

# Stealing Your Heart Chapter 461

Wen Qing pulled Li Jing aside with a long face. He would have yelled at her if they were not in public. "It's a good thing he didn't show up! His mother is Wen Xian, not her. So why should he wear the willow for this woman?"

Lin Xichen blinked as she glanced at the granduncle who used to be kind and gentle towards her. But now, he looked very mean. She instinctively moved over to Lin Xinyan.

Cheng Yuwen could no longer suppress his anger as he walked over, but Lin Xinyan held him back and whispered, "This is not the right time to blame anyone. Let's not cause a commotion and let her rest in peace."

Cheng Yuwen clenched his fists angrily. He was upset that Zong Jinghao did not show up.

*This is his last chance to see her face. He was her son; how could he not show up?*

Everyone was silent as grief enveloped the room. The priest prayed as Cheng Yuxiu was buried under the drizzling rain.

Lin Xinyan no longer shed tears, instead, she quietly watched on while her children sobbed beside her.

They watched as Lin Xinyan placed Grandmother Zhang's black and white picture against the tombstone, knowing that their grandmother had left them forever and they would never see her again.

Lin Xinyan patted their heads and said, "Go over and pay your respects to grandma."

Everyone bowed deeply before the tombstone thrice and left one after another. Wen Qing walked up to Lin Xinyan and questioned, "Why are you here when Jinghao didn't even come? Are you trying to show how devoted you are? Are you still confused about your identity to this day?"

Lin Xinyan stared straight into his eyes and said coldly, "You have no say in what I do. Besides, I hope my mom's death has nothing to do with you."

Wen Qing blinked as his expression dropped instantly. He did not expect her to speak to him in such a tone.

Li Jing was concerned because Wen Qing had a fierce and stubborn temperament. Hence, she dragged him away before they could start an argument.

Lin Xinyan said no more and went on her way with the kids.

The funeral ended in the afternoon. "Why don't you send the kids back home first?" she said to Su Zhan after bidding the guests farewell.

"Alright, contact me if you need anything." Su Zhan picked up Lin Ruixi and held Lin Xichen's hand as they left the cemetery.

Lin Xinyan watched them leave before turning around to look at the tombstone, which looked cold and lonely on its own.

At that very moment, Cheng Yuxiu's whole life had vanished. There would no longer be such a woman in this world anymore.

Shen Peichuan informed her that Zong Qifeng was sick as he stood beside her. He added, "Cheng Yuwen sent him back."

Lin Xinyan hummed softly.

Her clothes were drenched after standing in the drizzle over time.

Shen Peichuan took off his jacket and placed it on her shoulders as he continued to stand beside her.

“May I pay my respects?” A voice said from behind them.

Lin Xinyan turned and saw Bai Yinning sitting in a wheelchair by the cordierite brick steps. Gao Yuan held a black umbrella single-handedly as he pushed Bai Yinning who was holding a bouquet of white chrysanthemums.

Lin Xinyan stepped aside.

Bai Yinning could not reach the tombstone because he was in a wheelchair and could not go up the steps. Therefore, Gao Yuan placed the bouquet of white chrysanthemums upon the tombstone on his behalf. As Lin Xinyan looked on, she thought that Bai Yinning appeared somewhat tired. In truth, he was occupied with many things that had happened in the company. He immediately rushed over as soon as he heard the news but the funeral was already over when he arrived.

“I am here on behalf of my adoptive father, Bai Hongfei, to say his final goodbye. We hope she rests in peace.”

He sat up straight and bowed solemnly three times with a grim look. Then, he stared at the woman in the black and white photo before the tombstone. The woman looked demure and graceful despite her old age. “Allow me to introduce myself once more. I am Bai Hongfei’s foster son, Bai Yinning. My adoptive father had only loved one woman and remained unwed throughout his entire life. If you meet him on the other side, please give him a chance. I’m worried that he’ll feel lonely.”

He mourned silently after he spoke.

After a moment, he glanced toward Gao Yuan and said, "Let's go."

Not once did he look at Lin Xinyan when he was there.

After all, he did promise that he would no longer bother her. Hence, he would carry out that promise as pledged. The only reason he came to B City was that this dead woman was once the love of his adoptive father.

If it were not for him, he would not have come.

"It was a well-thought plan. Unfortunately, there was no trace of anyone besides the two people who died in the car accident," Shen Peichuan stated plainly.

Lin Xinyan smirked. "Don't you find it strange that Wen Qing let me off so easily? He is a very persistent man, plus Wen Xian is as precious as his life. How could he have let it slide just like that?"

Shen Peichuan understood what she meant, but there was no proof.

"I'm sure that there will be evidence to prove them of their crime. We just have to keep an eye on them," Lin Xinyan stated as she believed in karma.

Besides that, both Zong Jinghao and her were much younger than Wen Qing. She was confident that they would have sufficient time to search for evidence.

"We should go back." The drizzle was slowly becoming a heavy rain.

Lin Xinyan hummed in agreement. She turned and glanced at the tombstone before leaving with Shen Peichuan.

It was a cloudy day as the sky turned dark sooner than expected. They anticipated an incoming heavy rain because the clouds looked heavy.

Su Zhan and Shen Peichuan stayed at the villa for they were concerned about Zong Jinghao, the pregnant Lin Xinyan, and the two children. There were plenty of rooms in the house, hence it was not difficult to accommodate them.

The atmosphere in the house instantly became lighter with their company.

Calmness was restored that night. It was a transition period between spring and summer seasons, thus it rained often. The white curtains flapped open in the wind.

The man sat under the dim yellow light in the study, lost in thoughts. It was as if he was the only person left in the world.

Countless images of Cheng Yuxiu's calm face flashed past his mind. He hardly had any memories of her ever since she was married into the Zong family because he'd avoid her. Later on, he moved into boarding school and lived on his own even after he had graduated.

He did not return during every New Year celebrations too and had only visited home a few times over the years. If it weren't for Lin Xinyan, there would not be any moments of them together at all.

He held a photo that Zong Qifeng gave him in his hands. It was a photo of Cheng Yuxiu in her teenage days.

At this moment, Lin Xinyan gently pushed the study's door and walked in. She instantly saw him looking closely at the picture.

Stopping in her tracks, she was uncertain of what to say to comfort him.

Perhaps words were meaningless at that moment.

The light reflected upon his face as he lowered his gaze. Yet, Lin Xinyan could not see his expression because the light and shadows were playing tricks on his face. She could only hear his voice croak like a toad and sense him trembling

even though he tried very hard to suppress it. “Before I knew her true identity, I blamed her for hiding it. I loathed her for making me hate her all this while. I couldn’t face it; I was unable to forgive... But, why not spare me some time? She left before I could forgive her...”

Lin Xinyan went over and hugged him tightly.

She knew her passing had caused him tremendous pain.

He only needed a bit more time. “I hated her for twenty years. I only needed a few days... Why did she have to be so cruel to make me an unfilial son? Why couldn’t she wait till I forgive her and call her ‘mom’ before leaving like this?”

*I spent half of my life in resentment, and now I have to live my remaining life in remorse?*

*How could she treat me this way?*