

Stealing Your Heart Chapter 862

After she opened the door, she saw a figure sitting by the desk.

There was only a dim white light in the room while the still air reinforced the somber atmosphere. Within the spacious room, lay a massive desk.

On it, there was a brush and some paper. Zong Qifeng loved to write calligraphy.

However, the man who used to be holding the brush and bent over writing was gone.

As Lin Xinyan walked up, the ink within the inkstone itself had dried out but she could still catch a whiff of its fragrance. When she looked at the figure sitting at the desk, she hesitated as she didn't know what to say. She simply walked up to him and gave him a hug.

After some time, a raspy voice broke the silence. "When day breaks, others will be here. You have to regain your composure as soon as possible."

Zong Jinghao scanned around the room. To him, everything looked familiar and surreal at the same time. He continued, "Yan, I've lost another family member."

His mother was gone, and now, so was his father.

Lin Xinyan felt her nose burn as she curled her arms around him. In a choking voice, she reassured him, "You still have me and the kids. We will always be by your side."

Zong Jinghao squeezed her tightly in his arms and buried his face in her chest, trembling.

Unable to find the words to console him, Lin Xinyan stayed by his side quietly.

After a long while, dawn started to break and Zong Jinghao let go of her.

As Lin Xinyan looked at his calm face, she knew that he had hidden his sadness away. Now wasn't the time to show it.

Since Zong Qifeng had died, they wanted to ensure his soul could rest in peace. Hence, the funeral arrangements now took precedence.

Knock! Knock!

Someone suddenly knocked on the study room door.

Zong Jinghao answered, "Come in."

Aunt Yu pushed open the door and reported, "There's someone here and is crying in the room."

Aunt Yu had seen the person before, it was one of their relatives.

"I understand." Zong Jinghao stood up. Remembering that the kids hardly slept, he got Lin Xinyan to check on them while he went to the room.

Approaching the room, he heard someone crying inside. Despite how loud it sounded, it felt insincere as Zong Jinghao couldn't detect the sadness from within.

As he entered, he saw a man in a Chinese tunic suit leaning by the bed, crying.

Although Zong Jinghao rarely saw the man, he could still recognize him as Zong Qifeng's cousin. In other words, his uncle.

Due to some issues with his health, he mostly kept to himself.

The man was thin and had his thick black hair slicked to the back, exposing the interlacing strands of white hair. Despite his pale skin and pigmentation due to old age, he looked relatively energetic.

However, it was a surprise to see him arrive in such a short time.

"Jinghao, why didn't you tell me your father wasn't feeling well? I didn't even get to say goodbye. Is this how you do your duty as a son?" He questioned Zong Jinghao from the get-go.

For someone that he rarely saw, Zong Jinghao was curious to see him appear the moment Zong Qifeng passed on.

What does he want?

Squinting his eyes, Zong Jinghao calmly remarked, "It's a surprise to see you here today."

"I..." Zong Yungan was speechless.

All the while, he didn't like visiting despite the fact they were relatives.

"I'm also a member of the Zong family, not some stranger. Now that your dad has passed away, am I not supposed to be here?" he retorted.

Zong Jinghao looked at him in silence. Regardless of whether his intentions were sincere, he knew he shouldn't argue out of respect for his dead father. After all, he wanted his father to leave in peace.

"I know of a funeral parlor that's pretty good..."

"I have already made the arrangements." Zong Jinghao cut him off abruptly.

Zong Yungan looked awkward as he felt that Zong Jinghao was being rude. Zong Jinghao didn't even pretend to be cordial.

In truth, Zong Jinghao didn't intend to get into a conflict with him, after all, they were relatives. It would have been easy enough to just be cordial and get over with it. However, for someone that didn't keep in contact to suddenly appear warm and friendly, one couldn't blame Zong Jinghao for being suspicious of his motives.

If he had come during the day, it would have been less conspicuous. But, he seemed to have got wind of it extremely quickly and pretended to be devastated.

As the saying goes, when something out of the ordinary happens, something else must be amiss.

Zong Yungan snorted before straightening his sleeves and storming out.

Zong Jinghao ignored him as he glanced toward the bed. Jolted for a moment, he quickly recovered his composure and hid away all his emotions.

Whipping out his phone, he made a quick call before walking slowly to the bed.

When Lin Xinyan checked on the kids upstairs, she saw Zhuang Zijin watching them. The youngest was awake but wasn't crying nor causing any trouble. As for the two older children, Zhuang Zijin said they had just fallen asleep out of exhaustion from crying. However, they couldn't sleep well and would still wake up occasionally asking to see Grandpa.

After checking on the children and making sure they were asleep, Lin Xinyan wanted to see who it was that came. When she pushed the door open, she saw Zong Jinghao sitting on a chair by the bed.

She then gently closed the door as she knew it was the last time they would get to see each other.

By now, the sun was up and they were expecting more people to arrive. As she was cognizant they didn't have much time left, she decided not to disturb.

At about nine, a group of men arrived to collect Zong Qifeng's body. Both Zong Jinghao and Shen Peichuan followed them while Lin Xinyan stayed at home.

Once the news was out, guests began to arrive. Lin Xinyan had to stay home to receive them.

Meanwhile, Zong Jinghao had made all the arrangements for the funeral. The funeral parlor would send men to handle the funeral rites. Hence, all she needed to do was to entertain the visitors.

As today wasn't the final day of the funeral, there weren't too many guests who came.

"Why is the home so quiet?" A lady who was wearing a black dress entered.

Lin Xinyan didn't know who she was but guessed that she must have a close relationship with the family for her to be there today. However, the tone of her voice made Lin Xinyan uncomfortable.

What do you mean quiet?

Are we supposed to organize a celebration instead of a funeral?

She asked calmly, "And you are?"