

# Stealing Your Heart Chapter 760

Shen Peichuan approached her and asked in a hushed tone, "Why are you here?"

Sang Yu replied, "Oh, I'm here to see Su Zhan. I also brought you food. You haven't eaten, right?"

Shen Peichuan nodded. "But didn't I say to eat at home?"

"Ah, it's fine. I brought you your food anyway." Sang Yu walked into the ward.

Su Zhan knew it was his chance to be cheeky. "Mrs. Shen, good evening! Have you come to visit me, or your husband? If you two want to act all lovey-dovey in front of me, please take your PDA back home. Oh, you wouldn't be so cruel to show off the affection you two have to a car-crash victim like me, right?"

Su Zhan felt weird greeting Sang Yu so politely as if she were older than him. He only did so since Shen Peichuan was his senior.

In truth, Sang Yu was younger than Qin Ya.

Sang Yu was even younger than Su Zhan himself.

If anything, Sang Yu should be greeting him instead, out of respect.

*Sigh, this is so weird.*

Su Zhan was conflicted.

Sang Yu's face reddened being addressed formally as Shen Peichuan's wife. She placed the bento boxes on the table. "Of course, I have prepared your food too, since I'm here to visit you after all."

Su Zhan grinned. "What did you bring me?"

Sang Yu stared at Su Zhan. He was in quite a pleasant mood, although his face was pale. "Hmm, seems like you are really well as Shen Peichuan has told me."

"Of course, I am made of steel. Nothing can hurt me." Su Zhan took a peek at the contents of the bento boxes.

Shen Peichuan silently reached out a finger to poke Su Zhan in his wound. *Made of steel? Let me test that out!*

"Ouch!"

Su Zhan yelled in agony. "I am sorry, Sir Shen!"

Shen Peichuan chortled. "Aren't you made of steel? You shouldn't be able to sense pain then."

Su Zhan was dumbstruck by Shen Peichuan's witty comeback.

Sang Yu giggled. These two men were clowns.

"I don't want to talk to you anymore." Su Zhan reached out for the food Sang Yu brought him. All of a sudden, he could feel himself salivating.

"Mrs. Shen, what is this soup? It smells really good!"

Sang Yu still felt awkward being addressed by Su Zhan as Mrs. Shen. She lowered her head and muttered, "It's beef soup."

“Can I please have a bowl?” Su Zhan asked politely.

Sang Yu replied, “Sure. I made this for you anyway.”

Su Zhan smiled. “Mrs. Shen, you are such a kind person, unlike some devil over here. Hmph!”

“Who are you referring to?” Sang Yu queried.

Su Zhan hurriedly changed his tone. “Oh, I’m talking about Zong Jinghao. Why is he not here to see me?”

Su Zhan worried that if he badmouthed Shen Peichuan, he would not get to taste the soup.

Sang Yu handed Su Zhan a bowl of soup and asked, “Are you well enough to get up?”

Su Zhan tried to sit upright but he noticed the door swing open and quickly lay down on the bed, and closed his eyes in a flash.

Sang Yu was confused. *What’s happening here?*

“Oh, it’s you. Hi!” Qin Ya greeted Sang Yu the moment she saw the latter.

“Yeah. I’m bringing some food for...”

“She was worried that I’ll get too hungry and brought me food.” Shen Peichuan clenched his hand around Sang Yu’s hand tight.

Sang Yu looked at him meaningfully. She realized what was going on.

*Su Zhan is pretending to be in a coma?*

She blinked her eyes and played along with her husband. “He didn’t eat much in the afternoon, so I brought him something before he starts to nibble on himself, haha. I’m here to see how Su Zhan’s doing too.”

Grandma Su didn’t pay much attention to Sang Yu as she was burdened with qualms about her grandson’s well-being. If it were before, she would have asked Shen Peichuan a lot of questions about Sang Yu.

Shen Peichuan introduced Sang Yu to Grandma Su. He had nothing to hide since Sang Yu was already legally his wife.

Grandma Su sized Sang Yu up and said, “Quite a young and pretty maiden. Peichuan, you must treat her well and don’t be like the scumbag my grandson used to be to Qin Ya.”

Shen Peichuan replied. “Understood, ma’am.”

Su Zhan who was lying on the bed could feel the stings from his grandmother’s words. *Damn. It’s all in the past but does she need to bring it up? Does she think I can’t feel shame?*

“Mr. Shen, hurry up and drink the soup. It’s going to get cold soon,” Qin Ya reminded Shen Peichuan.

Sang Yu added, “Are you guys hungry? I made more. You guys want to try some?”

Qin Ya replied, “It’s fine. We’ve just eaten.” Truth be told, the two of them didn’t eat much in the cafeteria just now. They did not have much appetite.

Shen Peichuan sat down by the bed. “Alright. Then, I shall finish this now.”

*Mhm, I can’t let Qin Ya suspect that Su Zhan was the reason I made more soup.*

Sang Yu had simmered the ribs in the soup for more than three hours. The broth was clear and milky. It was light on the palate with the gentle fragrance of bone marrow.

There wasn't much seasoning in it, but it was tasty as much as it was invigorating.

Shen Peichuan knew Su Zhan was drooling for the soup and purposely let out a breath in his direction. "Ah, this soup is so silky and delicious."

Of course, Su Zhan had to keep quiet.

Sang Yu saw Shen Peichuan teasing Su Zhan, who was pretending to be comatose and had to hold in her laughter. She tapped Shen Peichuan on his shoulder as a gesture for him to stop bullying Su Zhan, pitying the man on the bed.

Shen Peichuan uttered sternly, "Ever since he fell into a coma, he's gotten nothing to eat. Perhaps he will wake up at the smell of the soup."

Su Zhan was annoyed but he couldn't talk back.

He was pitching out a tirade internally. *I want to strangle you!*

Qin Ya look at the position Su Zhan was sleeping in and grew suspicious of him.

She remembered that he was not sleeping in this position earlier on.

*Did Shen Peichuan move him?*

"Mr. Shen, could you help me send Grandma back later on when you head home? There's nowhere for her to sleep here."

Shen Peichuan answered, "Yes."

However, Grandma Su was not willing to leave her grandson. "I will stay here. I need to look after him." She tugged at Su Zhan's arm lightly, but it was enough to agitate the wound near his shoulder. Su Zhan mustered all the pain tolerance in him to suppress the flinch elicited from his body.

It was so hard being him.

He was capable of expressing pain, but it had to stay unspoken.