

Stealing Your Heart Chapter 312

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.