would not have spaced out.

At this moment, He Ruize stopped and turned around to look at Lin Xinyan. “I heard from those woman. Someone had bribed them to say those things and splash paint on your house.”

Lin Xinyan nodded.

“Alright, Ruize. You can talk to me if there’s anything you’re worrying about too.”
Lin Xinyan looked at him.

“I’m good.” He Ruize chuckled.

Lin Xinyan did not press on. Everyone had something that they did not want to discuss with others.

After He Ruize left, she did not enter the room. Instead, she thought about the identity of the person who bribed those neighbors.

Lin Yuhan? Shen Xiuqing?

Although, they did not know that she was pregnant.

Then—

Crash!

Suddenly, there were shattering sounds coming from the room. Lin Xinyan’s heart dropped. She hurriedly pushed the door open and saw the broken glass cup under Zhuang Zijin’s feet. She walked over and bent down to pick up the glass fragments. “Mom, are you thirsty? Sit down, I’ll clean this up and pour for—”

Before she could finish her sentence, Zhuang Zijin grabbed onto her wrist, her expression blank. “Yanyan.”

“What’s wrong?” Lin Xinyan raised her head and looked at her mother.

Zhuang Zijin seemed conflicted; she only grabbed onto Lin Xinyan’s hand tighter. “The baby in you. Can you abort it?”

This was just the start. The baby was not going to have a father, and if the baby had blond hair and blue eyes, how would the others judge them?

Lin Xinyan knew that her mother was in a shock, but she had not thought that she would repeating about this again.

“Mom—”

Zhuang Zijin let go of her, and repeated in a trance, “You don’t want to. I know you don’t want to.”

She sat then curled up near the bedrest, and said, “I lost Xinqi, I lost Xinqi...”

Lin Xinyan was shocked and in disbelief. What— What was happening to her?

Lin Xinyan rushed to call for the doctor. Zhuang Zijin was not cooperative, and had signs of self-harming behavior, so the doctor gave her a sedative.

“My preliminary judgment is that the patient might be having a psychological disorder.” The doctor said after checking her.

Lin Xinyan swayed, and only when she used her both hands to hold onto the wardrobe then could she stand still.

“Why is it so serious?”

“Have your mother ever undergo any psychological trauma? This doesn’t happen after one trauma, only when everything is accumulated in her mind, then would this happen.”

Lin Xinyan's lips trembled. Ever since her mother was sent out of the country by Lin Guoan, she had never smiled; surely she was traumatized. After that, her younger brother was born with autism. Her brother died and she was pregnant. These were all traumatic events for her.

This was the last straw.

Her endurance had reached its limit. If anyone were to touch the fragile string in her heart, she would lose control.

"How— How do you treat this?" Lin Xinyan's words were incoherent. She was just holding on purely on willpower.

"It's not easy to treat psychological disorders. Aren't you close with Doctor He? He's a psychiatrist, I'm sure he can help you." The doctor sighed.

Lin Xinyan thought about He Ruize's earlier behavior. Maybe he had realized something by then.

He just had no idea how to inform her about it.

"I'd suggest you transfer your mother to the psychiatric ward."

Lin Xinyan nodded.

After the doctor left, Lin Xinyan collapsed onto the floor. She stared at Zhuang Zijin's self-made scratched marks on her face. Her heart ached so much that she felt like she could not breathe.

The moment of her mother's insanity and self-harming behaviors kept replaying in her mind.

On the same day, Zhuang Zijin was transferred to the psychiatric ward. As she was a psychiatric patient who had unstable moods and destructive behaviors to herself and others, there was a visit limitation placed on her, even for family.

It was a treatment that almost kept her away from the rest of the world.

After leaving the hospital, Lin Xinyan packed Zhuang Zijin and her things, and ended the rental lease of the house.

She could not get the deposit back because of the paint on the door.

Even the medical bills for Zhuang Zijin was now paid forward by He Ruize.

She felt like she was owing more and more to He Ruize.

In her time of spacing out, the car had already stopped at the villa. She took her bag, paid for the fare, and alighted.

In front of the villa, she stood still in a trance. She never thought that she would ever have to come to this place to seek refuge.

Just as she was about to enter the house, a car drove in. She had not been staying here for long, but she could recognize Zong Jinghao's car. She remained on the spot.

Zong Jinghao came down from the car and looked at Lin Xinyan, who was just standing there. His tone was cold as he asked, "Where did you go?"

He went to the hospital, and the hospital told him that she had already been discharged. What had she been doing the entire time?

Lin Xinyan did not bother with an explanation. She was already tired after dealing with Zhuang Zijin's matters.

“I had matters to do.” She said softly.

Zong Jinghao frowned. What kind of attitude was she having with him?

He strode over—

For a moment, there were many other faces overlapping with his angry look. Lin Xinyan’s consciousness gradually blurred, and she collapsed as her vision went dark.

Zong Jinghao caught her swiftly just as she was about to crash onto the ground.

Her waist was thin, as if she was not pregnant, and her body was soft. With this close distance, he felt a sense of familiarity.

Zong Jinghao frowned. It felt subtle.

He could not really pinpoint onto what it was.

They had not known each other for long. Why was there this odd feeling?

Before he could think further, two people came from the door. Guan Jing and Bai Zhuwei.

The both of them were stunned after seeing Zong Jinghao carrying Lin Xinyan.

Especially Bai Zhuwei. If it was not Zong Jinghao in front of her, it was likely that she would have stomped her foot in anger.

She was going mad on the inside!

“Hao, she—”

Zong Jinghao carried Lin Xinyan and turned to enter the house. Guan Jing took a look at Bai Zhuwei, who was still standing there. “Although Mr. Zong had married Ms. Lin without love, they were still husband and wife. He couldn’t have left her unconscious on the floor, could he?”

“She looked fine. How could she have collapsed unless it was to deliberately seduce him?” Bai Zhuwei sneered.

Guan Jing had yet to respond before Bai Zhuwei continued, “She wasn’t sickly nor traumatized. Isn’t it suspicious that she collapsed?”

It sounded reasonable.

In comparison with Lin Xinyan, Guan Jing had more trust for Bai Zhuwei. After all, they knew each other for a longer period of time, and they were business partners.

Although Lin Xinyan was also an unfortunate woman, she had family, unlike Bai Zhuwei. All those years, Bai Zhuwei had followed after Zong Jinghao. He was naturally biased towards her.

Zong Jinghao, who had been carrying Lin Xinyan into the house, placed her on the bed. When he was about to get up, his collar was suddenly grabbed by Lin Xinyan.