

Stealing Your Heart Chapter 1031

Chen Shihan avoided his gazes even though she knew Zong Yanchen couldn't see. "She told me she needs to be somewhere and left."

Zong Yanchen was obviously unconvinced. "What? She doesn't have any friends or family there. So why did she go back?"

"Well... I'm not sure." After saying her words, Chen Shihan went to the kitchen, leaving Zong Yanchen alone in the living room.

He couldn't see, so he couldn't go to find Mu Yuan'er and asked her what happened.

His expression was no longer calm as a dark shadow fell across his face.

About two hours later, they boarded a plane under Wen Xiaoji's arrangement and flew all the way to C City. Wen Xiaoji realized Mu Yuan'er wasn't around, so he asked, "Where's the girl?"

Sitting in his seat, Zong Yanchen leaned toward the window, and his eyes were as dark as the night sky, devoid of any emotion. Noticing his expression, Wen Xiaoji asked, "What happened?"

Chen Shihan explained, "She said she has matters to deal with, so she left. Maybe Yanchen is unhappy about this."

Wen Xiaoji frowned. "Huh? She saved Yanchen's life. We haven't even expressed our gratitude, but she left without a word. How impolite!"

Zong Yanchen was expressionless all the time.

After giving it a thought, Chen Shihan felt she had to sort it out with Zong Yanchen.
“Yanchen, do you like her?”

Zong Yanchen didn't reply. And that meant he did.

Chen Shihan continued. “She's an orphan. You can't see her face, so what do you like about her? Yanchen, you guys aren't a suitable match. First, there's a vast gap between your family background and hers...”

“Did you say anything to her?” Zong Yanchen sounded aloof when he interrupted her.

Chen Shihan froze. “I did. I told her about your family background, and there's nothing wrong with it.”

Wen Xiaoji creased his brows and questioned his wife harshly. “Who are you to tell her this?”

Chen Shihan asked him in return, “Am I an outsider?”

Wen Xiaoji sighed as he felt helpless with the way she comprehended his words. “She saved Yanchen, so she's our benefactor.”

“But she's got ulterior motives. She must've used some methods to make Yanchen fall for her. I did all of that for Yanchen, so he won't be tricked by her...” Chen Shihan held her ground firmly as she didn't understand what she did wrong.

Wen Xiaoji scolded, “You must've been knocked in the head! Are you crazy? No matter what, you have no say in this. Yanchen has his parents, and they are the ones who should deal with this, not you.”

Chen Shihan didn't realize her own mistakes. She firmly believed that there was no way Yanchen would fall for a girl without seeing her face. “I did this for Yanchen. Do you want me to sit by and do nothing while others trick him? That is so wrong! And don't you have to be able to see a person's appearance before liking them?”

Wen Xiaoji reprimanded, “How about putting personality first? If people look at others' faces before liking them, what will happen to those with ugly faces? Will they be alone forever? Don't be so shallow-minded.”

Chen Shihan wanted to say something, but she was at a loss for words.

She couldn't think of anything to refute his words.

So she sat there, frozen in place.

Wen Xiaoji sighed and patted Zong Yanchen's shoulder. "Please forgive your aunt. After all of this, let's find her together."

Zong Yanchen replied, "No need. Maybe it was my fault. I should've told her from the beginning."

I know. Although Yuan'er doesn't have any friends or family, she is a strong and proud girl.

So she must feel uncomfortable knowing the difference between our family backgrounds.

I must find her and sort things out.

Zong Yanchen said, hoping to ease the tension between the couple. "Leave it and don't quarrel over this matter anymore. I felt sorry as it's all because of me."

"It's not your fault. It's all because of her not thinking before she speaks." Wen Xiaoji knew Chen Shihan well. Pissing people off? That sounds like something she'll do.

"Fine. It's all my fault." With anger bottled up in her heart, Chen Shihan was reluctant to admit to her mistakes, as she still thought what she did was right.

I did it for Zong Yanchen's own good.

Chen Shihan murmured, "She's only a country bumpkin. Definitely not a good match for Yanchen."

Wen Xiaoji didn't want to quarrel in public because it would only embarrass them. But he couldn't bear not reprimanding her for her wrongdoings.

Wen Xiaoji tried to suppress his anger, but he failed to control his tone, as he was too furious. "What are you trying to do? Look at you. Can't you be more tolerant?"

"What? You think I'm petty?" Chen Shihan looked at him with anger.

Wen Xiaoji knew they would end up quarreling if they continued this conversation.

But Chen Shihan was persistent. "Why are you not answering?"

Wen Xiaoji was extremely annoyed at this point. "I don't feel like saying it. It's been so many years! Why can't you change your attitude?"

Chen Shihan kept on firing at him with difficult questions. "Are you disgusted by me now? Are you regretting your decision on marrying me?"

Wen Xiaoji felt like he was going nuts. "We are married for so many years, so why are you asking this? Are you trying to embarrass me? Yanchen is still here, so can't you be more understanding and spare me from embarrassment when there's someone else here."

Chen Shihan's eyes reddened as she turned her head and refused to face him. It was obvious she was mad at Wen Xiaoji.

Wen Xiaoji hammered his head helplessly. Haih... this woman. She's good when she's behaving well, but her stubbornness was etched into her soul with no trace of tolerance.

Listening to them quarrel, Zong Yanchen felt uncomfortable, as he didn't know whether he should stay silent or put in some good words.

And it felt inappropriate for him to voice out his opinion, so he didn't say anything.

When the plane landed safely, they got off the plane and saw Zhuang Jiawen and Shen Xinyao waiting for them.

Zhuang Jiawen saw them coming out from the exit and ran toward them. "Yanchen."

"Jiawen? Is it you?" Zong Yanchen heard his voice.

Zhuang Jiawen hugged him tightly and said, "I heard you got hurt during your mission. Will your eyes..."

Zong Yanchen assured, "Don't worry. It'll recover."

Wen Xiaoji called Zong Yanchen's family members and told them about Zong Yanchen being injured when he was on his mission. So, everyone knew he lost his eyesight temporarily.

But he didn't tell them about the dangerous process. Only a few people knew about this.

"Yanchen." Shen Xinyao looked at Zong Yanchen, calling out to him when she stood beside Zhuang Jiawen.

Zong Yanchen raised his brow. "Yao?"

"It's me. Let's go home." She came over to help him.

Zong Yanchen said, "I didn't attend your wedding. Please forgive me."

She assured, "It's not your fault. Jiawen and I know that you're busy."

Zong Yanchen persisted, "I didn't prepare any wedding gifts for you too."

Shen Xinyao said, "You returning to us safely is the best gift possible. Nothing could make us happier than being together with family."

Zong Yanchen exclaimed, "Yao, you're getting better at words. Did Baby teach you?"

Zhuang Jiawen was speechless at the way Zong Yanchen addressed him.

Shen Xinyao covered her mouth while laughing. "No one taught me, and I said it sincerely. Mom misses you so much. Mom and dad will be relieved to see you return safely."

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The atmosphere suddenly became heavy. Everyone was glad as Zong Yanchen was finally home after a long time, but it was at the time of Cheng Yuwen's death, so they couldn't help but feel sad at the same time.

Zong Yanchen asked, "How is dad and mom?"

Zhuang Jiawen replied, "Death is inevitable. Although they are sad, they're still doing fine as they understood life and death is just a part of nature."

When they walked out of the airport, Zhuang Jiawen supported Zong Yanchen to his car. He turned to look at Wen Xiaoji and gestured him and Chen Shihan to ride another car. "Uncle, Aunt, please ride this car."

"Alright." Wen Xiaoji seemed calm, but Chen Shihan didn't bother to hide her anger.

"This is Yanchen's medicine." She handed over a bag, which contained Zong Yanchen's medicine and prescription.

Zhuang Jiawen took the bag and noticed that Chen Shihan was moody. He smiled and asked, "What happened to aunt?"

"Don't mind her. She's mad at me. Go on, we'll follow behind." Wen Xiaoji wrapped his hand around Chen Shihan's waist.

Reluctant to let him do as he pleased, Chen Shihan broke free from his arms and got into the car alone.

It was so obvious that she was angry.

Zhuang Jiawen smiled. "Uncle, did you upset her?"

Wen Xiaoji didn't want to look too bad in front of his nephew, so he laughed. "It's fine. She's going through menopause, so she's throwing a fit."

Zhuang Jiawen was speechless.

Wen Xiaoji got into the car. "Let's go. We shall not waste any more time here."

Zhuang Jiawen knew he was trying to conceal the fact that they were quarreling, so he didn't inquire any further and helped Zong Yanchen get in the car.

"Let me sit with Yanchen." Shen Xinyao suggested, in the hope to take care of Zong Yanchen since he was visually impaired.

Zhuang Jiawen nodded in agreement and reached out to caress her head. "Good girl."

Shen Xinyao glared at him. "Get lost! You're only one year older than me, so don't make yourself look like an adult. You're also a kid in front of Yanchen."

Zhuang Jiawen grinned. "Yanchen is older than me, but we will have kids first."

At a loss for words, Shen Xinyao rolled her eyes at him and wanted to kick him. *How can he say something like this out loud? So reckless!*

"What are you staring at? I'm telling the truth. Yanchen still hasn't got a girlfriend, and I'm already married. He can't keep up with me. Am I right, Yanchen?" Zhuang Jiawen smiled smugly.

Zong Yanchen knew him well, so he played along with him. "Yes."

"See. Even he admits it. Yanchen, let's make a bet." He started the engine and turned around to look at Zong Yanchen.

Zong Yanchen asked, "What are we betting on?"

Zhuang Jiawen cleared his throat and announced, "How about... the one who has kids later has to take over the family's business? What do you think?"

Guan Jing would retire eventually, so someone had to take his place. Ever since Zhuang Jiawen graduated, he had been working in the Company with no freedom of life.

I'll definitely win this bet since Yanchen still doesn't have a girlfriend.

Zong Yanchen chuckled. "You're confident that you can win?"

Zhuang Jiawen replied with confidence, "Of course."

Zong Yanchen said, "Alright. I'm in. If you win, I'll take over the company and provide you with money to travel the world with Yao. Otherwise, you'll have to work and provide for me."

"No problem. Don't go back on your word when the time comes." Zhuang Jiawen was extremely confident.

Zong Yanchen replied with ease, "I'm a man of my word."

"Yao, you'll have to work harder for a baby." Zhuang Jiawen turned around to look at her.

Shen Xinyao was so annoyed that she refused to answer.

How could you say this in front of me? This is so embarrassing!

You're so annoying!

She glared at him.

Zhuang Jiawen chuckled. "Don't glare at me like that. You need to maintain your ladylike image."

Shen Xinyao was speechless at his statement.

Zong Yanchen couldn't help but let out a hearty laugh, listening to the couple bickering with each other.

After a while, Zhuang Jiawen stopped the car. The relaxing atmosphere vanished without a trace and became heavy.

The funeral would take place the next day, and the mourning hall was still being set up.

Many people were there.

They called for an undertaker to prepare for the funeral, so they didn't need to do anything, but someone had to be in charge of discussing the details, rituals, and other arrangements with the undertaker.

Zong Jinghao was closest to Cheng Yuwen, so he was in charge of Cheng Yuwen's funeral.

"Mom and dad are here." Zhuang Jiawen parked his car and opened the door for Shen Xinyao. After she got off the car, they helped Zong Yanchen down.

The mourning hall was almost done. Clad in black formal attire, Zong Jinghao was in a discussion with the funeral planner as Zong Yanchen walked toward his father with Zhuang Jiawen's support. "Dad."

Zong Jinghao turned around and saw his son.

His eyes darkened, and he turned to the funeral planner. "You go ahead. Just do as I say."

"Okay." The funeral planner said and left.

Zong Jinghao walked toward Zong Yanchen.

Zong Yanchen let go of Zhuang Jiawen's hands and straightened his back. "Dad, I'm home."

Zong Jinghao couldn't remain indifferent as he used to be when he was young. His gaze softened as relief flooded his heart.

Placing his hands on his son's shoulders, Zong Jinghao was at a relief upon seeing him.

Zong Jinghao knew about Zong Yanchen's injuries, as Wen Xiaoji had informed him earlier, so he was calm when he noticed that his son couldn't see.

"Go in." He said, gesturing them to go into the house.

Zhuang Jiawen asked, "Dad, do you need any help here?"

"No need." Zong Jinghao told them to go see their mother.

In the lounge, Lin Xinyan was comforting Zhuang Zijin by her side.

Although Zhuang Zijin and Cheng Yuwen married late, they were at each other's side for years. So Cheng Yuwen's death was a huge blow to Zhuang Zijin.

Knock! Knock!

There was a sudden knock on the door of the room.

Lin Xinyan stood up to open the door and saw Zhuang Jiawen.

She leaned out of the door and had a glance. Realizing Zong Yanchen wasn't with him, she creased her brows and asked, "Didn't you pick up Yanchen? Where is he?"

Zhuang Jiawen blinked and said, "I didn't see him."

Lin Xinyan frowned. "What? How?"

"Zhuang Jiawen, stop fooling around." Shen Xinyao helped Zong Yanchen to the door.

Zhuang Jiawen took a glance at his wife and said, "I'm trying to give mom a surprise since she misses Yanchen so much."

Hearing his words, Lin Xinyan slapped his back. "You're already an adult, but why are you not like one?"

"I'm mature enough." Zhuang Jiawen turned his body sideways and entered the room.
"Grandma."

Zhuang Zijin's hair had turned grey, while wrinkles covered her face. She looked pale and haggard with her unfocused eyes, and her body was all skin and bones.

Zhuang Zijin reached out to him. "Where's Yanchen?"

Zhuang Jiawen said, "He's outside."

At the door, Lin Xinyan walked toward her son. She heard from Zong Jinghao that Zong Yanchen couldn't see because of his injuries. But seeing him in front of her, she couldn't help but feel sad.

She said, "You always make me worry since young."

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Although Lin Xinyan said it in a reprimanding tone, she didn't mean it.

Her heart ached for him.

"Mom, I'm home safe and sound." Zong Yanchen determined Lin Xinyan's position from her voice and reached out, wanting to comfort her with a hug. Lin Xinyan reached out first and took him into her arms, and Zong Yanchen patted her back. "I won't make you worry anymore."

In the past, Lin Xinyan had always embraced him and now, Zong Yanchen had grown so much taller with a strong build. He was the one taking her into his embrace now.

"Did you go to the hospital? When will your eyes recover?" She was worried about his eyesight.

"I'm taking my meds, so they'll recover soon enough. Don't worry. I'll go greet Grandma first." Zong Yanchen said in a cheerful tone so that Lin Xinyan wouldn't be too worried.

"Okay." Lin Xinyan helped him toward Zhuang Zijin.

"Yanchen." Zhuang Zijin waved her hands when she saw them approaching.

Zong Yanchen lowered his voice. "Grandma, please accept my condolences."

Zhuang Zijin gripped his hands and said, "I heard you lost your eyesight. I'll give you my cornea and make you see again."

Everyone fell silent while pressure was piling up behind their nose.

Even Zong Yanchen, a man with a strong heart, had his eyes reddened at her statement. Love was precious but his family had showered him with love so selflessly it was heartwarming and touching.

"I'll recover. So I don't need your cornea. Grandma, you've always been there since I was young. Now, I'll be by your side." Zong Yanchen sat beside Zhuang Zijin and held her shoulders.

Zhuang Zijin responded, "Very well."

Great-uncle has left; she must be lonely.

"Aunt." When Shen Xinyao saw Chen Shihan, she called out to her.

She hummed in reply and gave some words of comfort to Zhuang Zijin.

Zhuang Jiawen leaned closer to Lin Xinyan's ears and whispered, "Mom, Uncle and Aunt are in a fight."

Lin Xinyan turned to look at him.

Zhuang Jiawen nodded and convinced her that was indeed the truth. "She was mad at Uncle just now."

Lin Xinyan hit his arm and glared at him. "Don't be so nosy about adult affairs."

Zhuang Jiawen retorted, "Why? I'm also an adult."

"Don't fool around." Lin Xinyan didn't know what to do with him.

Zong Yanchen's expression changed slightly. It was unnoticeable if others didn't look closely. Only Shen Xinyao noticed that his expression changed when Chen Shihan came into the room.

Chen Shihan called Lin Xinyan out of the room. She appeared to have something to say.

Lin Xinyan left her kids to keep Zhuang Zijin company so that she wouldn't feel lonely.

They went to a place without people. Deep down, Chen Shihan felt wronged because Wen Xiaoji didn't understand her actions and argued with her, embarrassing her in front of the kids.

At that moment, her heart was still full of anger toward Wen Xiaoji.

"Xinyan... Xiaoji told you everything on the phone, right?" Chen Shihan was the one to start the conversation.

"What?" Lin Xinyan was puzzled.

Chen Shihan replied, "A girl saved Yanchen when we found him."

Lin Xinyan was confused, as no one told her about this. Wen Xiaoji's phone call was to Zong Jinghao.

Zong Jinghao only told me Yanchen was hurt during his mission. What does she mean by finding him? And a girl rescued him?

Lin Xinyan demanded, "Can you say it in detail?"

Chen Shihan explained, "Yanchen was in danger during his mission, and he went missing for about a month. A girl who practices traditional Chinese medicine saved him. She followed him back, and when they reached my house, I asked her to leave because she had ulterior motives. But Wen Xiaoji was mad at me for this."

Lin Xinyan didn't show any emotion, but a storm was slowly building up in her heart.

Zong Yanchen was missing for almost a month?

If the girl did not save him, he might not make it back here.

She swayed, taking in the truth, and she had to hold on to a railing to prevent falling.

Chen Shihan asked, "Xinyan, do you think I'm wrong? Yanchen can't see her face, so there's no way he will fall for her. Even though she looks pretty, she must've used some methods to get Yanchen to like her. I heard she's an orphan in the countryside. She's not a suitable match for Yanchen."

Lin Xinyan was shocked to her very core, but her mind remained clear. "She saved Yanchen, so she's our benefactor. As for their relationship, Yanchen can make his own judgment."

"Then are you saying I'm in the wrong?" Chen Shihan seemed upset.

Lin Xinyan explained, "No... But you shouldn't make her leave; we should at least express our gratitude to her."

Chen Shihan was oblivious to her mistakes. "I rewarded her, but she refused to accept. She's so stubborn at such a young age. As expected of an orphan, impolite and ill-mannered."

Lin Xinyan didn't have the time to deal with this, so she could only wait after the funeral and for Zong Yanchen's eyes to recover.

Lin Xinyan lowered her voice. "You and Xiaoji should make up. Don't you find it embarrassing to argue in front of the kids?"

With that, she headed to the room, leaving Chen Shihan standing there alone.

I thought Lin Xinyan will support me. But she seems angry.

I did it for Yanchen's good, so why did everyone think I'm at fault?

When Lin Xinyan stepped into the room, Shen Xinyao dragged her to aside. "Yanchen was upset when Aunt walked into the room just now. What did Aunt tell you? Is it about Yanchen?"

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In the end, Lin Xinyan gave in to Shen Xinyao's request and went to visit her oldest son. When she arrived at the hospital, he seemed to have recovered somewhat. He was propped up in bed and chatting with Zhuang Zijin.

Shen Xinyao suspected that there was more to the matter than met the eye. "Did Yanchen get into another argument with Aunt?"

Lin Xinyan didn't hide the truth from her. She told Shen Xinyao everything she knew.

"Wow, how could Aunt do that?" Shen Xinyao felt that Chen Shihan's actions were a little too reprehensible for her liking.

They were living in modern times! Who cared about societal status anymore?

Even the princes of the English monarchy frequently married commoners nowadays. Was there a need for her to care so much about the family background of her potential daughter-in-law?

Lin Xinyan patted her comfortingly. "Just pretend that I never told you. It might make your brother feel uneasy."

Shen Xinyao nodded obediently. "Yes, I know."

That night, as Lin Xinyan prepared her son's medicine, her heart couldn't stop racing. It wasn't that she distrusted Mu Yuan'er—however, she found it incredibly difficult to believe that taking herbal medicine would cure her son of his serious eye injury.

She handed her son the bowl of medicine. "After the funeral, let's go and have you checked up at the hospital."

Zong Yanchen knew what Lin Xinyan was worried about. He replied, "My eyes didn't sustain just any injury—they were poisoned. Western medicine won't do me any good."

Lin Xinyan felt rather shocked. "Poisoned, you say?"

"Don't worry, I'll recover soon enough." Zong Yanchen had been afraid that he was going to send her into hysterics. Looking at her agitated reaction, it appeared that his worst fear might actually come true. "Do you think I would joke around when it comes to my eyes?"

She sighed deeply. "Can you take a longer break this time?"

Zong Yanchen nodded. "Yes, I can. I haven't taken a single vacation since I started work. The army gave me three months off."

She touched the bowl and ensured that the medicine wasn't hot before placing it gingerly into her son's hands. "Drink up."

Zong Yanchen tried to ease the tension in the room. Smiling, he said, "Mommy, you should feed me."

Lin Xinyan burst into laughter. "How old are you?"

"No matter how old I am, I'll always be your darling son." After Zong Yanchen grew up, he had stopped acting cute to her as frequently as he once did. She fetched a spoon and took the bowl of medicine from him. As she fed him spoonful by spoonful, she asked, "Is the medicine very bitter?"

Zong Yanchen nodded. "It's much more bitter than normal medicines."

He meant it when he said that. It was indeed much more bitter than normal medicines. Hence, Mu Yuan'er always promised to give him a piece of candy in exchange for him finishing the entire bowl.

"It's supposed to cure your eyes. For the sake of your health, you'll just have to endure it and drink the whole thing."

Although Zong Yanchen couldn't see anything right now, he could hear an undercurrent of concern beneath Lin Xinyan's stern words.

After he finished the medicine, Lin Xinyan peeled a mandarin orange and handed it to him. "Here, wash the bitterness down with this."

Zong Yanchen took it and plopped a piece of orange into his mouth. Smiling, he said, "How sweet!"

His mother stood in front of him. She wanted to ask him about Mu Yuan'er, but she held herself back in the end. Instead, she put some water into a pail for him to wash his feet.

"Oh, just get Jiawen to do it." Zong Yanchen felt a little embarrassed that his mother was still coddling him at his age.

"I was the one who bathed you when you were a child—how come you feel embarrassed around me only now? Besides, why don't you hurry up and find yourself a girlfriend? Jiawen is already married, for goodness's sake. You should've set an example as his older brother."

Zong Yanchen was speechless.

He went quiet again, afraid that his mother might continue to press him about this topic.

Seeing her son lapse into silence again, Lin Xinyan sighed in her heart quietly.

This kid was really good at keeping secrets from his own mother.

However, she didn't expose him.

The funeral was the next day.

It was a very tense and somber occasion. All the male guests were attired in black suits, while the women were clad in conservative black dresses.

Throughout the entire afternoon, guests dropped in to pay respect. The wreaths they brought stretched along the entire road.

As Cheng Yuwen's closest relatives, Zong Jinghao and Lin Xinyan were responsible for receiving the guests. They stood at attention in the funeral hall the entire afternoon, accepting condolences from an unending stream of people.

At that moment, a man entered the hall in a wheelchair pushed by a woman.

Although he was still very far away, Lin Xinyan recognized him instantly. It had been many years since they last met, but she could still recognize him.

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Over the years, wrinkles had found their way onto Bai Yinning's face, and his hair was peppered with strands of white. However, he still looked very sharp. As he sat in his wheelchair, it was evident that he hadn't grown fat from old age. Today, he wore a black suit, while Zhou Chunchun wore a simple black lace dress without any accessories.

She pushed Bai Yinning over and greeted Lin Xinyan. "Hello, my dear Xinyan."

Lin Xinyan nodded her head slightly.

Bai Yinning glanced at her and said gloomily, "I'm sorry for your loss. The dead will remain dead, but you should live well. Take care of your health."

Lin Xinyan and Zong Jinghao bowed together.

"Thank you for coming even though you live so far away," Lin Xinyan said in a low voice. She sounded a little hoarse, as though she had been crying.

"Of course I had to come. He isn't an outsider to me." Bai Yinning still remembered the dead man as Cheng Yuxiu's older brother. She was the woman her adoptive father loved most in the world.

Because of her, he had chosen to remain single his entire life.

On the other hand, Bai Yinning had chosen not to live like his adoptive father. Although there was someone he loved deeply in his heart, he decided to marry someone else instead.

There were more mourners streaming into the room. Bai Yinning and Zhou Chunchun went and lit some incense as a form of respect for the soul of the dead man.

Everyone that was supposed to be at the funeral had arrived. However, because it was a funeral, the atmosphere was very solemn, and nobody felt like making any conversation.

When he saw Zong Yanchen and Zong Yanxi, Bai Yinning's eyes darkened a little. He used to envy Zong Jinghao in the past, and he continued to do so even now.

Zong Jinghao's children were all grown up, and he would live to see his grandchildren and live out his old age with his happy little family. Meanwhile, all Bai Yinning had was Zhou Chunchun.

"Are you thirsty?" she asked.

They found out about Cheng Yuwen's a little late, and hurried over without having much to eat or drink.

Bai Yinning shook his head. "If you're thirsty, go and fetch some water for yourself. I can stay here by myself."

"Alright, then I'll come and find you later." Zhou Chunchun let go of the wheelchair and left.

Bai Yinning wheeled himself into a quiet corner and gazed up at the funeral hall. Cheng Yuwen took center spot among the wreaths of white chrysanthemums. The entire room was full of black and white, lending it an extremely somber atmosphere.

Have the dead ones been reunited with each other in heaven?

Bai Yinning felt a little sad suddenly. He had gone his entire life without knowing who his biological father was. When he died, who was he supposed to search for in heaven?

The younger ones were kneeling in front of the pyre. Zong Yanxi spotted him and gave her brother a nudge. "Yanchen, Bai Yinning is here." She knew her brother was still temporarily blinded, and she was in charge of informing him about every person who stepped into the mourning hall.

Otherwise, he would have been left completely in the dark.

Zong Yanchen's expression froze. "Bai Yinning?"

He had much respect and admiration for the man.

Sometimes, he felt rather sorry for Bai Yinning, who had gone his entire life without getting the woman he loved.

Shen Xinyao leaned in and whispered, "He doesn't have kids, I suppose."

Zong Yanxi nodded. "You're right. He doesn't."

Both she and Zong Yanchen knew that Bai Yinning had probably never been sexually intimate with Zhou Chunchun.

"Honestly, he's a pretty good man," Zong Yanxi mumbled.

Zong Yanchen took his sister's hand sympathetically. He had only found out what had happened to his sister when he returned. Since he had always been so busy with work, he never spent much time with his parents, much less with his sister. He felt a little apologetic that it had taken him so long to find out.

Tears rolled down Zong Yanxi's face as she thought about the past.

The two of them didn't say anything, but they knew exactly what the other was thinking. People said that twins shared a telepathic connection with each other—this might be false, but having grown up together, the two siblings understood each other very well.

They knew what the other was thinking.

"Did he used to like Mom?" Zhuang Jiawen was younger than Zong Yanchen and Zong Yanxi. He had never heard about most of these things.

"Where did you get that from?" she asked.

Zhuang Jiawen thought about it before saying that it was Qin Ya who told him that. She had been discussing it with Su Zhan when he overheard their conversation.

"I heard it from my parents, too," Shen Xinyao confirmed.