

Stealing Your Heart Chapter 1038

Zong Jinghao froze, then he looked up at her and raised an eyebrow. "What do you mean by that?"

"You know perfectly well what I am talking about."

"No, I really don't." He swung his feet up and lay down in bed. Lin Xinyan caught hold of his arm and said disapprovingly, "Zong Jinghao, you've been getting more ridiculous as you grow older."

Seeing how stubborn she was, Zong Jinghao knew that she must've found out about Zong Yanchen's condition. He sighed and said, "Well, our son is fine, isn't he? Don't bother investigating anymore."

"When you said you were going to the office, you were actually looking for him, weren't you? When did you learn to lie?" Lin Xinyan was furious. Her son became blind and nearly lost his life, and she had been one of the last few people to know about it.

"I'm his mother, and I gave birth to his. Don't you think I have a right to know?"

"I was worried that you would be worried." Zong Jinghao took her hand. "I won't do this again. You must be tired after today, right? I'll give you a shoulder massage."

As he spoke, he pulled Lin Xinyan onto the bed.

Lin Xinyan pulled away from him. "Ugh, don't pull this trick on me."

"Well, what do you want me to do? It was in the past. Even if I was in the wrong, you can't continue to blame me for it, can you?"

His words made Lin Xinyan angry. Was he abusing the fact that she couldn't stay angry at him for long to behave so recklessly.

"I don't plan to forgive you." Lin Xinyan stood up abruptly. Zong Jinghao didn't move away in time—her head bumped violently into his nose as she got up from the bed. The pain made him wince a little. He felt something running down his face—when he reached up to touch it, he realized that it was blood.

Lin Xinyan was holding onto her head. Her forehead hurt from bumping his nose, too.

"You..." She was ready to yell at him again when she saw the blood streaks on his face. Shocked, she exclaimed, "Are you alright?"

Zong Jinghao raised his head to staunch the bleeding. "I'm having a nose bleed."

Lin Xinyan grabbed some tissues and dabbed it across his face. "Go into the bathroom and wash the blood off first."

Zong Jinghao pressed the tissue paper to his nose and snuck a suspicious look at her. "Was that intentional?"

"Well...yes," Lin Xinyan said, sniffing.

"Are you still angry?"

"Yes."

"Well, how do you plan on getting your revenge on me?"

"Okay, that's enough." Lin Xinyan stood up and pulled him into the bathroom. "Go and wash up."

After rinsing his nose for a long time in the bathroom, they finally managed to stop the bleeding.

"Ugh, you should change your pajamas, too." Lin Xinyan passed him another set of pajamas. The one he was wearing was stained with blood.

After his nose stopped bleeding completely, Zong Jinghao changed into the new set. He said, "There's blood on the sheets, too."

"I guess we should change it then." Lin Xinyan yanked the sheets off the bed. "If the kids see this, it'll be so embarrassing."

Zong Jinghao nodded his head by the side. "Your son just got married—you should be setting an example for his wife! If your daughter-in-law finds out that you beat your husband, she's going to learn from you and bully our son, too."

Lin Xinyan was so furious that she nearly flung the bed sheets onto the floor. He was the one who had kept the secret hidden from her, but he had managed to turn everything around and put the blame on her!

Trying to keep her anger under control, she adjusted her breathing and said in an even voice, "Bai Yinning asked me out for dinner."

Zong Jinghao, who had been standing listlessly by the side, ran up and helped her with the sheets immediately. "Did you say yes?"

Lin Xinyan looked up defiantly at him. "Why shouldn't I say yes?"

Zong Jinghao was speechless.

"You're already so old. What's the point of meeting up with an old flame?" Zong Jinghao felt extremely displeased. His face had clouded over.

"He was the one who asked me out. I'll feel bad for rejecting him."

Zong Jinghao raised an eyebrow. "Are you trying to make me angry?"

"Nope, I'm just bored." Lin Xinyan tugged the sheets off completely and brought them to the laundry room. She flung the bed sheets into the basin and washed off the blood with her hands. Only after that could they be placed into the washing machine, or they wouldn't be scrubbed clean.

Zong Jinghao followed her. "Did you really agree to go?"

Lin Xinyan squatted down and grunted in reply.

Zong Jinghao squatted down next to her and helped to wash the sheets. "Don't go."

Lin Xinyan didn't say anything.

"Just look at yourself? The kids are already so big, and you choose to go and meet with..."

"Mom, Dad, what are both of you doing?" Zhuang Jiawen had just fed Zong Yanchen his medicine, helped him to shower, and helped him into his bed. After this, he had been going upstairs to his own bedroom when he saw that the lights were still on in the laundry room. He decided to make a detour to take a look.

When he popped his head in, he saw his parents washing the bed sheets.

"It's so late at night. Why aren't you guys sleeping instead of washing the sheets here at this hour?"

"Your Dad can't sleep, so I decided to give him a little something to do."

"I've never seen your mom wash the sheets before. So she insisted on showing me how to do it."

Zhuang Jiawen was speechless.

What is going on?

"The two of you..."

"Oh, hurry along to bed." Zong Jinghao shut the door of the laundry room in his face.

Frowning, Zhuang Jiawen went up the stairs.

When he entered his bedroom, Shen Xinyao was still awake as she had just returned from Sang Yu's room.

She went to the cupboard and took out a set of pajamas for him. "Wash up quickly and get into bed."

Zhuang Jiawen sat down on the bed. "Come over here."

“Hmm?”

She walked over to him with his clothes in hand. Looking at his face, she asked, “What’s up with you?”

“When I was coming upstairs, I saw Mom and Dad washing their bed sheets in the laundry room.”

“At this time of the night? Both of them?” Shen Xinyao asked, shocked.

Even if the sheets were dirty, they could’ve waited to wash it the next day. They had just finished organizing Cheng Yuwen’s funeral today, and must’ve been very tired. Why were they washing their bed sheets at this hour then?

Zhuang Jiawen felt very confused too. “What do you think they were up to? Their reasons contradict each other, too. Mom said it’s because Dad couldn’t sleep and she wanted to give him something to do, while Dad said it was because he had never seen Mom washes the sheets before and she insisted on showing him.”

“Are they trying to hide something from us?”