

Stealing Your Heart Chapter 796

She stared at him, noticing the worry in his eyes.

“Sang Yu... we might have forgotten something...”

“Huh?” Sang Yu asked, confused. “What did we forget?”

Shen Peichuan pursed his lips together. “W-What if you got pregnant?” he asked after a long while of hesitating.

Oh... so that's what he's worried about...

She glanced around and found no trace of condoms or any kind of protection.

Shen Peichuan had taken the time to buy some beforehand, but it had slipped both their minds to use them during their many intimate encounters.

Sang Yu, however, did not have any qualms about getting pregnant.

“Don't you love kids?” Sang Yu asked, soothing his nerves. “We can have a child of our own if I got pregnant!”

Shen Peichuan shook his head. “I do love kids, but you haven't even graduated yet!”

“No worries. I'm already of age and married. I have a capable hubby who can support a family. What's there to worry about?” Sang Yu said.

She walked into the room to pick an outfit for herself. Out of convenience, she decided to put on the only dress that she owned.

It was nothing glamorous, but it was the most comfortable thing she could find.

Shen Peichuan walked over. "I'll wait outside."

Sang Yu nodded.

When she was ready, the two of them walked out of the front door together.

Shen Peichuan was in no way a romantic person. He would ask Sang Yu where she wanted to have dinner, and he would bring her there, no matter how far it was.

Special occasions meant nothing to him, but Sang Yu did not mind.

That's the man I love!

After dinner, they walked back home together.

The temperature had dropped considerably ever since the sun set, and they savored the cool wind that blew through the street.

Sang Yu held on to his arm and skipped around, touching every shadow she could see with her toes like a young child. The street was teeming with people shopping, selling their goods, or just walking around.

There was a florist's cart by the side of the road that sold bouquets wrapped in simple construction paper. The cart itself was easy to miss, but the colorful flowers that adorned it made it eye-catching.

Sang Yu pulled Shen Peichuan over and pointed at a bouquet of baby's breaths and asked the florist, "How much is this?"

The florist smiled. "Twenty-five."

“Fifteen,” Sang Yu bargained.

The florist glanced at Shen Peichuan and grinned. “Miss, I’m sure your companion here won’t mind spending a little for some flowers. I’ll be making a loss if I sold you those flowers for fifteen!”

“Fine then,” Sang Yu huffed. “Let’s go, Peichuan.”

“Hey!” the florist called, panicking. “Sir, why don’t you just buy these flowers for your girlfriend? Surely twenty-five isn’t too high of a price for you, is it?”

“Sure,” Shen Peichuan said, taking out his wallet. Sang Yu seemed to like the flowers, and twenty-five would barely make a dent in his wallet.

However, just as he was taking out the money to pay the florist, Sang Yu yanked his wallet out of his hand. “His money is mine, and I don’t think you’ll be making a loss even if you sold it for fifteen. I’ll buy it if you’re willing to give me the discount.”

The florist chuckled. “You’re pretty good at bargaining, eh? Alright then, fifteen it is!”

After that, the florist took out the bouquet of baby’s breaths from the cart and handed it to Sang Yu.

She took the bouquet with a smile. “Thank you!”

She had wanted to ask him why he still sold her the bouquet despite knowing that he would incur a loss, but she swallowed her words at the last second. Making a living off selling flowers was not easy, but Shen Peichuan’s money was not something to be thrown out like confetti either.

She returned Shen Peichuan’s wallet to him, and he glanced at her before handing over the money to the florist.

They continued with their walk home afterward with Sang Yu holding on to her bouquet of baby's breaths tightly. When they got out of the florist's earshot, Sang Yu turned to Shen Peichuan and chided, "You can't just spend like you've got unlimited funds in your bank! You worked hard for every coin and note you have!"

Shen Peichuan's salary would never compare to that of Su Zhan's or Zong Jinghao's, so he was the poorest out of the three.

"It wasn't much..." Shen Peichuan protested.

"Why pay twenty-five for something you could get for fifteen?" Sang Yu asked, shooting a look of disapproval at him.

Shen Peichuan looked at her calmly. "You liked it, so I'd buy it for you no matter how much it costs."

Sang Yu grinned. *That's the correct answer!*

He did not care about the cost so long as she liked it.

"By the way, do you want to go and see Xinyan's baby tomorrow?" she asked before realizing that he had work the next day. "Wait... what time do you have to go back tomorrow?"

"In the afternoon," he replied.

That's not enough time...

"I guess we'll go when you're free," she said.

"Alright," Shen Peichuan said. "You should relax more. Just tell me when you run out of money."

"I'll think about it," Sang Yu said.

No way I'm leeching off you!

When they got home, Sang Yu found herself a vase to put the baby's breaths in. She had bought the vase for a rather cheap price, but its crystalline exterior had been what caught her eye. Filling its bottom hemisphere with water, she placed the baby's breaths into the vase carefully.

After that, she put the vase next to the TV, adding some vibrancy to the bland-looking cupboard.

She gently touched the petals of the flower with a tender smile on her face.

Shen Peichuan walked over and looked at the flowers. "Do you really like them so much?"

"It's not that I like them," Sang Yu said. "I just like looking at pretty things like..."

She trailed off and stared at him intently.

Shen Peichuan missed her hint completely. "Like what?"

Sang Yu tiptoed and wrapped her arms around his neck. "Like you!"

Shen Peichuan trained his eyes on her. "I like you too, Sang Yu."

"I know...you wouldn't have married me if you didn't-ah!"

Before Sang Yu could finish her sentence, Shen Peichuan swept her off her feet and carried her bridal style.

"Hey! What are you doing?" she yelped.

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Shen Peichuan leaned over and kissed her on the forehead. "I love you."

Sang Yu blinked. "I know."

"I wouldn't have married you if I didn't love you," he repeated.

Sang Yu understood what he meant when she felt a certain part of his body poking into her back.

She frowned. "Aren't you tired?"

It's been a whole day!

I can't do this anymore!

"Um..." Sang Yu stammered, trying to come up with an excuse for herself.

"I'm leaving tomorrow," he reminded her. He had been doing a great job at keeping his libido in check until that morning. Things went downhill immediately after that.

"It's been a while since I last came, and it'll be a while before I can see you again. Can you humor me for once?" he pleaded.

Sang Yu sighed and gave in to his pleas. "Can you be gentle?" she asked, burying her beet-red face in his chest. "My waist hurts..."

Shen Peichuan took one look at her cheeks and kissed her on her lips. "Understood."

...

However, he did not keep his promise, though he did not mean to break it.

Sang Yu had underestimated the sheer power of his libido.

She had thought that Shen Peichuan would be able to control himself, but she was wrong.

The more they restrain themselves, the scarier they are when they let themselves go!

When she woke up again, it was already afternoon.

She flipped over to find no one next to her, and even the sheets were stone cold. Noticing the note on the bedside table, she reached over to grab it.

The handwriting looked strong and impactful. It read, *I have some urgent matters to attend to at work, so I had to leave early. You can call the restaurant downstairs at 135***** when you're hungry, so there's no need for you to cook.*

The last line on the note was crossed out messily.

Sang Yu squinted, trying to figure out what the crossed-out words were, to no avail.

Shen Peichuan had written the note when Sang Yu was still asleep when he found out that he had to leave ahead of time because of his duties. The line on the bottom was supposed to read 'I'll miss you', but he crossed it out in the end, fearing that it was too random.

Sang Yu felt a little disappointed. *He should have been beside me when I woke up...*

After all, she needed someone to help her ease into womanhood.

She pinched the piece of paper so tightly that her fingers turned white. *Did he mess up? How careless of him!*

She thought about throwing the note away but ended up putting it down after reading it again. After that, she flopped onto the bed again and stared into space for a long time.

She attended classes as usual for the next few days, waiting for Shen Peichuan to contact her. To her disappointment, he never did.

On Thursday night, Sang Yu found herself tossing and turning again, unable to stop thinking about Shen Peichuan.

Did he forget about me? He could have sent me a text or something...

What made him so busy that he doesn't even have the time to text me?

The thought of that made Sang Yu see red. She sat up all of a sudden and stared sorrowfully at the empty space around her.

Ding!

Her phone screen lit up with a text notification, and she grabbed it immediately. She was overjoyed to find that it was a text from Shen Peichuan.

She tapped on the notification with trembling fingers, and it read, *Are you asleep?*

Sang Yu fell silent.

That's all? That's all you have to say after so long?

Don't you miss me?

She tossed her phone onto the bedside table again and buried herself in her sheets. *Whatever! You don't even care about me!*

Even so, a part of her craved for that tiny bit of attention.

After a while, she emerged from the sheets and picked up her phone. *Not yet*, she replied, feeling rather petty.

Small talk? Too easy!

Shen Peichuan had spent the past few days working nonstop, and only on Thursday night did he finally get a much-needed breather. He had wanted to contact Sang Yu sooner, but every time he picked up his phone, he would look at the time and hesitate.

Her reply came as a massive surprise to him, and it swept his fatigue away immediately. *I missed you so much*, he typed.

He had missed her dearly, and he wanted nothing more but to pull her into his embrace once again.

Sang Yu stared at his reply for ages before jumping out of bed with an ecstatic yelp. *He still remembers me! He might have just been busy...*

He said that he misses me!

Sang Yu held on to her phone happily. *I should tell him just how much I missed him!*

She was about to send a similar reply back, but her finger froze in mid-air just before she was about to hit the 'send' button. After a few seconds of hesitation,

she quickly deleted her message and replaced it with a poem she read not too long ago.

She could feel her face heating up just by looking at the words she had just typed, but she steeled herself and pressed the 'send' button.

At the other side, Shen Peichuan grabbed his phone immediately upon hearing the notification chime.

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He had thought that Sang Yu would send him something like 'I miss you too!', but he was pleasantly surprised to receive a poem instead.

On this beautiful spring day, I shall bask in fine wine and song. All I have is three wishes: your health, my vitality, and your return to where we belong.

He turned to Google to check the meaning of the poem, though he could roughly guess what it was just by looking at it.

The more he read about it, the bigger his smile got.

Thanks for the poem, he replied.

Meanwhile, Sang Yu had buried herself in the sheets once again after sending the message. *Ugh, I'm so embarrassed! He's going to think that I'm trying too hard!*

She almost jumped out of bed when she heard the sound of another notification, though she hesitated before picking her phone up. *What if he thinks that I'm too sappy?*

She picked up her phone to look at the message, and her shy smile melted away immediately.

'Thanks for the poem'?

What the hell is that supposed to mean?

Do you understand what I just sent you? she typed.

Shen Peichuan thought she was just checking if he understood the meaning of the poem, and he chuckled out of amusement. *I know! You're giving your blessings to our relationship,* he replied.

Sang Yu was speechless.

There's something wrong with him...

All I'm asking is a poem in return! Even if you couldn't write me another poem, at least say something like 'me too'!

You can't just thank me for writing you a poem!

How would I know if you wanted to live the rest of your life with me?

She pursed her lips as she typed, *I'm going to sleep.*

Alright, good night, he replied.

Sang Yu felt like throwing her phone against the wall. *This stupid man! You're practically a different person with your pants off!*

She decided to stop thinking about him and only text him if he took the initiative.

All she needed was a little reciprocation from the man she loved the most, and yet he could not even give her the bare minimum.

I'm not talking to you unless you talk to me first, Shen Peichuan!

Meanwhile, Qin Ya and Su Zhan were enjoying themselves in their new home, free from the constant nagging of Grandma Su. Su Zhan was also assigned to the crying woman's case.

In order to figure out the truth behind the suicide, Su Zhan got in contact with a maid from the Lu family who told him the whole story.

According to the maid, the man had wanted a new wife, and hence he came up with an elaborate plot with his mother to cheat on his wife.

The man's mother had loved the mistress and wanted her grandson to get used to her presence, and hence she came up with various excuses to get the mistress to stay at their house as much as possible.

The boy had been barely two years old when the mistress first arrived. Over a period of two years, the mistress treated the young boy like he was her own child, who distorted his perception of who his real mother was.

To make things worse, his father had taught him to call the mistress 'Mommy', and it became a habit after two years of brainwashing.

When the wife finally found out about their plot, she was devastated to the point of no return.

It was like a giant weight had fallen from the sky and crushed her into pieces.

To top it all off, the Lu family kicked her out of the family by forcing her to divorce her husband. The marriage meant nothing to them, and there was nothing the Lu family could not solve with their extensive wealth and affluence.

The final straw on the camel's back was the fact that the Lu family took custody of her son and forbade her from seeing her son ever again. There was nothing she could do against it.

She hated her ex-husband for it, and she decided that she would pull all the plugs just to see her son again.

She had tried to plead her ex-husband for a chance to see her son, but he adamantly refused no matter how much she tried. In the end, she resorted to humiliating him in front of his colleagues, and that made him give in at last.

However, he only gave her three hours, nothing more, nothing less.

When she finally held her son in her arms and took him back to her own apartment, her emotions were already in a mess. She would smash things and scream her head off, all while her son bawled his eyes out by the side.

Her child's cries would drag her back to reality, and she would hold him and try to comfort him despite feeling dead inside.

At one point in time, she figured that there was still hope as long as her child was by her side.

However, her fantasies were crushed the moment the mistress arrived to take her son away. When she heard her son call the mistress 'Mommy', something snapped within her.

She almost died giving birth to her beloved child, and yet her jerk of an ex-husband had taught him to call another woman 'Mommy'.

Desperate to turn things around, she tried to snatch her child away from the mistress's arms, only to scare the child yet again.

That made her lose control, and with one final yank, she grabbed her child and leaped off the balcony, killing herself and her son instantly.

Shortly after, her mother ran into the law firm, screaming and crying for justice to be served.

It sounded like a mere horror story, but more often than not, the reality was more frightening than one could ever imagine.

In fact, it sent shivers down Qin Ya's spine. She could understand the despair that the woman felt, but the fact that she was cruel enough to include her child in her death wish puzzled Qin Ya.

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Qin Ya refused to believe that someone would take their child along in their suicide attempt.

Meanwhile, Su Zhan's office was swarmed by the other lawyers in the firm the moment he announced that he was taking over the case.

"Mr. Su, there's no way we can win this!"

"That's right! The best we could do is get the Lu family to compensate for the losses. Besides, the death of the boy would make this even more complicated. We can't get carried away by our fantasies! We have to deal with the reality!"

"What reality?" Su Zhan asked.

"There are things that we have to acknowledge, Mr. Su," Mr. Chen said. "Not everything will turn out fair and square, especially marriages. Is cheating on one's spouse is considered a crime or not? Obviously not! What's the point of fighting for this? The woman's dead and no amount of money will ever be enough to console the family."

"The best we can do is to fight for some form of compensation to the woman's family since there's no way we can throw the man in jail without offending his family. Don't you think that it's pointless?"

Mr. Chen tried his best to discourage Su Zhan from taking on the case.

"So you're saying that we shouldn't take on the case?" Qin Ya asked, knowing full well that Mr. Chen was not in favor of it.

Mr. Chen had a point. The man had cheated on his wife, but nothing in the constitution dictated that it was a crime. The woman died from suicide, not from homicide, which would only make it harder for Su Zhan to come up with charges against the man.

The best they could do was to get a small amount of compensation to console the family of the woman.

Even so, Qin Ya was not satisfied.

Why would he marry someone he didn't love?

Does the smell of trash outside his house actually seem more enticing than his wife's cooking?

That sounds crude, but it's not entirely false.

"That's right. We can't take it," Mr. Chen said. The other lawyers nodded in agreement.

"What if I take it anyway?" Su Zhan said defiantly. He knew the implications perfectly well, but he was enraged to see that the man's family had the audacity to push over the woman's urn at her wake.

Even if the best he could do was to squeeze some cash out of the man, he wanted nothing more but to warn the man and everyone else that cheating on one's wife was not the way to go.

"Why?" a lawyer asked.

"Yeah... why?" Mr. Chen asked, sighing. "There's no point. Why do it if there's nothing we could accomplish? Weren't you the one who told us that being stubbornly righteous won't get us far in this profession? Why aren't you heeding your own advice?"

“That’s a long time ago,” Su Zhan whispered indignantly.

He used to be a lawyer that only wanted the credentials and reputation, and in the process of achieving that, he had acted against his conscience several times over.

Sometimes, he would know that his defendants were in the wrong, but he would still try his best to argue for them in court. He would dismiss the guilt as part of the journey to becoming a good lawyer.

As long as there was profit and recognition to be reaped, he would defend anyone, no matter how morally questionable it was.

That was the advice he gave to his junior lawyers as well until he received that woman’s case.

At that moment, he felt as though his conscience had slapped him in the face.

He figured that karma had finally caught up with him and made his life miserable, and it was about time he made up for all the sins he had committed over the course of his career.

“Don’t you know how much effort we’ve put in to get this firm to where it is today?” Mr. Chen asked, exasperated. *What happened to him? Why is he being so stubborn all of a sudden?*

Su Zhan lowered his gaze. “There’s punishment for every sin we commit.”

He wanted to act in the best interests of everyone for the sake of himself and his loved ones.

The other lawyers filed out of the room upon realizing that he was not going to change his mind.

Qin Ya stood by the window and stared at him. "What are you thinking of?"

Su Zhan stood up and walked over to her. He pulled her into his embrace and whispered, "I was the one who killed our child."

That was the last thing Qin Ya wanted to hear. "Let bygones be bygones. I forgave you precisely because I've moved on from the past, though I still have the scars from those wounds. Please don't pick at them. It hurts."

Something resembling a water droplet sparkled at the corners of Su Zhan's eyes. He lowered his head and his voice as he said, "I promise I won't bring it up again."

Qin Ya was hurt by it, and so was he.

"Let's go home now," he said. Qin Ya nodded in response.

As they walked out of the office, Su Zhan's phone rang all of a sudden. It was a call from his grandmother's house, but he could not tell if it was his grandmother or a helper that had called. He rejected the call immediately, knowing full well what would happen to Qin Ya if he had accepted it.

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Qin Ya decided to stay silent. *She's definitely calling to ask if we're going to have a kid soon...*

She lowered her head sadly. *Why is it so difficult to have a child?*

She had thought that surrogacy was the way to go, only to be disappointed by the results.

Su Zhan put his phone away. "It's just a scam call."

Qin Ya pretended to not have seen the number on his screen. "These telemarketers are getting more and more annoying, aren't they?"

"That's right," Su Zhan said. "It's still early. Anything you want to do before going home?"

Qin Ya shook her head.

"I've heard of this new movie that's got some pretty good reviews. Shall we go and take a look?" he asked.

"Sure," Qin Ya replied.

She did not have any plans in mind anyway.

Su Zhan took out his phone again to check the time slots for the movie, sighing when he realized that the earliest one was still two hours away.

"Let's go and eat something first," he said.

“Alright,” Qin Ya replied. “I’ll follow you.”

They exited the law firm soon after. Su Zhan had just turned on the engines on his car when his phone started ringing again. The number displayed on the screen was that of his grandmother’s house.

Without hesitating, he rejected the call. However, before he could turn his phone off, Qin Ya stopped him. “Send me home. You should go and visit Grandma.”

“Qin Ya...”

“Hiding won’t solve the problem. You’re going to regret it if something happens to her,” Qin Ya said.

Su Zhan was at a loss for words. *What should I say? ‘Sorry’? ‘Apologies’? That’s not going to help, is it?*

He decided to thank her in the end.

Thank you for your understanding, your kindness and your forgiveness...

Qin Ya leaned against the window and stared into the distance in silence, as though she had not heard him at all.

Su Zhan drove the two of them to the apartment they rented together, and Qin Ya did not move an inch even after they arrived. He reached over and ran his fingers through her hair. “What are you thinking of?”

“Hm?” Qin Ya was startled out of her trance. “Oh, I was just a bit tired.”

She undid her seatbelt and alighted from the car.

Su Zhan lowered the window pane and said, “I’ll be back soon.”

Qin Ya gave him a strained smile. "I'll wait for you."

Su Zhan watched as she disappeared into their apartment before driving off again.

He called his grandmother on the way, and Chen Xue was the one who picked up the phone.

Is that you, Su Zhan?" she asked.

Su Zhan hummed in reply.

He hated the fact that a random maid was calling him by name.

"Grandma's gravely ill... can you please come back and visit her?" Chen Xue stammered.

Su Zhan sighed, knowing full well that it was just another one of his grandmother's futile attempts to lure him home.

He had wanted to visit her that day, but her persistence annoyed him.

"Give the phone to Grandma," he said.

"Oh... wait, she can't..." Chen Xue said, visibly hesitating halfway through her sentence. Su Zhan could tell that someone had put those words into her mouth.

Su Zhan parked the car by the side of the road. "Give the phone to Grandma, or else I'm not going back."

Chen Xue covered the receiver with her hand, and all he could hear after that was a short period of noise before a deafening silence took over.

He sat waiting patiently.

After a while, Grandma Su finally picked up the phone. "How dare you abandon me after getting married?" she chided.

Su Zhan leaned on the backrest of his seat and looked out of the window. "You sound healthy."

"Are you cursing me?" Grandma Su growled.

"Of course not!" Su Zhan replied, exasperated. "I'm probably going to die before you do."

At that moment, he was glad that his grandmother did not have the strength to stir up trouble even if she wanted to.

Grandma Su knew that her grandson was trying to avoid her, and she decided to be gentle with him. "Are you leaving me behind?"

Su Zhan sighed. "No way!"

"Then..."

"I'll visit you tomorrow. I'm busy now," he said before hanging up.

He made sure to turn his phone off so as to get peace of mind.

He spent the next few minutes sitting in his car before driving off in the opposite direction.

Meanwhile, in their apartment, Qin Ya stared at the fishes in the fish tank listlessly as she sat slumped on the balcony chair.

She sent Shao Yun a message. *What are you doing now?*

Wow? A message from Qin Ya? How rare! he replied after a few seconds.

What's wrong? she typed.

I'm just glad, that's all. Uncle's always here for you!

Qin Ya lowered her gaze. *Uncle... I'm not very happy right now.*