

Stealing Your Heart Chapter 397

She adored Zong Jinghao, but she was also afraid of him.

Chen Qing stroked her hand and said gently, "Don't worry, Daddy will always support you."

"Dad, do you really want me to marry Zong Jinghao?" Chen Shihan asked.

She also had her own dignity and ego. Besides, Zong Jinghao might hate her if he was forced to marry her.

Rather than telling her his personal opinion, Chen Qing cleared his throat and started dissecting the pros and cons of the whole situation.

"Why did the Zong family and the Wen family intermarry? Wen Xian and Zong Qifeng married because it was in the best interest of the two families. One controls the army; the other controls the economy. What do you think is the outcome of such a marriage?" Chen Qing asked his daughter.

"Each family gets to consolidate and extend its power," she replied.

When two prominent families worked together, they complemented each other and further reinforced their own power.

"These two families are so influential – everyone is afraid of them. Look at the He family. They were once a noble family, but what's left of them now? Thanks to Zong Jinghao, only one out of the three kids made it till now." Chen Qing pointed out with a scoff.

He looked at his daughter and continued, "If he's able to join our family, we will be stronger."

Chen Shihan understood where her dad was coming from. She wanted to help him too, but Zong Jinghao terrified her.

“You don’t have to worry about a single thing. I will make sure everything turns out well. You’ve got much more than this, be confident!” Chen Qing encouraged her.

Chen Shihan looked at her dad shyly and admitted, “He’s the most charismatic man I’ve ever met, and I really wish to marry him.”

I wish he can love me one day.

“You will,” Chen Qing stated as he stroke his daughter’s cheeks.

His eyes were full of affection as if there was another person in his eyes. “Never give up on the person you love, or you’ll end up regretting your whole life.”

Chen Shihan looked at her dad. She was a little taken aback. “Do you have any regrets, Daddy?” she asked curiously.

Her dad was usually a severe and stern man since he had been in the army for such a long time.

This was the first time Chen Shihan saw another side of her dad.

Chen Qing collected himself before he said calmly, “Life is not perfect. It’s impossible for one to not have regrets.”

Chen Shihan held his arm and probed, “I bet you loved someone when you were young too.”

She knew her dad had met her mom through a matchmaker. Her mom was a soft-spoken woman, so their marriage life was harmonious and uneventful. But Chen Shihan knew that there was no love in their marriage.

Her mom used to tell her that there was someone in her dad's heart.

She wondered if he had gotten emotional because he had suddenly thought of that woman.

"You're just a kid. You won't understand," her dad said.

"But, dad..."

"Try to stay home more these days," Chen Qing cut her off.

He did not want to risk any scandals about his daughter during this critical time. It was difficult to predict what Zong Jinghao would do next.

Chen Shihan nodded silently.

Over at the police station, Lin Xinyan was being interrogated in an enclosed room without any windows.

Under the only pendant light that lit the room poorly, two policemen sat on one side of a rectangle table, glaring at her.

"What's your name?" they asked the woman sitting across them.

Lin Xinyan shifted her gaze from her handcuffs and looked up.

"I'm Lin Xinyan," she replied calmly, trying to appear as composed as possible.

"Alright. Before we start, let me remind you that anything you say may be used against you in the court of law." One of them gave her the Miranda warning.

"Why did you kill He Ruize?" another police asked.

“I didn’t kill him,” she answered, tightening her fist.

“Witnesses have attested to seeing you point a gun at him. What do you have to say to that?” the police questioned.

“I didn’t kill him,” Lin Xinyan reiterated.

She really could not explain why the gun was in her hand at that time; neither could she explain how He Ruize had died from a gunshot.

“Please consider everything carefully. It’s better to plead guilty for a reduced sentence. However, if you insist on denying, you might end up getting a heavier sentence if all the evidence work against you. If the fingerprint examination shows your fingerprint on the gun, you’re done for,” one of the policemen reminded her.

Lin Xinyan looked at the police officer penning down her statement and asked, “Since all of you have already planned this out, why do you still need to write down my statement?”

The officer cocked his head and looked at her condescendingly. “I don’t know what you’re talking about. This is the standard operating procedure. When we question a suspect, everything goes into our record.”

The officer emphasized the word “suspect” as he spoke.

That word buzzed in Lin Xinyan’s ears like a vexing bee. Her vision turned blurry, and she felt faint. She tried keeping her eyes open as she breathed heavily.

“I told you it was self-defense!” she cried out.

“But if you didn’t kill him, why did you point the gun at him?” they probed.

“I was defending myself,” she said again.

“According to what we know, He Ruize was found guilty of kidnapping. And you were the victim, is that true?” they asked.

“Yes.”

“It’s completely possible that you held a grudge against him and decided to kill him,” the police speculated.

A stuffy sensation spread across Lin Xinyan’s chest, and she felt nauseous. But she shook the feeling off and said, “No, I never wanted to kill him.”