

Stealing Your Heart Chapter 488

Su Zhan and Shen Peichuan shared a look before they said almost in unison, "Since we won't be able to sleep tonight, why don't we have a drink."

After all, drinking helped with sleeping.

It was all too easy to read their intentions. The moment they said it, Zong Jinghao knew what they were trying to do. However, he agreed, wanting to get drunk anyway.

After leaving the office, they got into one car to a quieter bar.

When they sat down, they ordered a fruit platter and two bottles of wine.

The warm yellow lights enveloped the room as the air conditioner under the ceiling slowly blew out gusts of cool wind.

Su Zhan poured wine into the glasses as he glanced at Shen Peichuan, "You have to drink this."

Shen Peichuan shot him a glare, knowing what the other man wanted.

Before Su Zhan could say anything, Shen Peichuan explained, "Don't let your imaginations run wild. The girl's too young for me. Karma will come for me if I go after someone that young.

As he spoke, he peered at Zong Jinghao and asked, "Isn't that right?"

Zong Jinghao narrowed his eyes, noticing something amiss about his words. After drinking a sip of his wine, he uttered frigidly, "I'm not in a good mood."

It sounded like a warning to Shen Peichuan that he was not in the mood for jokes, let alone listening to mentions of Lin Xinyan.

Now, every time he heard her name, a weight would land on his chest. He missed her so much that he dared not return to the house. He could not sleep when he was by himself. All he could do was numb himself with work so that he would not have the time to think.

Shen Peichuan sighed, "Look at all of you. You look like wilted flowers. Now I'm scared of having a relationship. Say, can't you be a better example for me?"

Seriously. I'm traumatized.

"Your words are just sour grapes." Su Zhan sat closer to hook his neck. With a somber expression, he muttered, "I'll be honest. That girl is pretty. You should appreciate it."

"Stop overthinking it." Shen Peichuan was close to having a heart attack because of Su Zhan. *Stop overthinking whenever a woman appears by my side!*

This is just a task entrusted by someone else.

"She's only in her first year of college. If I... I'll be an animal!" Shen Peichuan pried Su Zhan's arm away from his neck. "Even if I'm looking for one, I'll look for someone my age. She's just a kid, so I'd have to coax her every day. I want to marry a wife, not raise a daughter."

Su Zhan leaned back onto the couch lazily. Beside him, Shen Peichuan looked as though he wanted to crush him so that the former would cease being an annoying man.

"Someone your age? The ones that fit your requirements are all guys. It's rare to see a girl. I can't believe you're still so melodramatic. What's wrong with being young?"

Although Su Zhan was not as old as Zong Jinghao, Qin Ya was not as old as Lin Xinyan either. To sum it up, both Zong Jinghao and he had an age gap of seven to eight years with their wives.

When they were at the age of kissing and knowing what love was, their wives were still in elementary school.

Now that they were near their thirties, their wives were still in their early twenties.

Are we robbing the cradle?

“Su Zhan, where’s your brain-to-mouth filter?” Shen Peichuan frowned. *What Su Zhan needs is a good beating.*

He wished Qin Ya would return to teach Su Zhan a lesson. Otherwise, the man would just keep pushing his luck.

“What about this, Peichuan? Let’s make a bet. If you find a young one, you’ll dance on the table wearing a bra on the day of your marriage. Do you have the guts to put a bet on this?”

Shen Peichuan ignored him, not wanting to make pointless bets with the likes of him.

“You don’t?” Su Zhan poured another glass of wine.

“I can’t be bothered by you.”

“You just don’t have the guts for it.”

“You’re irritating.”

“You’re afraid you’ll fall in love with that college freshman. That’s why you don’t dare to bet with me.”

“NO, I’m not!”

“Then why don’t you dare bet with me?”

Shen Peichuan glared at Su Zhan and huffed, “I don’t want to bet with you because this is pointless.”

Su Zhan leaned toward him. “Then what do you think isn’t pointless?” He shot a suggestive look at Shen Peichuan’s lower body. He knew that this man had a sex drive since puberty. He had sexual desires since long ago.

Su Zhan was curious as to how this man dealt with it.

“I don’t believe that you’ve never had the urge.”

Shen Peichuan sneered, “Do you think everyone’s like you? Have some shame.”

“I’m pretty normal, but you’re not.”

“Bullsh*t. You’re not normal; you’re just horny.”

“Hey, watch your words.” Su Zhan took the glass of wine and poured it into the other man’s mouth. “Wash your mouth so you speak better next time.”

“Su Zhan, you bas*ard! Screw you!” Su Zhan forced the wine into his mouth. The wine that he could not drink had streamed down his neck. Now, he smelled of alcohol all over.

He shoved Su Zhan away and pulled his collar to wipe his neck. Glaring at Su Zhan, he said, “Do you what that’s called? It’s called having no self-control. It’s not normal, okay? How can promiscuity be normal? Su Zhan, have shame. If you never change, Qin Ya will never want you.”

Upon the mention of Qin Ya, Su Zhan's expression turned gloomy. Shen Peichuan was good at hitting where it hurt.

“Can you stop rubbing salt on my wound?”

Even if he was promiscuous, it had been before he was together with Qin Ya. He was in the wrong about Liu Feifei's matter for he had not been honest enough with Qin Ya. That was why they had a misunderstanding, and he hurt her.

During these few months after Qin Ya's passing, he had been living in sorrow and frustration. No matter what he did, the image of Qin Ya disappearing in the fire kept emerging in his mind.

There were so many times he would wake in fright.

After Shen Peichuan mentioned Qin Ya, the room fell silent; without Su Zhan and Shen Peichuan's constant banter, the atmosphere had turned tense.

They had ordered two bottles of wine. Zong Jinghao had finished one by himself, the other was finished by the other two men. One bottle was not enough for Zong Jinghao; so he ordered another two bottles.

Instead of stopping him, Shen Peichuan drank with him instead. The three of them were silent as they only drank wine; they did not order any side dishes to go with it.

Eventually, the two bottles were finished as well. Shen Peichuan drank much lesser than the other two, so he was still sober. However, Su Zhan and Zong Jinghao seemed drunk as they lay on the couch.

Although Shen Peichuan was not drunk, he had drunk a substantial amount. Driving was no longer the plan. Hence, he could only call Guan Jing to pick them up.

When Guan Jing arrived, these two men hefted the other two drunk men into the car and sent them home.

The first to be sent home was Zong Jinghao. The guards outside the house had been removed after Lin Xinyan left, so Aunt Yu was the only one there.

After Guan Jing and Shen Peichuan left, she hastily made him a cup of honey when she realized Zong Jinghao was drunk.

The lights were off, and the room was dim. The windows were not completely closed, and the breeze from outside occasionally billowed the curtains.

Putting the cup of honey down on the bedside table, she muttered, "Drink something."

Before Aunt Yu finished her words, he cut her off, "Out."

The man Shen Peichuan thought was drunk out of his mind had a clear voice.

Aunt Yu sighed before she turned and left the room.

On the large bed was a tall figure sprawled on it. He was lying on his side as he stared at the empty spot beside him. *This is where Lin Xinyan used to sleep at.*

He reached out, seemingly wanting to feel the warmth she used to leave. However, the bed was cold under his fingers.

The coldness of the empty spot seeped into his heart. His hand clenched, and he crumpled the bedsheet in his hand.

Burying his face into the pillow, he hoarsely murmured, "I miss you."

He thought he would not think of her when he was drunk, but the more he drank, the clearer his mind became. Her face was the only image he could conjure up in his mind. *Is she doing well now?*

Are our children doing well?

Meanwhile, at C City.