

Stealing Your Heart Chapter 67

Hearing Lin Xinyan's words, the man, who was initially tired, froze for a moment.

He straightened his body and leaned against the car, saying with a light chuckle, "Can't I come and see my wife?"

Lin Xinyan frowned. How could he be so shameless?

We're divorced!

Zong Jinghao still looked reckless and indifferent. "I don't mind us going in and telling your son about our relationship—"

"What exactly do you want?" Lin Xinyan was angry. Is he a rogue?

The smile on his face suddenly vanished. "If you don't want me to go in your house to see your son, just come over."

Lin Xinyan stood stiffly in place.

She thought about it for a long time. Lin Xichen is a sensitive child. After the last incident, Lin Xichen is very hostile to him. If he is allowed in, how should she tell the children his identity?

Zong Jinghao's vision was a little blurry. He closed his eyes but was still unable to see clearly. Then, he said in a hoarse voice, "I have limited time and patience."

Lin Xinyan moved her heavy legs, while he waited very calmly and patiently. Every time she took a step closer, the outline of his face became clearer. Putting away his businesslike and scheming manner, he looked indescribably sincere

and gentle, while his face was not as rigid as his words, and there was a touch of softness.

Lin Xinyan had never seen him like this, but she knew in her heart that he was still him and would never change.

She squeezed her hands to soothe herself, and said in an imploring tone, "Please don't come and disturb my life, okay?"

Zong Jinghao looked up and stared at the woman in front of him. "Are you begging me?" Then, he put out a faint smile. "You need to show your sincerity when you beg. What are you going to repay me with? Your body?"

What is he saying? Does he think I'm a very easy woman?

It's true that I lost my innocence when I was 18 years old, but that doesn't mean I'm a flirty woman!

With a stern look, Lin Xinyan was obviously furious, as her shoulders were trembling violently, and her voice gradually changed. "Are you a rogue?"

Her cheeks became tense because of anger, while the blue veins stood out on her neck. A few strands of loose hair around her ears fell around her neck, somehow adding a touch of femininity to her look.

Zong Jinghao's Adam's apple bobbed up and down, while he thought that he might be crazy.

He actually loved it when seeing her angry.

He reached out to wrap his arm around Lin Xinyan's waist, pulling her body into his arms. After returning to her senses, she kept hitting his chest with her hands, struggling. "Let go of me!"

Hissing, Zong Jinghao gasped, but he did not loosen his grip, and exerted more force instead. With his arm around her waist, he grabbed her restless hands, and whispered, "Stop it."

Lin Xinyan glared at him.

Why does he come to disturb my life?

I just want to live quietly with my children. Is it so hard?

"I'm tired." Zong Jinghao rested his chin on her shoulder, while his nostrils were filled with her faint scent. His face was buried in her neck, and he said in a deep voice, "Find a place for me to rest."

He was really tired.

Only then did Lin Xinyan realize that there were dark circles under his eyes, while his body was not as strong as before, and was a little soft. "A-Are you feeling unwell?"

He responded softly in agreement.

Lin Xinyan hesitated, but in the end she still didn't have the heart to ignore him.

"I'll find you a hotel, okay?" Lin Xinyan asked.

"Okay."

Lin Xinyan helped him get into the car, fastened the seat belt for him, and closed the door. Then, she got into the driver's seat and started the car.

She was familiar with the area, hence finding a hotel was easy.

About ten minutes later, Lin Xinyan parked the car in front of a five-star hotel. She got out of the car, threw the key to the hotel staff, and helped Zong Jinghao out of the car.

“I’m only bringing you here, and you’ll be paying for it yourself,” declared Lin Xinyan scrupulously.

He was very rich.

While every penny of her money must be earned by herself. So she couldn’t spend money on impulse, and had to save money for her two children, for food, clothing, house, transport, and educations.

Now they were getting older, she needed to spend more as well.

She had to be a strong backing for her children and couldn’t let them suffer from a lack of money.

Zong Jinghao was tall and big. If his whole weight was placed on her, it would be very strenuous for her. He did not let her bear all his weight, so that it was easier for her. Unexpectedly, this woman kept drawing a line with him.

She was now a well-known designer, so it was not that she had no money. It was just the accommodation fee for one night.

She was too mean to him.

He rested his arm on Lin Xinyan’s shoulders and transferred the full weight of his body to her.

Lin Xinyan clearly felt that the weight she had to bear became much greater.

She now had to use all her strength with every step she took.

She kept complaining about this man in her heart. He doesn't look fat, but why is he so heavy? Is he a pig?

Insisting on walking to the front desk, Lin Xinyan said to him, "Your passport and wallet."

Zong Jinghao lay on her body with his eyes half-closed, and weakly replied, "Passport in my pants pocket. I don't have money."

Speechless, Lin Xinyan gritted her teeth, and wished to leave this man here just like this.

Going out without money?

It seems that he really does not have the habit of carrying cash, as the driver and Guan Jing usually follow him everywhere.

He has no money, but he must at least have a card, right?

Lin Xinyan reached into his pocket. Her fingers were slender and soft, and his body tightened with every single touch of hers.

At every place she touched, he felt like he got an electric shock, an uncontrollable throbbing.

What a ridiculous self-control!

In front of this woman, his self-control turned out to be a joke, as he found himself reacting to every slightest touch from her.

Zong Jinghao closed his eyes solemnly.

Ha!

Lin Xinyan found his wallet in his pocket, opened it, and was stunned. Didn't he say that he has no money?

Where do the notes inside come from then?

Lin Xinyan glanced at him. Instead of taking the cash, she directly took the card and handed it to the receptionist. "Presidential suite, with the best service. Get him all the services that aren't free."

He was rich anyway!

Both Zong Jinghao and the receptionist were speechless.

Are the rich now so self-willed?

After the receptionist fiddled with the computer for a long time, he raised his head and asked, "Is there a password?"

Lin Xinyan happened to poke him in the abdomen. He had been feeling pain in his chest from her hitting, and now, even his abdomen hurt, making him feel like dying. "No."

"No password."

After swiping the card, the receptionist handed it to Lin Xinyan together with the room key. "The room is on the top floor with room number 888. The royal presidential suite, including special services, costs a total of 108,000."

One hundred thousand a night?

Lin Xinyan shuddered. It's too expensive.

Fortunately, it was not her money that was spent.

Lin Xinyan put the card back in his wallet and put it into his trouser pocket. Then, she helped him get on the elevator to the top floor. After getting out of the elevator, Lin Xinyan helped him to find Room 888.

She swiped the room key to open the door.

The room was unlocked with a ding. Lin Xinyan opened the door and saw two giant crystal chandeliers hanging from the high red and golden ceiling. The chandeliers were emitting dazzling light, while the strings of crystal pendants on the whole chandeliers revealed a sense of gorgeousness and nobility.

The floor-to-ceiling windows on the facade overlooked the entire capital, with flannel curtains on the inside. A deep red European-style sofa was placed in the middle of the living room. The spacious space, exquisite chairs, cabinets, and everything was full of luxury, like a western palace.

Lin Xinyan thought to herself, it's true that we get what we pay for.

She helped Zong Jinghao in and pushed open the bedroom door. The dark red headboard, stool, foot of the bed, white carpet, and silk bedding with gold rims came into view.

Everything brought an extremely luxurious visual impact and physical enjoyment.

Lin Xinyan threw him on the bed, as she was exhausted.

Zong Jinghao fell into the bedding, and frowned slightly, seeming to have hurt his wound.

“Have a good rest. I've gotten you the best service. You will have a nice evening. I'll get going now.”

Then, Lin Xinyan turned around—