

# Stealing Your Heart Chapter 1068

“Oh? Isn’t that a good thing? Why are you acting like you’re questioning an inmate?” Su Zhan cut in as he glanced at Zong Jinghao. It wasn’t easy to find someone as accomplished as Tawan, so he didn’t want Zong Jinghao to scare the former away.

“Come, have a seat.” Su Zhan ushered Tawan in warmly.

To which the latter nodded and replied, “Thank you.”

“You’re welcome. We might become a family soon. Don’t stand on formalities.” Su Zhan gave Qin Ya a slight shove and whispered, “Get him a cup of water.”

“You should go get it.” Qin Ya refused to budge and gave him a hard stare.

Su Zhan smacked his lips. “Fine. I’ll go.”

He was used to Qin Ya ordering him around.

If one day she started being gentle to him, he might not get used to that.

When he returned with two glasses of water, both Tawan and Zong Yanxi were still rooted to their spots. He placed the glasses on the table and questioned, “Why won’t you sit?”

After asking that, he belatedly realized why they were acting this way. Flashing a grin, he told Zong Jinghao, “Just say yes. You and Tawan are neighbors, aren’t you? You can see your daughter every day. Isn’t that great?”

Zong Jinghao glared daggers at Su Zhan, causing him to immediately zip his mouth shut and plop onto the couch. “He’s being ungrateful,” Su Zhan muttered under his breath.

Su Zhan was being this enthusiastic because he didn’t want Zong Yanxi to miss out on Tawan.

After Su Zhan's words, Zong Jinghao couldn't bring himself to say what he had in mind. He waved impatiently and told them, "Sit down."

"Dad." Zong Yanxi took the seat beside Zong Jinghao and took his arm. "Does that mean you agree?"

Lin Xinyan glanced at her husband.

Zong Jinghao patted his daughter's hand. He felt reluctant, but she was an adult who should form a family of her own now. He couldn't be by her side forever, so it would be pathetic if she spent her whole life alone.

His wish would be fulfilled if his daughter found someone who would take care of her forever.

"If you don't speak, I'll consider it a silent consent." Lin Xinyan, who had been quiet the whole time, broke the silence.

Immediately, Zong Jinghao murmured in assent.

"That's great!" Su Zhan uttered excitedly. His enthusiasm made it seem like it was his son who was getting married.

That night, after Zong Yanchen left Zhuang Zijin's room, he went out with Tawan.

Zong Yanchen had previously met the man a few times for work, but they weren't that close.

He didn't say anything after finding out about his sister and Tawan's relationship.

"Did you ask me out so we could talk?" asked Tawan.

Zong Yanchen suggested they should go somewhere else to have this conversation.

Shortly after, the two men arrived at the river.

There was a cool breeze blowing by the river. On both sides of the river were neon lights that flashed over the river, causing the surface of the water to sparkle.

Zong Yanchen rested his arms on the railing and leaned forward, his gaze fixed on the rippling surface as he recalled the past. "We were close back then. After that, I became a soldier, and she started dating other men. We were no longer as close as we used to be. I wasn't home for the past few years, and a lot had happened back home."

"Mm," came Tawan's reply as he stood beside Zong Yanchen. They had served in the military, so their figures were imposing and formidable.

Even though they weren't in their uniforms, they were easily recognizable in a crowd.

Suddenly, Zong Yanchen turned and posed a question. "Why do you like Ruixi?"

Tawan's skin wasn't really fair, but he wasn't that tanned either. He would pass off as a local easily. With his bushy eyebrows and sculptured features, he made a tough man. Now, the tough guy's expression had softened upon recalling Zong Yanxi.

"I don't know." He was telling the truth, for he couldn't pinpoint what he loved about Zong Yanxi exactly.

"Perhaps it's a feeling you can't see or touch. There's no exact reason, but I know I love her."

"Really?" Zong Yanchen arched his brows.

"What makes you doubt? Have you never ever been in a relationship? Have you never fell in love with a girl?" Tawan questioned in disbelief.

Zong Yanchen gazed at him sharply. "Are you looking down on me?"

"No, but it's abnormal for you not to fall in love with someone of the opposite sex at your age—"

“You’re the abnormal one.” Zong Yanchen had been approachable when he was a kid, but after he became a soldier, he started exuding an imposing aura.

He wasn’t at the military base anymore, but the integrity and qualities of a soldier had been carved into his bones.

“I heard you’re a high-ranking military officer. Should we enter a friendly duel to see if you’re qualified to protect my sister?”

Both men exchanged gazes solemnly. This wasn’t a normal duel between them – they were representing their own army.

It soon escalated to the qualities and capabilities of soldiers from two different countries.

Neither of them was willing to lose, so they attacked at the same time.

Both men fought on the lawn right next to the river.

They were evenly matched.

An hour later, they both collapsed onto the lawn, sweating profusely.

Tawan, whose back was wounded, panted heavily on the ground.

Even though the grass poked at his wound, he didn’t even moan or frown at the pain.

For a qualified soldier like him, a wound that minor was nothing.

“From now on, be nice to my sister or risk facing my wrath,” warned Zong Yanchen as he stared at the sky.

At that remark, Tawan’s lips twitched. There was a bruise on the corner of his lips after he got punched by Zong Yanchen.

Grinning, he answered, “Got it.”

Tawan had dinner at the villa earlier, but he was staying at the hotel.

Zong Yanxi and he weren't officially married; they had just confirmed their relationship as a couple, so they weren't staying together yet.

After parting with Zong Yanchen, Tawan returned to his hotel.

Unbeknownst to him, Zong Yanxi was waiting for him in his room.

Tawan was surprised to see her in his room. Immediately, he covered the bruise on his face and asked, "Why are you here?"

"The wound on your back hasn't healed yet. I came to give the ointment to you." Zong Yanxi came to him and pushed his hand away to reveal the bruise at the corner of his lips. Frowning, she demanded, "Where did you get this from?"

She was about to reach out to touch it but was afraid of hurting him. "Did you get into a fight?" she asked as her frown deepened.

Tawan strode in and mumbled a "yes."

"Are you still a kid?" Zong Yanxi was both mad and worried at the same time. She got some ice and wrapped them up in a towel to hold it against his bruise.

"What hit you? The bruise looks horrible," she inquired as she pressed the crudely made ice pack against his bruise.

Tawan answered, "A fist."

The woman was dumbfounded by his answer.

After icing his bruise, she proceeded to tend to the wound on his back. Upon seeing the scabs being rubbed away, she couldn't help but chide, "Aren't you aware that you have an injury? Why did you fight with others like a kid?"

Tawan listened to her grumbles without retorting back. Instead, he found her puffy cheeks and angry expression adorable. "I did it on purpose to see you showing concern for me."

"No one is concerned about you!" Zong Yanxi applied force to his wound on purpose, causing him to gasp in pain. He immediately

rolled over and grabbed her into his arms. Swiftly, his lips captured hers in a kiss.

It was a deep kiss compared to the gentle pecks Zong Yanxi used to receive from him.

She didn't move an inch and allowed Tawan's warm lips to delve deeper.

Slowly, her body went limp as she took in his handsome face, the heady scent of his sweat combined with the smell of the ointment, and his hot breaths on her skin.

Buzz! Buzz!

Tawan's phone began vibrating out of nowhere.

That snapped Zong Yanxi back to reality, and she shoved him. "Mm, your phone is ringing."

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Tawan didn't want to release her, but his phone kept buzzing insistently.

Left with no choice, he released her and said, "I need to take this call."

Zong Yanxi's cheeks had turned scarlet by now. They had officially started dating, but she felt it was too soon for them to be intimate. She wasn't used to it yet.

"I should go now. Take that call." She stood up and headed toward the door, but Tawan clutched her hand. "I'll give you a ride home later."

"No need. I drove here myself."

As his phone was still buzzing relentlessly, he released his grip on her. "Be careful then. Text me when you get home."

“Alright.” Zong Yanxi spun on her heels and left.

After driving back home, she spotted a bruise on the corner of Zong Yanchen’s eye before she went upstairs.

“Yanchen!” she greeted him.

Zong Yanchen glanced at her. “You’re back at his hour? Did you go meet Tawan?”

In response to his question, she inclined her head. “Yes.”

She made her way to him and asked, “What’s with that bruise?” Wait, this looks similar to Tawan’s bruise though it isn’t in the same spot.

“Did you fight with Tawan?” she asked dubiously.

“Mm,” came Zong Yanchen’s reply as he poured himself a glass of water. “I didn’t want him to bully you, so I gave him a warning in advance.”

“Who won?” Zong Yanxi got some ice for him.

Err...

“Well, he didn’t defeat me.”

It was a tie.

Zong Yanxi led him to the couch. “Let me ice your bruise. It will remain swollen for a long time if you don’t take care of it.”

Zong Yanchen sipped on his water and sat down on the couch. “We were both hurt. Are you more concerned about me or him?”

“Of course...” she trailed off on purpose. “Tawan, of course.”

“You ingrate,” came Zong Yanchen’s reply, but he wasn’t really mad. Leaning back, he allowed his sister to ice his bruise.

His eyes were half-closed as he uttered, "If he bullies you, let me know. It was a tie earlier, but Jiawen and I can easily defeat him together."

"When did you become someone who likes to solve problems using violence? You weren't like this back then."

Zong Yanchen looked at her. "That was in the past. I've grown up since then. What about you?"

He knew she had also grown up, too.

After all, Jiang Mohan's incident had not dejected her – that proved how strong her mentality was.

"You're just a few minutes older than me." She changed the topic abruptly. "I've been married once. What about you?"

Zong Yanchen fell silent as Mu Yuan'er popped up in his mind.

"It's late. You should sleep soon." With that, he rose to his feet.

"Let the ice sit a little longer so you can heal faster," Zong Yanxi insisted.

"It's just a minor injury. I'm fine." He gave her a dismissive wave and returned to his room.

Upon glancing at her watch, Zong Yanxi realized it was indeed late. She headed to her room and took a shower before going to bed. She had just snuggled into her bed when Tawan's text arrived, asking if she had arrived home safely.

Zong Yanxi hastily replied that she was home. She had forgotten to send him a text.

Tawan: I'll head there tomorrow morning to talk to you.

Staring at his text, she replied: What is it? Can't you say it now?

Tawan: Let's talk when we meet.

At once, her brows knitted up. Is he trying to pique my curiosity?



She pretended to reply in an angry tone: Fine. I'm going to bed now.

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Tawan didn't even realize she was upset. Thinking she was sleepy, he sent her a final text: Alright, sleep tight. I'm going to bed, too.

Zong Yanxi was lying in her bed when she heard her phone buzzing. She grabbed her phone earnestly and immediately saw the text on the screen before she could unlock her phone. Staring at his reply, she burst out in laughter.

He didn't even realize I was upset. Hmm, why is he so insensitive?

She placed her phone aside and fell asleep.

The next morning, Tawan arrived.

Zong Yanxi was going down the stairs when she spotted her soon-to-be husband talking to Zong Jinghao in the living room.

"Are you here for a free meal?" she asked as she walked to them.

It took Tawan a while to understand what she meant. He replied jokingly, "Yes, I'm here for a free meal."

Zong Yanxi rolled her eyes and sat down next to her father.

"Tawan is going back." Zong Jinghao turned to his daughter. "He wants you to return to Thailand with him. What do you think?"

Zong Yanxi couldn't make up her mind, so she didn't reply and instead asked Tawan, "Was that what you meant last night?"

The man nodded. "I need to return to handle something." He paused before adding, "I hope you can come with me."

To his dismay, Zong Yanxi responded, "I don't want to come with you."

"Your grandma isn't doing well, and your mom wants to stay here. We won't be going back, for now, so you should return and clean our house as it has been empty for too long," Zong Jinghao told her.

"Dad, you're trying to force me to leave with him!" That's too obvious!

Zong Jinghao had already made that decision after Tawan told him about what happened in B City.

He didn't want Jiang Mohan to disturb them anymore.

"Grandma isn't doing well, so I want to stay by her side. I won't leave," Zong Yanxi whined as she leaned on her father's shoulder.

No matter how old she was, she was still her parents' daughter.

"Yanchen will be here for some time longer. He can join me and your mom to take care of your grandma. We have enough people here. You don't have to stay."

"But I don't want to laze around there."

I can't idle around and kill time by dating Tawan only, can I?

"Remember the job I told you about? You can start working anytime you want." Zong Jinghao patted her shoulder. "I recommended you to them, so I hope you won't disappoint me."

"Of course," Zong Yanxi answered firmly. "I'm your daughter! I won't humiliate you."

"So... Should I buy two plane tickets now?" Tawan spoke up.

Zong Yanxi got to her feet and ordered, "Come with me."

Tawan blinked as he pondered about the meaning of her words.

"Go with her." Zong Jinghao waved his hand.

After getting his approval, Tawan trotted after her obediently.

“What’s wrong?” he asked.

Instead of replying to his question, Zong Yanxi gazed at him wordlessly. The man was puzzled as he had no idea what he had done wrong.

“Are you upset?” he asked carefully.

“Fine. You won’t realize what your problem is if I don’t say it out loud.” Sighing, Zong Yanxi inquired, “Who are you dating now?”

“Err, you,” came Tawan’s hesitant reply. Huh? What does she mean?

“If you want to return, shouldn’t you have informed me first? Why did you inform my dad first? Are you dating me or my dad?” Zong Yanxi wasn’t really mad, but she found his actions amusing. He has a strange mind, doesn’t he?

Tawan hurriedly explained, “I’ve known your father for a long time. I need to inform your family about me leaving, right? I was planning on telling you later...”

“Next time, can you inform me beforehand if it’s something about me?” Zong Yanxi shook her head, feeling both exasperated and amused. “Do you get what I mean?”

They had decided to start dating, so she wanted Tawan to know that they should act like a real couple.

Suddenly, she realized how inflexible Tawan was. He wasn’t romantic at all.

The man gave her a nod. “I got it.”

“Alright. Let’s head in now.” When she whirled around to leave, he reached out to tug at the corner of her clothes. Turning at her shoulder, she found Tawan tugging the edge of her clothes carefully.

Tawan was an influential and wealthy man, but he was acting like a kid afraid of making a mistake right now.

“What is it?” she asked softly.

He gazed at her earnestly. “I have something to tell you. I need to return to deal with something, so please come with me.”

“You’ve persuaded my dad. Can I say no?” She pretended to be mad, but a smile was already playing on her lips.

Even though he was dating Zong Yanxi, Tawan still felt like he should ask for her parents’ approval regarding some things.

“Yanxi, I think your parents should know.” He took her hand and gazed at her sincerely. “I lost my parents at an early age, so I wanted a family of my own. Your parents are my parents. Without their approval, even if you agree to leave with me, I won’t take you with me.”

Pursing his lips, he added, “Every parent loves their child. If they disagree, they must be doing it for their child’s sake.”

Tawan grew in a loving family, so in his mindset, every parent loved their own child. That was why he had made that statement.

Yet, there were plenty of irresponsible parents in the world.

Zong Yanxi tiptoed and flung her arms around his neck abruptly. In response, Tawan held her waist.

Resting her chin on Tawan’s shoulder, she uttered, “I finally understand why my dad trusts you.” After a pause, she explained, “You might be insensitive, but you’re good at winning the adults over.”

As Zong Yanxi had also grown up in a loving family, she wholeheartedly agreed with Tawan’s statement.

Tawan knew what she meant by winning someone over.

“What does ‘insensitive’ mean?” Tawan could converse with them smoothly, but there were still plenty of terms he was unfamiliar with.

Even if he spent a lifetime reading all the ancient poems, idioms, analects, and proverbs, he probably wouldn't finish learning them.

Zong Yanxi flashed a smile. "You don't understand what that means?"

Tawan nodded honestly.

"Hmm, I can't teach you without getting anything in return. If you wish to know, you need to pay a fee..."

"What are you doing? Won't you come to eat breakfast?" Zong Yanchen's voice rang out as he leaned against the door, watching the scene unfold.

Zong Yanxi immediately retracted her hands and glared at her brother. "Why didn't you make a sound?"

"If I had made a sound, I wouldn't have been able to see you swooning over him," teased Zong Yanchen.

What? Hugging Tawan is considered swooning over him?

"If I get a sister-in-law in the future, I shall bully her! Oh, and your child, too!"

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Strangely, Zong Yanchen felt an urge to go after Mu Yuan'er upon hearing the word "child."

He had planned to search for her after making a recovery, but he hadn't been back for a while. In addition to that, Zhuang Zijin's health was deteriorating after Cheng Yuwen's death. It would seem selfish of him to leave his family because of personal reasons during this difficult period of life.

Zhuang Jiawen was already in charge of their family's affairs. Zong Yanchen wasn't always with his parents to be a filial son, so he felt guilty for not fulfilling his duties as the eldest child.

Zhuang Zijin had brought him up. She might pass on anytime, so he couldn't be selfish and leave right now.

After her parents gave their consent, Zong Yanxi agreed to return to Thailand with Tawan. Before she could board the plane, however, she received a call from Gu Xian.

“My mom is ill. She might not hold on for long. Before she passes on, I want him to come and visit him.”

Zong Yanxi stood in the middle of the bustling airport, stunned. “Your mom...”

“She’s suffering from terminal cancer. She has been receiving treatment all the while, but it isn’t doing much. The doctor told me to be prepared. I know he has his own life, and I don’t mean to intrude. I just want him to know of my existence.”

“Alright,” Zong Yanxi agreed. “Send me your address, and I shall bring him there.”

“Will he come with you?”

“I have a plan. He will be there.”

“Alright.”

After they ended their phone conversation, Gu Xian texted her an address.

“Flight D360 to Bangkok will depart shortly. All passengers, please check your ticket at the boarding gate.”

Tawan urged, “Let’s go.”

Zong Yanxi shot him an apologetic look. “I might not be able to return to Thailand with you. Something urgent has come up.”

The man stared at her for a few seconds before answering, “Alright. I’ll give you a ride back then.”

He was actually worried that Zong Yanxi had changed her mind because she regretted agreeing to head to Thailand with him.

Still, he didn't ask that out loud.

Even if she decided to go back on her word, he wouldn't blame her – she had the right to decide her life.

“No need. I'll send you off at the boarding gate. After dealing with this matter, I shall come to you,” Zong Yanxi replied with a grin.

Tawan couldn't conceal his delight. “Really? You'll come to me?”

“Of course. I gave you my word, didn't I?” She then went out to explain, “My friend's mother is terribly ill, and I have to visit her. Don't think too much about it.”

Tawan drew her into his embrace. “I'll wait for your arrival.”

“Alright. It's time to board the flight!”

Zong Yanxi watched as he walked into the boarding gate before coming to a stop and waved at her.

She returned his goodbye wave with a smile.

When Tawan's figure disappeared from sight, she whipped her phone out and called someone while leaving the airport.

Alas, she couldn't get through Guan Jing's phone.

Hence, she had no choice but to head home to ask for Zong Jinghao's help.

“What?” Su Zhan parted his lips incredulously at the shocking piece of news Zong Yanxi had just delivered. “Guan Jing has an illegitimate child?”

An unfazed Zong Jinghao gave her a number without hesitation.

Guan Jing had two phone numbers, but only a handful of people knew about his second number.

The moment Zong Yanxi dialed the number, it connected.

“Uncle Guan,” she greeted him and walked away to talk on the phone.

Meanwhile, Su Zhan was brimming with curiosity. “Does Guan Jing have an illegitimate child for real? Why didn’t I know about this?”

Zong Jinghao glanced at him and replied coolly, “There are many things you don’t know about!”

Su Zhan could not find his tongue.

“I’m not curious about his illegitimate son. I’m just wondering who his mother was.” Su Zhan flopped onto the couch and snickered. “I can’t believe Guan Jing was a player when he was young. He even gave birth to an illegitimate son.”

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Zong Jinghao ignored Su Zhan’s nosiness and gave his daughter some instructions before returning to his room.

After contacting Guan Jing, Zong Yanxi proceeded to buy them flight tickets.

Even after Guan Jing boarded the plane, he didn’t know what was going on.

“Yanxi, where are we going in a rush?”

Zong Yanxi was reading the address Gu Xian sent to her earlier when she heard his query. Without looking up, she responded, “You’ll find out when we get there.”

“You’re being mysterious, aren’t you?” Guan Jing leaned back in his chair and asked, “Is it a good or bad thing?”

Zong Yanxi thought about it before answering uncertainly, “Uh, it’s good? Not entirely good, though. It might be a bad thing...”

“So? Make up your mind.” Guan Jing straightened his back. “Why are you stammering?”



"I'm not stammering. I just don't know how to explain it to you. I think the person involved should be explaining things to you instead of me."

There was no need for her to reveal the truth to him right now.

Guan Jing waved his hand dismissively at that. "Forget it. You got this number from your dad, so it must be something important for him to reveal this number to you."

Zong Yanxi glanced at him as a tinge of sorrow flashed across her eyes. "Uncle Guan, is there anything you find memorable in your life?"

The man squinted his eyes as he recalled his first half of life. After a long silence, he responded, "Not really. There is something I regret, though."

"What is it?" Zong Yanxi questioned.

Guan Jing drawled, "It's about a woman."

"A woman you loved?" Zong Yanxi pressed on.

The man refused to divulge further. "Stop being curious about an adult's life."

She pouted in response. "I'm also an adult now."

"You're still a kid to your parents." Guan Jing covered himself with a blanket and announced, "I'm going to take a nap."

At that, Zong Yanxi stopped disturbing him.

The plane soon landed. The moment they got off the plane, they saw Gu Xian waiting at the exit.

He waved lest Zong Yanxi missed him. "I'm here!"

Zong Yanxi waved in return.

"Oh, I've seen him once." Guan Jing still remembered who Gu Xian was.

Zong Yanxi did not respond.

"I brought Uncle Guan here," she strode to Gu Xian and announced.

Gu Xian nodded in acknowledgment. "You must be tired from the plane ride. Do you want to grab some food—"

"It's alright," Zong Yanxi cut in. "Let's just go straight to the hospital."

Guan Jing was confused. "What are you two talking about?"

"It's urgent. Let's talk on the way there," Zong Yanxi urged.

Gu Xian shot a look at her before he declared, "My car's parked outside the airport. Let's go."

They quickly exited the airport and got into the car.

Gu Xian's expression was grim the entire time. He grabbed the steering wheel silently for some time before plucking his courage to ask, "Do you know a woman with the name of Gu Huiyuan when you were young?"

Guan Jing was surprised by his sudden question as he hadn't heard that name in a long while.

Bewilderment was written all over his face.

He turned to Zong Yanxi at once. Did she ask me those questions on the plane because she found out?

"Yanxi—"

"I know nothing. Pose your questions to Gu Xian." Zong Yanxi might've agreed to bring Guan Jing here, but she wasn't going to interfere in their business.

After all, she was clueless about their relationship.

Guan Jing felt an uneasy tingling in the pit of his stomach when he stated. "You're Gu Xian. Your surname is Gu."

Gu Xian wasn't planning on hiding anything, so he replied, "I took my mom's surname, Gu."

"Your mother is Gu Huiyuan?" It had been ages, but Guan Jing still remembered the woman clearly.

Gu Xian nodded. "Yes, I'm her son."

Right then, the car rolled to a stop in front of the hospital.

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Both Zong Yanxi and Gu Xian got off the car, but Guan Jing remained in his seat. He seemed to have forgotten what Gu Xian told him, or perhaps he was too engrossed in his thoughts.

"Uncle Guan," Zong Yanxi called out, snapping the man back to reality.

After he got off the car, Gu Xian led them to the ward.

He didn't show any intention of entering the ward when he said, "My mom is inside."

Guan Jing took one look at him. Despite having an inkling of what was happening, he refused to believe it.

It had been ages since they last met, but he still managed to recognize Gu Huiyuan immediately. She was no longer young, but she was still the same to him.

Right then, the woman's eyes fluttered open on the bed. When she spotted the man standing beside her bed, her eyes widened in shock. However, she swiftly shook her head and let out a self-deprecating chuckle.

She thought she was seeing things. “I can’t believe I wanted to see you before I die.”

Exhaling sharply, she lamented, “Well, I didn’t get to see you when I was alive. What’s the point of hallucinating about you before I die?”

Clearly, she was berating herself for missing him so much to the point where she was hallucinating about him. “You’re useless, Gu Huiyuan.”

Guan Jing’s legs felt as heavy as lead.

His heart was thumping furiously, so it took him some time to find his voice. “Gu Huiyuan?”

The woman on the bed froze in bewilderment. Her eyes opened wide as she stared at Guan Jing. “You...”

Is this not a hallucination? If it is, why is he talking?

“You! You...”

In that instant, she was overwhelmed with mixed emotions—excitement and fear among them—but she had no idea what to say to him.

Guan Jing came over to her and demanded, “Where did you hide? I couldn’t find you, no matter how hard I looked. You were hiding here?”

Gu Huiyuan took a long time to digest his words as tears welled up in her eyes.

Her voice was hoarse as she stated, “So you did look for me.”

Guan Jing’s eyes reddened as well. “Of course! I’m not cruel like you. You left without leaving a message.”

Gu Huiyuan choked up as her lips trembled profusely.

Tears rolled down her cheeks before falling on the pillow she was lying on.

Outside the ward, Zong Yanxi and Gu Xian sat on the bench without a word, listening as occasional bits of the conversation and sobs rang out from the ward.

It went on until nightfall arrived.

For the young people outside, it was a long wait.

Yet, to Guan Jing and Gu Huiyuan, they only had a short reunion.

After all, they had missed the opportunity to spend a lifetime together.

They were in love with each other, but they hadn't gotten a chance to express their feelings.

Guan Jing soon calmed down and proceeded to ask the doctor about Gu Huiyuan's situation. Alas, the woman wouldn't be able to hold on much longer. Even if God was indeed real, He wouldn't be able to save her life.

Guan Jing remained by the woman's side so they could spend her last moments together.

They didn't stay in the hospital. Instead, the man brought her to several places, talking about what they had missed out on in each other's lives.

When Gu Huiyuan found out Guan Jing was married with kids now, her heart squeezed with agony as though an electric drill had gone through it.

She knew he wouldn't be single forever, but the truth still got to her, nonetheless.

Utterly shocked by the news, she had fainted on the spot.

Guan Jing brought her to the hospital hastily. From that day onward, whenever she asked about his private affairs, he'd avoid the topic deftly.

One day, Gu Huiyuan wanted to go to the sea, and Guan Jing gladly obliged her request.

Under the blue sky, the waves lapped against the shore slowly. There was a whiff of the salty smell of the seawater in the air.

“After I die, scatter my ashes into the sea.” Gu Huiyuan reached out to take Guan Jing’s hand. “I can’t believe you’ll be the one who will send me off.”

Guan Jing pursed his lips as his throat dried up.

“Gu Xian. Is he my son?” He had been wanting to ask that question for some time, but he hadn’t been able to muster his courage to do so.

As Gu Huiyuan’s end was near, he wanted to hear it from her own mouth.

“He’s an adult who can take care of himself now...” Tears suddenly streamed down her cheeks. She didn’t want to cry, but her emotions were out of control. “I’m guilty of not being a qualified mother...”

Until now, she didn’t tell Gu Xian who his father was.

She had deprived Gu Xian of the right to enjoy his father’s love as she was too selfish.

I’ve committed too many mistakes in life. I regret spending my life this way.

If I hadn’t left and chose to go to Guan Jing after finding out I was pregnant, we wouldn’t have ended up in this state.

It was all my fault.

Before she passed on, she gazed at the sea and told Guan Jing, “Change his name.”

Looking up, she reached out to caress Guan Jing’s face. The man had changed, and there were a few lines around his eyes due to his age.

**“He’s your son...”**

**After saying that, her arm went limp.**

**Just like that, she passed in Guan Jing’s arms.**

**She died peacefully. It was her best ending; she got to die in his arms after missing him for her entire lifetime.**

**Guan Jing held her body for a long time as her body grew cold.**

**A single drop of tear spilled from the corner of his eye, dropping onto her face.**

**At the funeral, Zong Yanxi took in Guan Jing’s reaction. She understood in a flash what was going on.**

**Buzz! Buzz!**

**It was a call from Tawan.**

**She went to somewhere relatively quieter and answered his call.**

**Before the man on the line could speak, Zong Yanxi blurted out, “Tawan, let’s get married.”**

**Upon hearing that, Tawan thought he was hallucinating.**

**In shock, he asked, “What did you say?”**

**“I said, let’s get married.” Zong Yanxi wasn’t acting on a whim. She was attracted to him, and he loved her.**

**“Okay.”**

**Three months later, Zong Yanxi and Tawan got married in Thailand. They had a traditional marriage.**

**Due to Tawan’s noble status, the wedding was a grand event.**

**Jiang Mohan’s surgery was successful, and he managed to regain his memories. He finally met Zong Yanxi at her wedding.**

The woman was decked in a traditional dress, woven intricately with gold threads with a shawl draped diagonally over one shoulder. Her makeup was perfect – she was a gorgeous sight as she stood beside Tawan while the guests offered their blessings.

Jiang Mohan recalled how Zong Yanxi wore an ivory white wedding dress when she got married to him. He could still remember her beaming innocently during their wedding.

Alas, he had failed her.

Thus, he lost the brightest star in his life.

My life will be bleak from now on, huh?

“Do you like him?” Jiang Mohan muttered. “I think you do.”

The blissful smile on Zong Yanxi’s face right now was the same one she had offered to him back then.

If you’re happy, I shall offer you my blessings. I’ll pray for you with all my heart so you’ll lead a peaceful and smooth life.

“Ruixi, I love you.”

I didn’t get to say it to you, and it’s too late now. Still, I’ll keep my feelings in my heart forever.

The wedding ended successfully with everyone’s well wishes.

That very night, Zong Yanxi opened her eyes groggily and realized Tawan wasn’t by her side.

She got off the bed slowly. Clad in a white silk nightie, her long black tresses fell on her shoulders as she walked barefoot to the lit-up study.

The door wasn’t shut tight, so she saw Tawan writing something on his desk through the gap.

Pushing the door open, she asked, “It’s late. What are you doing here?”



The man lifted his head and saw her standing at the door. He tidied up his desk and placed the paper he was writing on into his drawer before coming to her. After picking her up, he pressed a kiss on her forehead. "Why aren't you wearing slippers? The tiles are chilly."

Zong Yanxi wrapped her arms around his neck and beamed. "If I wore slippers, will you pick me up?"

Tawan chuckled heartily in response. "Cheeky girl."

They returned to their bedroom together. Tawan placed her on the bed before attempting to kiss her.

Zong Yanxi cowered back and blinked innocently. "I'm exhausted."

He reached out to caress some stray strands by her ear before moving to her cheek, neck, and clavicle, observing her skin.

He had left his mark on every inch of her body.

Before he entered the study, they had consummated their marriage.

"What were you writing?" asked Zong Yanxi.

Tawan pulled her closer to him in bed and responded, "Guess."

"I have no idea," she answered truthfully.

Out of nowhere, Tawan gazed at her solemnly. "Yanxi."

The very moment she became his woman, his heart belonged to her entirely. He loved her so much he was willing to give her everything he had, including himself.

"I'm involved in politics, so there are many uncertainties ahead of us," he explained as he rolled over to pull her into his embrace. "One day, if something bad happens to me—"

"Stop talking nonsense!" Zong Yanxi quickly interrupted and covered his mouth to stop him from talking. "It's our wedding today. Don't talk about such things."

Tawan's gaze softened as he studied Zong Yanxi's shy expression. She was about to retract her hand when he grabbed it and held it tightly.

Underneath the dim light, he couldn't resist seeing how alluring she was. Leaning nearer to her ear, he whispered, "I miss the feel of you already." The sparkle in his gaze was unmistakable.

Immediately, Zong Yanxi blushed shyly.

It was a long night filled with passion.

After Zong Yanxi's wedding, Zhuang Jiawen planned to travel around the world with Shen Xinyao. He left the family's affairs to Zong Yanchen.

Zong Yanchen agreed to take over, but there was something he needed to do beforehand.

A month later, he returned to the family with Mu Yuan'er, who was pregnant with twins.

"Remember our bet, Jiawen? Whoever gets a child first will get to enjoy life. I shall travel the world on your behalf while you work."

Zong Yanchen was still on vacation, so he brought Mu Yuan'er to travel around the world while Zhuang Jiawen earned money for them to spend.

Three months later, Zong Yanxi got pregnant.

Upon receiving the news of her pregnancy, Tawan stopped working so he could accompany her.

"It's still in the early stages, so you don't have to get this nervous," Zong Yanxi told her husband, who was busy reading pregnancy-related books.

Tawan put the book he was reading down and gave her a tight hug.

He could hardly contain his excitement at the thought that he was about to become a father soon.

Life was great for him. His beloved wife was about to give birth to their child. This was the family he had always dreamed about.

“I’m really blessed,” he uttered in all honesty.

Zong Yanxi was satisfied with her current life, which was simple. Tawan was a husband who was gentle and loving toward her.

With him, she finally realized how blissful it was to be loved by someone.

She wanted to spend the rest of her life with him.

“I want to have many children with you,” she announced as she flung her arms around Tawan’s waist as she listened to his steady heartbeat.

Yet, sweet moments like this were short-lived.

Zong Yanxi’s due date was near, but Tawan got assigned to another mission and had to leave.

“It’s fine. Our baby and I will be waiting for you,” she assured him.

Ten days later, there was still no sign of Tawan.

Soon, Zong Yanxi received dreadful news — something had happened to Tawan when he was on his mission.

“He didn’t manage to escape in time before the bomb exploded to save someone else...”

Before the person could finish talking, Zong Yanxi passed out.

“Lady Thitipoom!”

The unconscious woman was brought to the hospital instantly.

After six hours, she gave birth to a beautiful baby boy.

At the same time, she received confirmation that Tawan had passed on.

The news caused her to suffer from postpartum hemorrhage, and she nearly lost her life.

Luckily, Lin Xinyan stayed with her and took care of her lest she acted rashly out of sorrow.

At Tawan's funeral, Zong Yanxi cried herself unconscious several times.

The short time she got to spend with Tawan was the happiest moment in her life.

After the funeral, a lawyer came to her and showed her a document from Tawan.

It was his will, stating that her husband had left his entire family fortune to Zong Yanxi.

Tears streamed down her cheeks as she stared at the sizable inheritance.

Right then, she recalled their wedding night where she had woken up at night to an empty bed.

Tawan had been writing something in his study, and the date on the will was their wedding date.

Once they got married, he had given her everything he had—the entire family fortune of the Thitipoom family's immense wealth gathered over generations.

The man was using his own means by handing everything he owned to the woman he loved.

Slowly, Zong Yanxi pulled herself together and took great care of her son.

She still missed Tawan dearly; the mere thought of him would still make her upset.

When Jiang Mohan offered to take care of her and her child, she rejected his offer firmly.

**"I won't remarry in this lifetime," Zong Yanxi announced. She had long decided to watch over Tawan, their son, and their family.**

**After that, the woman kept a distance from all men.**

**She remained in the Thitipoom family for all her life.**

**Meanwhile, Jiang Mohan never took a second wife and watched over her in his own way.**

**She might be watching over another man, but he didn't feel even an ounce of jealousy.**

**After all, Tawan had indeed loved her deeply.**

**It was Tawan who had warmed Zong Yanxi's heart up with his feelings. He had made her start believing in love again.**

**The rule "first come, first served" didn't apply in love.**

**It was a sunny day when Zong Jinghao stood in the courtyard with his arm around Lin Xinyan as they watched the kids running around.**

**It was great joy in life to be surrounded by the offspring of your children.**

**Yet, there was a hint of sorrow in Lin Xinyan's gaze.**

**Zong Jinghao knew she was concerned about Zong Yanxi.**

**Zong Yanxi was their only daughter, and she had always been unlucky in love.**

**First, she met Jiang Mohan. She lost her child and nearly lost her life, too.**

**After that, she met Tawan. Everyone thought they would live happily ever after, but...**

**Zong Jinghao patted Lin Xinyan's shoulder gently. "True love only happens once in a lifetime. Once is enough."**

After all, it would fill one's heart to the brim until there was no room for others to step in.

The End.