

# Stealing Your Heart Chapter 575

Zong Jinghao stiffened before he turned around. “Why are you upstairs?”

“Why can’t I be upstairs?” She leaned forward to look at the basin. *Why does it seem like he’s scared of me looking at it?* Zong Jinghao moved to block her vision again. “We have a guest today. Shouldn’t you be keeping her company?”

“That’s what your daughter is doing.” Lin Xinyan raised her head to look at him. The more he tried to hide it from her, the more she wanted to look. “Why are you acting like you have something to hide?”

Zong Jinghao cleared his throat. “What’s there for me to hide?”

“If you’re not hiding something, then move aside.” Lin Xinyan pushed him aside to see the undergarments she bought today soaking in the basin.

Zong Jinghao was silent.

It was a few seconds of awkward tension.

Abruptly, Lin Xinyan laughed.

With a grave expression, Zong Jinghao asked, “What are you laughing at?”

Lin Xinyan just kept laughing as she held onto the doorframe.

*Oh my. He’s just too cute.*

Zong Jinghao pursed his lips in silence.

“Get out!” Even his brows were furrowed now.

Lin Xinyan tucked away the smile, but she was still partially giggling as she said, “I’ll stop it.”

Not wanting to bother with her anymore, Zong Jinghao turned to continue washing.

It should have been a romantic situation with his hands holding a piece of women’s lingerie. However, there were no traces of it. Lin Xinyan was only surprised that he was washing her undergarment.

Warmth trickled into her heart.

She wrapped her arms around his thin waist from behind and put her forehead against his back. Zong Jinghao stiffened, but he was quick to return to normal. Turning to glance at her, he said, “Can you wear this and show me tomorrow?”

Tightening her hold around his waist, Lin Xinyan hummed a quiet “yes” as her reply.

It was a reply that Zong Jinghao smiled at.

*My efforts haven’t gone to waste.*

“Honey,” Lin Xinyan shyly called out.

Zong Jinghao paused in his actions. He asked, “What did you call me?”

*Am I hallucinating?*

Instead of answering, Lin Xinyan pressed her lips onto his back. He could feel her soft lips through the thin fabric. His throat tightened, and he tensed. *What’s with her today?*

*Why is she suddenly so enthusiastic?*

Lin Xinyan murmured, "Do you use social media?"

Her words baffled him.

*What does she mean?*

"Huh?"

"The common kinds of social media platforms, like WeChat, Momo, and Weibo."  
As she spoke, her hands kept rubbing against his waist.

Zong Jinghao lowered his head to look at her hands. He sensed something amiss about her words. *That's a weird question to ask.*

*What happened?*

He furrowed his brows, worried that someone was ruining the rare peaceful moments they had.

"Don't you have me on your WeChat friend list? I never post anything. What's Momo though? I have an official account for Weibo but not a personal one. What's wrong?"

He turned around but did not touch her; his hands were wet. Carefully, he said, "I swear I won't mess around when I'm outside. What happened? Would you tell me what's going on? You're making me nervous."

It was as though she was testing the waters with him.

It made him feel anxious.

Looking at his cautious expression, Lin Xinyan realized he must have misunderstood her. She reached out to hook her arms around his neck and laughed, "Why are you so afraid?"

"I'm not afraid that you've misunderstood me..."

Before he could finish his words, Lin Xinyan abruptly tiptoed to kiss his lips. With a somber look, she uttered, "I've never doubted you."

Even when Gu Bei had sent her those pictures that looked terrifyingly genuine, she had never believed in him.

Not unless she witnessed it herself.

Otherwise, she would never believe in the words of others.

To her, honesty and mutual trust were the essentials of a relationship.

If she did not trust him, she would not have chosen to be by his side back then.

He always surprised her, and his gentle look was captivating.

"Do you know how much I like that look of yours just now?" Every word and every expression of his melted her heart.

"So, are you going to reward me?" He squeezed her waist with his arms, making sure that his hands did not touch her.

Lin Xinyan gave him a small smile. "What do you want?"

"Will you say yes to anything I ask for?" A sly look flashed past his eyes and disappeared as quickly as it had appeared.

Lin Xinyan did not notice it. She tilted her head to the side and ruminated. “All right. As long as I can do it, I’ll agree to it.”

Zong Jinghao chuckled gleefully. His gaze slowly wandered lower and finally stopped at her chest. “You can give me what I want.”

It was then Lin Xinyan realized his burning gaze. She reminded, “We’ll be having dinner soon. Be serious. We still have a guest in our house.”

“Aunt Yu won’t be done with dinner so soon. The guest won’t come upstairs without an invitation,” he explained.

“Still...”

“You said yes to me.”

Lin Xinyan went silent.

*Why do I feel like I’ve stepped into a trap?*

Zong Jinghao’s hands were chilly; perhaps it was because his hands were wet earlier. Clothing worn in the summer was thin, and she could feel the cold touching her skin through her clothes. The goosebumps on her skin could not help but raise at the stimulation. She gently pushed him away. “Tonight.”

With a hoarse voice, Zong Jinghao murmured, “I can’t wait.”

He held Lin Xinyan and pulled it toward his lower body. It was hot and solid. Lin Xinyan’s mind blanked out. Her face heated up, and her mouth felt dry.

No words of rejection came to her.

He held Lin Xinyan in front of the mirror as he hugged her from behind. Both looked into the mirror and saw the desires they had for each other.

Lin Xinyan was wearing a dress, and it could be easily pulled upward. His firm chest pressed onto her back.

The moment he entered her, Lin Xinyan frowned and moaned quietly.

She was pregnant, so Zong Jinghao restrained himself from vigorous movements.

Despite that, they still went on for quite a while. A while later, Lin Xinyan could no longer stand on her two legs. Her hands held onto the edge of the basin as she bent over, preventing her stomach from pressing onto the edge of the basin. The mirror in front of her was foggy from her breaths. In it was a blurry image of a couple moving in tandem.

When it ended, Zong Jinghao was the one who carried her out of the bathroom; her legs were too weak to hold her up.

Zong Jinghao placed her on the bed and covered her half-undressed state. In a hoarse voice, he mumbled, "Sleep for a while. You can have dinner a little later."

Lin Xinyan's eyes were almost closed. She did not want to move as she lay on the bed, drowsy. Yet, feeling anxious, she weakly said, "We have a guest over today. It's not appropriate for me to stay up here."

Zong Jinghao pushed away a stray strand of hair from her face, and his fingertips touched her forehead, beaded with sweat. He leaned down to kiss her eyes, and Lin Xinyan closed it when he did. He whispered, "Don't think too much about it. Be good, okay?"

She hummed in reply. Then, grabbing his hand, she reminded, "Don't forget to wake me later."

"Okay," he replied, and she fell asleep.

Zong Jinghao only stood up after he was sure she had fallen asleep. After he cleaned up the bathroom, he quietly closed the bedroom door and went downstairs. Aunt Yu had been by the stairs and was about to call for them when she saw him. She muttered, "Dinner has been prepared. Will you be having it now?"

Zong Jinghao answered a quiet "Yes."

"What about Mrs. Zong?" Aunt Yu asked, not seeing any signs of Lin Xinyan.

"She's asleep. She'll eat later." There were no expressions on Zong Jinghao's face, and his tone was placid. Hence, Aunt Yu did not think further about it. After all, Lin Xinyan was pregnant, and it was common for her to sleep more. *She must be tired after a day out.*

"I'll prepare the table right away." Aunt Yu turned to enter the kitchen. On the other hand, Zong Jinghao went to his daughter's room and knocked on the door. However, no one answered.

He knocked again. "Ruixi?"

"Daddy, don't come in." Zong Yanxi sounded like she was panicking.

Zong Jinghao frowned. "Ruixi, what are you doing in the room?"