

Stealing Your Heart Chapter 861

At that moment, tears welled up in Zong Qifeng's eyes as he was reluctant to leave his grandchildren behind.

They were undeniably adorable but he had run out of time to watch them grow up.

"Grandpa, it's the Mid-Autumn festival today. Grandma Yu and Grandma have prepared a feast. My teacher says that we should be having mooncakes as a family during this festival. So, do you want to have some?" Zong Yanxi leaned towards Grandpa's ear and asked.

Zong Qifeng inquired, "What flavors are there?"

"Erm... on the box, I see there's salted egg, mixed nuts, ham..."

After rambling on a while, Zong Yanxi finally asked, "So Grandpa, which one would you like?"

Zong Qifeng suddenly recalled that today was Mid-Autumn's festival and it was to be celebrated.

How can one not have mooncakes today?

He chose mixed nuts.

When Lin Xinyan said she would get it, Zong Yanxi stopped her and wanted to fetch it herself. After which, she ambled out and returned with a piece of mooncake. Laying on the bed, she remarked, "This is too big for you to chew. Let me make it smaller."

Zong Yanxi broke the mooncake in half and exposed the fillings inside. There were walnuts, almonds, sesame seeds, melon seeds...

Pinching a small portion, she put it into Grandpa's mouth. She said, "Grandpa, try this..."

Zong Qifeng opened his mouth and took a bite.

"Is it good?" Zong Yanxi inquired gleefully. When she smiled, her eyebrows would be all curled up. Zong Qifeng nodded and replied, "It's delicious."

Zong Yanchen helped him to some water as he was worried Zong Qifeng's throat would be dry from the mooncake.

Zong Qifeng stopped after taking two sips...

His face grew increasingly pale while his eyes had turned so cloudy that they had lost their shine.

Meanwhile, the baby who was just sleeping awoke and was crying incessantly. Failing to coax him back to sleep, Zhuang Zijin handed him to Lin Xinyan. The moment Lin Xinyan took over, the baby stopped crying. However, there were still residual tears in his eyes.

Zong Qifeng waved at the baby as he wanted to take a closer look. However, he realized that he was too weak to speak.

Lin Xinyan sensed Zong Qifeng's intention and handed the baby to him. As the baby opened his big round eyes, he fixated his gaze on Zong Qifeng. However, everyone wasn't sure if he could see it.

Soon, everyone else came in and surrounded Zong Qifeng to bid him farewell for the last time.

Gazing into the baby's eyes, Zong Qifeng let out a faint smile before his eyelids gradually shut.

"Grandpa!" Zong Yanxi hugged Zong Qifeng tightly. "Grandpa, don't sleep. Talk to me a while longer..."

Zong Yanchen's tears started to roll down his cheeks. He understood better than his sister that Grandpa may have left them for good. He won't be able to talk to them, send them to school, teach them homework...

"Grandpa..."

When Dr. Jiang heard the commotion in the house, he came in to check on Zong Qifeng. After taking his pulse, he raised his head to look at the time before shaking his head at Zong Jinghao.

It was obvious from his movements that Zong Qifeng had passed on.

Putting his hands behind his back, Zong Jinghao nodded at Dr. Jiang to acknowledge him.

“The time is about twelve-fifteen.” The festival was just over.

Dr. Jiang sighed. “My condolences.”

Clenching his fists behind his back, Zong Jinghao forcefully suppressed his emotions. “Peichuan, please see Dr. Jiang out on my behalf.”

As Shen Peichuan approached, Dr. Jiang replied, “There’s no need, I’ll walk myself out. You are needed here.”

The funeral arrangements likely needed more help.

“In that case, I’ll walk you to the door,” Shen Peichuan suggested.

Dr. Jiang nodded.

When Zong Yanxi couldn’t wake Grandpa, she looked at Lin Xinyan. “Mommy, why isn’t Grandpa talking to me? When will he wake up?”

“Grandpa won’t be waking up anymore.” Zong Yanchen choked.

“You’re lying!” Zong Yanxi screamed in disbelief but her eyes were already red and tears were welling up in them. “Yanchen, you’re a bad boy. How can you say that Grandpa won’t wake up?”

Just as she spoke, tears began to stream down.

Lin Xinyan passed the baby to Zhuang Zijin who wiped off her tears before taking over.

After that, Lin Xinyan helped her daughter to wipe hers.

Zong Yanxi threw herself at Lin Xinyan and buried her head in her chest. "Mommy, has Grandpa really left us?"

Lin Xinyan's nose was burning so much that she could barely reply.

After getting a hold of herself, she told her daughter, "Grandpa is going to another place..."

The house was filled with sadness.

Soft sniffles were heard throughout as farewells were always sad.

It was a fact no one could change.

Wiping off her tears, Lin Xinyan gestured at Sang Yu. "Please take the kids to their room."

Despite the sadness, someone had to take charge.

Sang Yu approached them with her lips pursed and she carried Zong Yanxi. However, Zong Yanxi hung on to the blanket and wasn't willing to go with her. "I don't want to leave Grandpa, *boohoo*..."

She bawled in sadness.

As for Zong Yanchen, he was also holding to the blanket while whimpering. "I don't want to leave. I want to stay with Grandpa. I won't be able to see him again, ever."

Lin Xinyan who was trying her best to hold back her tears couldn't help it anymore as they began to streak down her cheeks.

Watching the two children cry was too heartbreaking for her.

Meanwhile, Cheng Yuwen almost collapsed by the bed but Lin Xinyan quickly supported him. "Uncle."

Shen Peichuan had returned after walking Dr. Jiang out. When he saw Lin Xinyan struggling to support Cheng Yuwen, he rushed over to help her.

"Take him to his room to rest." Lin Xinyan instructed softly.

Shen Peichuan nodded. Noticing Zong Jinghao wasn't around, he asked softly, "Where's Jinghao?"

Only then did Lin Xinyan realize he wasn't in the room.

"Why don't you go look for him. He must be feeling depressed," Shen Peichuan suggested.

Lin Xinyan nodded in acknowledgment. After helping Cheng Yuwen back to his room, she requested, "Help me watch over him."

Cheng Yuwen was already old, hence she was worried about how he was going to handle the grief.

Shen Peichuan reassured her that he will manage and that she should look for Zong Jinghao.

After Lin Xinyan left the room, she saw that the study room's light was on. Hence, she headed over.

At the door, she gently pushed it open.



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After she opened the door, she saw a figure sitting by the desk.

There was only a dim white light in the room while the still air reinforced the somber atmosphere. Within the spacious room, lay a massive desk.

On it, there was a brush and some paper. Zong Qifeng loved to write calligraphy.

However, the man who used to be holding the brush and bent over writing was gone.

As Lin Xinyan walked up, the ink within the inkstone itself had dried out but she could still catch a whiff of its fragrance. When she looked at the figure sitting at the desk, she hesitated as she didn't know what to say. She simply walked up to him and gave him a hug.

After some time, a raspy voice broke the silence. "When day breaks, others will be here. You have to regain your composure as soon as possible."

Zong Jinghao scanned around the room. To him, everything looked familiar and surreal at the same time. He continued, "Yan, I've lost another family member."

His mother was gone, and now, so was his father.

Lin Xinyan felt her nose burn as she curled her arms around him. In a choking voice, she reassured him, "You still have me and the kids. We will always be by your side."

Zong Jinghao squeezed her tightly in his arms and buried his face in her chest, trembling.

Unable to find the words to console him, Lin Xinyan stayed by his side quietly.

After a long while, dawn started to break and Zong Jinghao let go of her.

As Lin Xinyan looked at his calm face, she knew that he had hidden his sadness away. Now wasn't the time to show it.

Since Zong Qifeng had died, they wanted to ensure his soul could rest in peace. Hence, the funeral arrangements now took precedence.

Knock! Knock!

Someone suddenly knocked on the study room door.

Zong Jinghao answered, "Come in."

Aunt Yu pushed open the door and reported, "There's someone here and is crying in the room."

Aunt Yu had seen the person before, it was one of their relatives.

"I understand." Zong Jinghao stood up. Remembering that the kids hardly slept, he got Lin Xinyan to check on them while he went to the room.

Approaching the room, he heard someone crying inside. Despite how loud it sounded, it felt insincere as Zong Jinghao couldn't detect the sadness from within.

As he entered, he saw a man in a Chinese tunic suit leaning by the bed, crying.

Although Zong Jinghao rarely saw the man, he could still recognize him as Zong Qifeng's cousin. In other words, his uncle.

Due to some issues with his health, he mostly kept to himself.

The man was thin and had his thick black hair slicked to the back, exposing the interlacing strands of white hair. Despite his pale skin and pigmentation due to old age, he looked relatively energetic.

However, it was a surprise to see him arrive in such a short time.

"Jinghao, why didn't you tell me your father wasn't feeling well? I didn't even get to say goodbye. Is this how you do your duty as a son?" He questioned Zong Jinghao from the get-go.

For someone that he rarely saw, Zong Jinghao was curious to see him appear the moment Zong Qifeng passed on.

What does he want?

Squinting his eyes, Zong Jinghao calmly remarked, "It's a surprise to see you here today."

"I..." Zong Yungan was speechless.

All the while, he didn't like visiting despite the fact they were relatives.

"I'm also a member of the Zong family, not some stranger. Now that your dad has passed away, am I not supposed to be here?" he retorted.

Zong Jinghao looked at him in silence. Regardless of whether his intentions were sincere, he knew he shouldn't argue out of respect for his dead father. After all, he wanted his father to leave in peace.

"I know of a funeral parlor that's pretty good..."

"I have already made the arrangements." Zong Jinghao cut him off abruptly.

Zong Yungan looked awkward as he felt that Zong Jinghao was being rude. Zong Jinghao didn't even pretend to be cordial.

In truth, Zong Jinghao didn't intend to get into a conflict with him, after all, they were relatives. It would have been easy enough to just be cordial and get over with it. However, for someone that didn't keep in contact to suddenly appear warm and friendly, one couldn't blame Zong Jinghao for being suspicious of his motives.

If he had come during the day, it would have been less conspicuous. But, he seemed to have got wind of it extremely quickly and pretended to be devastated.

As the saying goes, when something out of the ordinary happens, something else must be amiss.

Zong Yungan snorted before straightening his sleeves and storming out.

Zong Jinghao ignored him as he glanced toward the bed. Jolted for a moment, he quickly recovered his composure and hid away all his emotions.

Whipping out his phone, he made a quick call before walking slowly to the bed.

When Lin Xinyan checked on the kids upstairs, she saw Zhuang Zijin watching them. The youngest was awake but wasn't crying nor causing any trouble. As for the two older children, Zhuang Zijin said they had just fallen asleep out of exhaustion from crying. However, they couldn't sleep well and would still wake up occasionally asking to see Grandpa.

After checking on the children and making sure they were asleep, Lin Xinyan wanted to see who it was that came. When she pushed the door open, she saw Zong Jinghao sitting on a chair by the bed.

She then gently closed the door as she knew it was the last time they would get to see each other.

By now, the sun was up and they were expecting more people to arrive. As she was cognizant they didn't have much time left, she decided not to disturb.

At about nine, a group of men arrived to collect Zong Qifeng's body. Both Zong Jinghao and Shen Peichuan followed them while Lin Xinyan stayed at home.

Once the news was out, guests began to arrive. Lin Xinyan had to stay home to receive them.

Meanwhile, Zong Jinghao had made all the arrangements for the funeral. The funeral parlor would send men to handle the funeral rites. Hence, all she needed to do was to entertain the visitors.

As today wasn't the final day of the funeral, there weren't too many guests who came.

"Why is the home so quiet?" A lady who was wearing a black dress entered.

Lin Xinyan didn't know who she was but guessed that she must have a close relationship with the family for her to be there today. However, the tone of her voice made Lin Xinyan uncomfortable.

What do you mean quiet?

Are we supposed to organize a celebration instead of a funeral?

She asked calmly, "And you are?"

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The lady raised her eyebrow slightly as if she were displeased with Lin Xinyan's attitude towards her.

"Based on seniority, you should be addressing me as Aunt."

For the life of her, Lin Xinyan couldn't recall if she had seen the woman before. Based on her understanding, the Zong family didn't have many relatives. *I'm not sure if there's even such a person?*

The woman invited herself in and ordered, "Get me a drink."

"Mrs. Zong." Aunt Yu pulled Lin Xinyan aside and whispered in her ear. "This may be the female companion of elder Mr. Zong's cousin who is withdrawn and doesn't like to socialize."

Lin Xinyan furrowed her eyebrows slightly and wondered why hadn't she heard of them before.

Aunt Yu wasn't sure too and only heard rumors. "Likely due to his health, they seldom keep in contact. During your wedding, they didn't attend either. However, now that something like that has happened, they sure have arrived unexpectedly early."

Even Aunt Yu was cognizant of how early they came. Zong Qifeng only had a cousin left from his generation who was also a shareholder of Wanyue Group.

Lin Xinyan signaled that she understood. It was now clear to her that the irritating lady was a relative and hence she had to treat her with respect.

She poured a glass of water and placed it on the table.

Despite showing respect by wearing a black dress, the lady's hands and ears were decked out in expensive jewelry. The plain-colored dress simply accentuated the sparkle of all the diamonds she had on her. She also put on heavy makeup and it was obvious she put great effort into it. Even while sitting, she crossed her legs and behaved brazenly, showing no respect at all.

Furthermore, she didn't look that old, Lin Xinyan surmised that she was still below thirty.

"Since you want me to address you as Aunt based on seniority, I will then do so..."

"Go ahead."

Before Lin Xinyan could finish, she was interrupted abruptly by the lady, who sat there with a haughty expression.

"Aunt, where are your manners? Don't you know that it's rude to interrupt when someone is speaking?" Lin Xinyan hit out at her as she could no longer tolerate her impudent behavior. She was already in a foul mood as Zong Qifeng died, and yet, this lady was showing them great disrespect.

"You said that you are my aunt, that means you are very close to us. My father passed away today and everyone in the family is in mourning. And yet, you put on bright red lipstick and thick makeup. Don't you even know how to show the deceased some respect?" Lin Xinyan kept her tone firm but calm as she didn't want to quarrel with anyone during such a time.

However, the lady's actions were simply insufferable.

"If you're not sincere, I would advise you to leave. Perhaps you should learn more about funeral etiquette."

"You..." The lady was enraged but couldn't think of anything to rebut Lin Xinyan. After pausing a while, she retorted, "Is that how you speak to your elders?"

"Of course we have to respect our elders. But since you don't even understand what respect is, how do you expect others to respect you?"

With her face red with anger, she fumed, "Just you wait."

Just as she spoke, she stood up and stormed off.

"Mrs. Zong..." Aunt Yu was worried about Lin Xinyan and approached to support her. However, Lin Xinyan shook her head to show that she was fine.

As the woman left hastily, she bumped into someone entering. She berated, "Watch where you're going!"

Qin Ya was feeling anxious ever since she received Shen Peichuan's call last night. Hence, she and Su Zhan rushed over first thing in the morning.

She had walked so quickly that she didn't expect someone to be coming out all of a sudden, causing them to bump into each other.

"Sorry..." Qin Ya apologized.

"Uncivilized fool," the woman snorted as she left.

Qin Ya was stunned as she didn't expect to encounter such a rude person. Furthermore, it was in a home that had just lost someone. To be cursing under such circumstances was utterly disrespectful.

Who is the one that's uncivilized?

"You're finally here." Lin Xinyan greeted them with a raspy voice.

Qin Ya rushed over to hug her. "How are you holding up? Su Zhan and I came right over after receiving Shen Peichuan's call..."

Before she could finish, Qin Ya began to choke in tears. She had stayed in the villa before and had spent time with Zong Qifeng. Now that he was gone, she knew she was going to miss him.

Lin Xinyan's emotions were triggered again by Qin Ya's response.

With tears welling up in her eyes, she ushered Qin Ya and Su Zhan to take a seat.

However, Su Zhan didn't sit and went out instead. He had called Shen Peichuan earlier who was together with Zong Jinghao. He planned to join them but Shen Peichuan told him to head to the house first as Lin Xinyan was there alone. He was worried that she couldn't cope by herself.

When Su Zhan saw there wasn't much going on, he left to join the others.

At night, Zong Jinghao and the others returned. As the children were being taken care of by Aunt Yu and Zhuang Zijin, they had prepared some food on the table.

Meanwhile, the study room's light was on and the few of them were inside.

"They said the day after tomorrow is an auspicious day for the burial." They were discussing the funeral rites and likely wouldn't take long.

Lin Xinyan asked softly, "Would it be too rush for the funeral to be held the day after tomorrow?"

Shen Peichuan replied, "The funeral parlor will arrange it and the funeral will be held in their hall."

Lin Xinyan nodded. The one who was speaking the most was Shen Peichuan while Zong Jinghao didn't say a word ever since he returned. All he did was sit by the window.

"All of you must be tired after running around for the whole day. Why don't you get something to eat?" Lin Xinyan turned her attention to Qin Ya and Sang Yu, "Both of you should grab a bite."

They were here for the whole day and hardly had anything to eat. Furthermore, it was getting late.

"In that case, let's go outside." Shen Peichuan stood up.

Su Zhan pulled Qin Ya along as they walked out. Very quickly, the study room's door closed behind them.

Lin Xinyan walked over to sit beside Zong Jinghao.

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“There was a woman who came to today and asked me to address her as Aunt. Is she related to us?” Lin Xinyan mentioned the incident today on purpose.

She knew how depressed Zong Jinghao was and wanted to talk about something else to distract him.

Zong Jinghao looked up, “What woman?”

“She said that she’s our Aunt,” Lin Xinyan explained.

Zong Jinghao understood immediately. That woman was likely Zong Yungan’s partner.

He explained to Lin Xinyan, “We don’t have many relatives. Dad had a brother, but he had passed on early. Within my generation, there’s only me. As for Zong Yungan, we have to go further back. Grandpa also had a brother. He was the elder of the two. His brother who wasn’t good in business started two companies and failed. Realizing that he didn’t have the talent for it, he stopped. However, he does own some of Wanyue’s shares. Anyway, he has a son which is of the same generation as Dad. But, we don’t really keep in touch.”

“Since they like to keep to themselves and rarely keep in contact, how did they hear about dad’s passing that quickly?” Lin Xinyan was curious.

Zong Jinghao’s eyes darkened in response. When Zong Qifeng was alive, Zong Yungan was put in his place. Now that Zong Qifeng was gone, Zong Yungan suddenly emerged from the shadows. It was obvious that something was amiss.

Lin Xinyan reached out to hold his hand. “No matter what he’s planning, we can discuss it later.”

The priority now was to ensure Zong Qifeng’s funeral was completed properly. She asked softly, “Are you planning to bury him with Mom?”

Ever since Cheng Yuxiu passed on, Zong Qifeng was devastated and constantly mentioned that he regretted not confessing his feelings to her. He had wanted them to be a couple for life. From Lin Xinyan's perspective, although they didn't manage to tell each other how they felt, their love for each other was real. After living under the same roof and interacting with each other on a daily basis, it was natural for them to develop feelings for each other.

To have shared a bed in life and to be buried together in death would have been a perfect ending for them.

Zong Jinghao nodded while Lin Xinyan felt that it was for the best.

Suddenly, Zong Yanxi barged into the room and threw herself into Lin Xinyan's arms. Lin Xinyan picked up her daughter and sat her on her lap. As she patted Zong Yanxi's back gently, she asked, "Are you hungry?"

Zong Yanxi nodded as she buried herself in Lin Xinyan's chest. "Mommy, I miss Grandpa."

Lin Xinyan hugged her daughter tight and kissed her on her forehead.

"Give her to me." Zong Jinghao reached out his hand.

The moment Lin Xinyan lifted her daughter up towards Zong Jinghao, she noticed that Zong Yanxi had grown a lot as she could barely carry her now.

"Daddy." Zong Yanxi's eyes were mildly swollen from crying. Furthermore, she hardly slept the night before.

Lin Xinyan stood up and tore herself away from the moment of comfort. There were still guests in their home and it would be rude of them to stay in the room while ignoring their guests.

As Lin Xinyan headed downstairs, she saw Aunt Yu clearing the table. When she asked softly if the others had eaten, Aunt Yu replied that they only had a little and it was mostly soup.

Lin Xinyan nodded before walking to the living hall. There, she saw Sang Yu. "Sang Yu, have you had dinner?"

Sang Yu replied to say that she did.

“Don’t forget you’re still pregnant, so don’t tire yourself out. You should go on home with Peichuan as that there’s nothing much left to do.” Lin Xinyan was worried that Sang Yu was exhausted and couldn’t get a good rest there.

Shen Peichuan replied, “In that case, I’ll send Sang Yu home first.”

After that, he would return as he knew Zong Jinghao needed his friends by his side.

Despite the funeral parlor taking care of most matters, there were still a lot of outstanding matters to be dealt with. Given that there was no other relative capable of helping, Shen Peichuan knew he couldn’t leave Zong Jinghao to handle them alone.

Lin Xinyan nodded. Meanwhile, she arranged for a guest room to be prepared for Su Zhan and Qin Ya to rest. However, Su Zhan didn’t sleep while Shen Peichuan sent Sang Yu home before returning.

After that, the three of them went out but Lin Xinyan didn’t ask where. With both of them staying by Zong Jinghao’s side, Lin Xinyan felt very much at ease.

At night, she watched over the children alone so that Aunt Yu and Zhuang Zijin could rest. Aunt Yu volunteered, “You won’t be able to handle all of them alone. Let me take care of the youngest. The other two are already old enough to be sensible.”

As for Zhuang Zijin, she was downstairs looking after Cheng Yuwen. Zong Qifeng’s death was a devastating blow to him

Qin Ya was also in her room but she couldn’t sleep. Hence, she accompanied Lin Xinyan and helped her looked after the kids.

As it got late, everyone started feeling tired and went to sleep, respectively.

Lin Xinyan was awoken by a dream after falling asleep for a short while. As she hardly ate anything the whole day, she felt extremely thirsty. She got up and tucked in the children together with Qin Ya. After getting some water and preparing to return to bed, she realized there was a dim light outside. Taking a peek out the window, she saw a car with its headlights on. There seemed to be someone inside but they didn’t alight.

Shen Peichuan was sitting in the front passenger seat while Su Zhan sat in the driver's seat. As for Zong Jinghao, he was sitting at the back by the window. Today they had resolved most of what they needed to do. The coffin, cremation urns, etc. have all been chosen.

There were just items to comfort the living. As for the dead, they wouldn't care about the quality of the items they were going to use.

Meanwhile, Shen Peichuan was fiddling with the cigarette in his mouth. He alone was smoking to keep himself awake. As Sang Yu was already pregnant, he wondered if he should quit smoking for good.

When Zong Jinghao asked him for one, Shen Peichuan looked at him with hesitation. In the end, he still offered Zong Jinghao one from his cigarette box.

Furthermore, he even leaned in to help him light it.

Zong Jinghao had never smoked before. All he wanted was something to help him calm down.

As he wasn't used to the cigarette smoke, he couldn't help but furrow his eyebrows slightly.

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It was finally the day of the funeral. The sky was filled with dark clouds and it was gloomy all over.

The men who attended the funeral were all dressed in black suits. The ladies that accompanied their husbands were either in black dresses or pantsuits. However, all of them only had light makeup on.

Today, there were a lot more people. In fact, the crowd was at least double the size of Cheng Yuxiu's funeral.

There were so many flower wreaths that they spilled onto the road. Lin Xinyan and Zong Jinghao were dressed in all black and standing at the hall entrance, greeting the guests who came to pay their respects.

"Please accept our sincerest condolences." Li Jing and Wen Qing arrived together and entered the hall. When they saw Lin Xinyan looking pale, they pulled her aside and reminded, "Both of you have to take care of yourselves too."

Lin Xinyan replied, "We will."

She didn't have makeup on while her hair was tied into a simple bun. The only accessory she wore was a white flower above her left ear. Together, she and Zong Jinghao bowed towards them in respect. Li Jing sighed softly and followed Wen Qing in. Inside, they were greeted by a massive hall that was grand yet solemn.

They walked towards the center of the hall and paid their respects.

With the smell of incense in the background, Wen Qing looked at the black and white picture in front of the coffin. Suddenly, he felt a rush of emotions as he recalled the day Zong Qifeng and his sister were married. Zong Qifeng was dressed in a sharp black suit and stood in the

front of the wedding hall. He looked tall, dashing, and reserved. Beside his sister, both of them looked amazing together. It was unfortunate that fate had other plans.

In a blink of an eye, time flew by.

Now, the thing he regretted the most was getting his sister to marry Zong Qifeng. He had destroyed both their lives and almost did the same to the next generation.

Staring at the picture, he said solemnly in his heart. "Qifeng, I'm sorry for everything. Now that you're gone, I shouldn't be too far behind. When we see each other again, I will repent for all the mistakes that I have committed."

After knowing the truth, his health was never the same again. All he could do was rely on Li Jing's attentive care.

"Alright, let's go," Li Jing reminded Wen Qing softly as a long queue formed behind them.

Wen Qing nodded. After bowing and offering some incense, he whispered, "Please rest in peace."

"The dead are well worth remembered by the living." Mr. Tang arrived with Li Qirui.

Li Qirui who was usually dressed flamboyantly was in a black suit today, which was a rare sight indeed.

Both of them offered their condolences to the couple.

When noon arrived, Zong Yungan came to pay his respects. Beside him was the lady Lin Xinyan addressed as Aunt. As it was crowded today, they didn't dare to do anything brazen and kept a low profile.

Finally, at two, the memorial service ended. Lin Xinyan and Zong Jinghao had been greeting the guests since the morning. Qin Ya quickly came by with two glasses of water as she knew that they hadn't had a drop to drink, let alone eat.

At 3.10 p.m., Zong Qifeng was to be buried.

All the black cars lined up as if they were a black snake. Heading out of the city, they drove slowly towards the outskirts.

When they arrived at the cemetery, everyone stopped their cars by the side.

Those that were going to accompany the deceased on the last leg of the journey got out of their cars one by one.

Zong Jinghao took the lead while holding Zong Qifeng's photo in his hand. The two children stood beside him, one on each side. Lin Xinyan's position was beside her daughter. The rest of them followed behind as the group walked slowly to the cemetery.

Along the way, a gentle breeze blew past, causing the pine and cypress trees to rustle. The air was filled with a faint fragrance of chrysanthemum flowers, accentuating the solemn atmosphere.

When they arrived at the burial ground after walking along a cobblestone path, the tombstone had been changed. Now, there were two small pictures on it with two names inscribed beside them. On the left in black it was written: *Zong Qifeng's grave*, while on the right, the words were inscribed in red: *Wife, Cheng Yuxiu*.

At that moment, the gloomy sky began to drizzle.

They recalled that it also rained during Cheng Yuxiu's funeral. The rain then was significantly heavier.

Zong Jinghao's expression was solemn. After leaning forward to place the deceased's picture in front of the tombstone, he bowed toward it. The next moment, everyone bowed three times to show their respect.

"Yanchen, Yanxi, bow towards Grandpa and Grandma." Lin Xinyan instructed the children softly.

Both the kids stepped forward as they whimpered softly. After wiping off their tears, they knelt in front of the grave.

"Grandpa, when you see Grandma, please send our regards to her. Tell her that we miss her and we also miss you too," After he spoke, Zong Yanchen bowed his head to the ground.

"Daddy, Grandpa and Grandma are no longer with us." Zong Yanxi hugged his leg as she sobbed softly.

Zong Jinghao knelt down and helped her wipe off her tears. He hugged her first before pulling his son into his embrace. In a raspy voice, he consoled them, "Don't cry, Grandpa and Grandma will worry when they see you like that."

As the kids were still filled with tears, they quickly wiped them off after hearing Zong Jinghao's words. They didn't want Grandpa and Grandma to worry.

As it was a cloudy day, the sky was already dark before five.

Once the burial was complete, the funeral came to an end.

As the other guests gradually went home, only Zong Jinghao, Lin Xinyan, and their two children were left.

They continued to bow towards the tomb under the light drizzle. That was their final goodbye.

Suddenly, Shen Peichuan who was waiting outside the cemetery ran over. After glancing at Lin Xinyan, he whispered in Zong Jinghao's ear, "The baby is gone."

Zong Jinghao looked up with fury in his eyes, "What happened?"

According to tradition, pregnant ladies and children who were less than a month old were forbidden from attending the funeral. Babies' eyes were believed to be pure. Unlike adults, they might see things that others couldn't. In the event they saw Zong Qifeng, he might be reluctant to leave.

As for pregnant ladies, it would be bad luck for them to attend a funeral. Hence, Sang Yu stayed at home to care for the baby.

After she went downstairs to get some water, the baby was gone.