

# Stealing Your Heart Chapter 947

"I still think you should stay with us," the little girl persisted and refused to let go of Zong Yanxi's arm. She then continued to speak, but in Zong Yanxi's language, "You don't have anywhere to go anyway."

The man frowned seeing his daughter holding the woman's hand.

She has always been like this. Whenever she takes a liking to someone or sees somebody pretty, she will not hesitate to invite that person to our house.

Zong Yanxi was shocked that the girl could speak her language.

The man noticed her expression and explained, "She often goes to your parents' house; your mother taught her the language."

Zong Yanxi nodded in understanding.

"Come on! Let's go!" said the little girl cheerfully.

Zong Yanxi pursed her lips and looked at the man. "Sorry for bothering you, then."

"Not at all. Can you walk? Which leg is injured?"

"The left one."

"Let me see." The man crouched down.

Zong Yanxi instinctively took a step back and almost lost her balance. She felt a bit uncomfortable for the man to check her leg.

"I know a thing or two about this stuff and I just want to see if the injury has reached your bone. I don't mean to do you any harm."

He doesn't seem like a bad person. Maybe I'm overthinking things. With that thought in mind, she slowly lifted her skirt to show her ankle.

The man touched her leg lightly before saying, "Fortunately, your bone is intact. It's just normal swelling. You'll be fine after putting some ice on it."

"Thank you."

"Okay. Let's go then," uttered the little girl.

Zong Yanxi looked at her and decided to tell her father about her behavior. "Your daughter is adorable, but she's not afraid of strangers and that can be dangerous. Don't let her wander around on her own next time. What if she encounters a bad person?"

The man knew his daughter very well. She did have maids following her everywhere she went, but she liked to slip away from them.

"I will keep that in mind," he said as he offered his arm to her, "Let me help you."

Zong Yanxi accepted his gesture as she held his arm. "Thank you. My name is Zong Yanxi, by the way. What's your name?"

"Tawan Thitipoom," the man introduced.

They were quite a distance away from the city. Tawan has chosen to live here because his house was passed down from his ancestors.

Tawan had come from a line of noblemen.

Since he had inherited his title, it was his responsibility to protect the glory of the Thitipoom family as well as the wealth his ancestors had accumulated.

It was rumored that his family was so rich that they could basically buy an entire nation.

As time passed, the city started to develop the area south of the river. The houses that remained on the north shore were mansions preserved by influential families.

They had maintained their properties in good condition so future generations could continue residing here.

But few lived in the area, and the place was very quiet.

Of course, real estate here was very expensive, so not many people could afford to live here.

The trio finally arrived at Tawan's yellow mansion. Judging by the looks, it was obvious that it was well-maintained. Though the design was not modern, the architecture embodied the unique characteristics of previous eras.

The inside of the house gave off an even stronger sense of aristocracy with its tall arched doors, exquisite ornaments made from pure gold, and crimson curtains. Even the windows were kept squeaky clean.

Most wealthy people in Thailand were fond of gold—even their utensils were made of pure gold.