

Stealing Your Heart Chapter 574

Baymax's fur was soft and smooth, and it enjoyed the moments where others caressed its jaw and head.

Zong Yanxi held Zhou Chunchun's hand, stroking Baymax's fur. Baymax, like the obedient dog it was, quietly sat by their leg and let them stroke its fur.

Its beady eyes narrowed as it enjoyed their touch. Once in a while, it would even rub its head against Zhou Chunchun's palm.

It was adorable.

Zhou Chunchun's thumping heart calmed down. She giggled, "It's cute when it's not growling."

"Right?" Zong Yanxi tugged Zhou Chunchun. "Come. Let me bring you to my room."

Zhou Chunchun hesitated. "Won't that be inappropriate?"

Mom said I have to be polite when I'm at someone else's house. I can't possibly go to someone's room.

"What's wrong with it? If you're here, you must be Mommy or Daddy's friend, right?"

Zhou Chunchun gave her words a thought. *She's right. Bai Yinning's friend is my friend.*

Thus, Zong Yanxi dragged her to her room.

Meanwhile, Lin Xinyan was helping Aunt Yu wash the vegetables because she did not want the latter to tire herself out. However, she only managed to wash some before Aunt Yu chased her out of her kitchen, stating that she was only causing more troubles.

Aunt Yu just did not want Lin Xinyan to do any work.

With no other options, Lin Xinyan left the kitchen. She spotted her shopping bags on the couch, and she took them upstairs to Qin Ya's room.

When she entered, she saw Qin Ya awake. Zong Yanchen was beside her, playing games.

She furrowed her brows as she looked at the boy. "Aunt Qin Ya has to rest. Why are you playing games here?"

Before Zong Yanchen could explain, Qin Ya said on his behalf, "I told him to stay. I've slept for many hours. I'm not sleepy now. It's too boring, and he can keep me company here."

Lin Xinyan walked over to place her hand on her forehead. It was not cold; her forehead still felt warm. As people with fever needed to drink more fluids, she asked, "Are you thirsty?"

"No." Qin Ya pointed at the bottle on the bedside table. "I almost finished an entire bottle. Dinner is soon, and I plan to eat it. If I keep drinking, I'll be full."

Lin Xinyan realized the other woman was in a good mood. She seemed to be unaffected, and Lin Xinyan started doubting her thoughts.

She had wanted to ask Qin Ya about what happened at the temple, but her son was still around. Instead, she hung the clothes she bought for her.

Qin Ya smiled. "Sorry about your wallet today."

“Sure. Remember to return me the money,” Lin Xinyan joked.

Half-lying down, Qin Ya mumbled, “I don’t have money. If you really want me to pay you back, I’ll pay you with me.”

“I don’t want that,” Lin Xinyan huffed in dramatic disdain.

“I don’t eat a lot, and I can work. Please take me in.”

Lin Xinyan promptly answered, “No thanks.”

She then placed the new pajamas and undergarments into the pail. The undergarments had to be washed before they could be worn.

When Qin Ya saw Lin Xinyan washing her clothes for her, her throat tightened. *She’s too nice to me.*

She’s treating me like her little sister. Lin Xinyan’s actions melted Qin Ya’s heart.

“Oh no, I lost. Aunt Yanyan, it’s your turn.” Zong Yanchen turned his tablet around and handed it to Qin Ya.

Qin Ya tucked her emotions away and put on a smile. “You lost quickly.”

They were playing a game similar to verbal scrabble, except that the next player had to connect the last word. The longer they played it, the more difficult it became.

Zong Yanchen pointed at the idiom he had failed to connect and asked, “What does this mean?”

Qin Ya went silent.

Although she was born here, she had been raised overseas. In other words, she was unfamiliar with idioms.

“Let’s change a game,” she suggested.

Zong Yanchen huffed in contempt.

“Are you looking down on me?” Qin Ya put down the tablet to pinch his cheeks. “You have to respect your elders.”

Zong Yanchen cocked his head and grinned. “So you’re old?”

“How dare you!”

“You said to respect your elders. That means you’re old.”

“Still, you’re not allowed to say that.”

“Bossy.”

Lin Xinyan glanced at the two arguing people before she went to the balcony to hang the washed clothes.

After hanging the clothes, she returned to find Qin Ya and Zong Yanchen no longer arguing. Instead, they were staring at the tablet as though something interesting was on it.

Putting down the pail, Lin Xinyan asked, “What are you looking at?”

Qin Ya and Zong Yanchen snapped their head upward almost simultaneously. In unison, they voiced, “What do you think?”

Lin Xinyan was baffled.

Confused, she glanced at the tablet. In the next second, her eyes widened into saucers. Someone had uploaded photos of her shopping with Zong Jinghao onto the internet.

The most eye-catching photo was the one where Zong Jinghao kissed her. Moreover, the photo was uploaded by a popular account. More than five million had liked the post, and there were more than one million comments on it.

Lin Xinyan's bewilderment mainly stemmed from the fact that this had just happened earlier in the day. *Why are so many people paying attention to this?*

She scrolled down to click on the comments.

Holy crap. This is the second woman after He Ruilin. But this one's even better than the last. She's already pregnant.

Another commented: *This woman can't be the third wheel who made Zong Jinghao break off the engagement with He Ruilin, right?*

One refuted: *Obviously, this one's genuine love. Zong Jinghao had no expression on his face whenever someone took a photo of him and his previous girlfriend. He's kissing this one in public! I saw a photo of him buying purses for this woman at Chanel in another blogger's post.*

Who is she?

*F*ck. What kind of woman is she to have gotten the president of Wanyue Group? He's the youngest billionaire in the country, you know? My dream of being a rich man's wife has come to an end!*

What did this woman do?

Someone replied: *They really do love each other. If you don't believe in my words, look at the photo.*

In the photo, they were in the Chanel store. Lin Xinyan had pulled Zong Jinghao toward her. There was a smile on Zong Jinghao's face, despite the solemn look Lin Xinyan had on hers. It seemed like she was scolding him for something.

Lin Xinyan's jaw hung wide.

"Can't you keep your public displays of affection at home? Why did you have to do it outside? Congratulations, you're now trending online," Qin Ya teased. "Don't you know your husband's rich? Don't you know he's handsome? Don't you know thousands of girls are dreaming about marrying him? You've stolen their dream man!"

Lin Xinyan looked at her before throwing the tablet on the bed and left the room. When she walked past her daughter's room, she saw her showing her toys to Zhou Chunchun; her toys were mostly dolls and plushies.

Zhou Chunchun sat at the edge of the bed with a smile. She looked as though she had endless patience for the girl.

They seem like they're having a good time.

Instead of interrupting them, Lin Xinyan quietly closed the door and went upstairs.

When she opened the door to her bedroom, she realized it was empty. However, the bathroom door was closed. *He must be showering in there.* She then sat down on the bed and took out the new phone from its box. After she inserted her sim card, she browsed through Weibo.

An article was trending on the search page titled *President Of Wanyue Group Has A Girlfriend.*

Clicking into it, she saw many photos of Zong Jinghao and her shopping at the mall. Some were even animated photos.

All kinds of comments were under the post, ranging from complimenting her beauty to accusing her of scheming.

Lin Xinyan was at a loss for words. *Zong Jinghao isn't a celebrity. Why are so many people concerned about his private life?*

She was waiting for Zong Jinghao to come out of the bathroom. However, there were no sounds of running water from the bathroom, but he was not coming out either. She walked over to realize the door was unlocked.

Carefully, she pushed open the door. The gap widened, and she saw Zong Jinghao standing in front of the basin. He was in house clothes, and the bathroom smelled of shampoo. Clearly, he was done with his shower.

She wanted to see what he was doing, but his tall figure blocked her sight.

Thus, she pushed open the door and asked, "What are you doing?"