

Stealing Your Heart Chapter 767

Qin Ya had to leave the house soon after returning as there was still an unwell Su Zhan to care for at the hospital.

She instructed the new maid to take care of Grandma Su, to which the young girl reassured her that she would.

Guan Jing, who was waiting outside, gave Qin Ya a ride to the hospital.

Shen Peichuan was present in the hospital when Qin Ya arrived. The man had just ended a hectic day at work; he had to settle a ton of workload alone due to Captain Song's absence.

Realizing that Grandma Su had already been discharged by the time he arrived, Shen Peichuan made a detour to Su Zhan's ward instead.

"Qin Ya has settled everything," Su Zhan told him.

That eased his worries. "Not gonna put up an act anymore?"

Su Zhan let out a strained laugh. "If it continues, I may just lose everything."

Shen Peichuan was confused. "Why? You've been discovered?"

"It's not that... It's just..." Compunctious feelings of apprehension were gripping him.

"It's just what?" came Qin Ya's voice out of the blue as she opened the door.

Quick on his feet, Su Zhan switched the topic immediately. “Nothing much; I’m just asking how this man’s marriage life is going.”

Shen Peichuan rolled his eyes internally. *Of all the topics you could have chosen from... Seriously?*

That statement reminded Qin Ya of something. “Speaking of that – I haven’t been able to prepare a wedding gift in time. Everything was too sudden.”

“You can give it to us next time,” replied Shen Peichuan.

Seeing that Qin Ya was here, he reckoned it was time to take his leave. Rising from his seat, he said, “Since you’re back, I shall go now.”

“Looks like someone’s missing his wife and children at home. Ah, such is the blissful warmth of having a wholesome family,” Su Zhan teased.

Shen Peichuan entertained the idea of duct taping Su Zhan’s mouth for a moment. He scoffed, “I’ll have mercy on you today because Qin Ya is here today. Don’t push your luck.”

His comment made Su Zhan chuckle. “Because of Qin Ya? Shouldn’t you be more benevolent because I’m injured?”

“Don’t think too highly of yourself,” was Shen Peichuan’s final jibe before he left – not forgetting a brief greeting to Qin Ya in the process.

Qin Ya stood by Su Zhan’s side. “Are you feeling better?”

The man answered in the affirmative. Pulling her closer so that she sat on the bed, Su Zhan dotingly asked, “Are you feeling tired?”

Qin Ya shook her head. “No, not really.”

“You look very tired.”

Lethargy was obvious from her frazzled appearance. Tenderly stroking her palm, he continued, “Ya, let’s go get our marriage certificate tomorrow and return home.”

The said marriage certificate had been waiting at the registry since the wedding was held.

“Don’t think about that yet; you’re still injured.”

Su Zhan eased her concerns. “It’s fine. There’s no difference between recuperating at home and in the hospital. The only troubling aspect is my head injuries. I will need to be back here in a few days to remove the bandages. Other than that, I would very much love to escape from these 4 drab hospital walls.”

Qin Ya enquired if the doctor had approved it.

“I asked, and the doctor said that it’s fine.”

Since the idea had already been greenlighted by a medical professional, Qin Ya agreed. She was not one to protest anyway.

“Ya, you’re the best.” Planting a chaste kiss on her hand, Su Zhan lamented, “I should be taking care of you. But all this while, you’ve been the one who’s doing everything for me. I feel terrible.”

Pursuing her lips, the woman replied, “Aren’t we a family? There’s no need to fret over such things. And if you really feel bad, treat me more nicely in the future.”

Su Zhan sat up – silently wincing at the pain that stemmed from the movement – and buried his head into Qin Ya’s chest. The woman was afraid to move, fearing that she would aggravate any injuries. “Su Zhan, you remind me of a child right now.”

“Then pretend I’m your son from now on,” came the man’s reply as he buried his face deeper into her chest.

Qin Ya was rendered speechless by his playful antics for a moment.

“You’re full of nonsense,” she said with a chuckle. Su Zhan’s childish behavior earned him a soft pat on his back. “Ouch! That hurt. Now you need to rub that spot for it to heal.”

“Enough with this childish roleplay. We’re at the hospital.” Qin Ya signaled him to get up, to which Su Zhan obediently abided. The latter then told her, “I’ll tell the nurses to add a bed into the ward so that you can rest well tonight. You haven’t been sleeping well these days, have you? Look at those dark circles under your eyes.”

Qin Ya was agreeable to the arrangement.

That night, she had one of the deepest slumbers in a while on the newly-added hospital bed. Conversely, her partner tossed and turned on his bed, unable to drift into dreamland. He got out of the sheets and made his way beside Qin Ya’s bed. Weak illumination lit the outline of her peaceful expression.

Troubled thoughts flooded his mind. He knew that while Qin Ya willingly compromised regarding the child’s matters, she was still actually suffering inside.

While gently caressing her hair, Su Zhan looked at the issue from another perspective. *Qin Ya is willing to compromise because she loves me, cares about me, and doesn’t want me to incur Grandma’s wrath.* The thought brought a smile to his face.

That night, Su Zhan fell asleep beside Qin Ya.

On the other hand, Zong Jinghao had just finished tending to some work affairs during this hour. The project at hand had been originally helmed by Guan Jing,

but the man's sudden resignation left the man floundering for a substitute to no avail. As such, Zong Jinghao could only take the project on himself.

He found an awake Lin Xinyan when he returned. She had been waiting for him, fueling on the extra energy she got from sleeping a lot in the day.

"You don't have to wait for me. Go to sleep early."

To which Lin Xinyan replied, "I waited because I've something to discuss with you."

Zong Jinghao draping his outerwear over the chair and walked over. "What is it?"

Lin Xinyan handed him a pink envelope. "Take a look at this."

Unveiling the contents, his guess was right – it was indeed a wedding invitation. The date was said to be the following day, and Lin Xinyan was invited to attend.

He frowned. "But your body... "

"But I can't not attend either." The pair fell into silence as Lin Xinyan gave him a helpless look.

Placing the invitation aside and sitting on the bed, he pulled on his tie. The lady naturally assisted in his undressing. "Were you very busy today? Oh, you drank?"

"Just a little – it was for formality. And yes, it was pretty hectic today. Guan Jing resigned without warning, and I couldn't find a replacement in time."

Lin Xinyan was surprised by the news. "Why did he resign? Wasn't he doing alright?"

Zong Jinghao only vaguely knew that the man had met certain bumps in his work and had been low-spirited. It was probably best that he took a break. But other than that, he was not exactly sure why Guan Jing had quit either.

Returning to the topic of the wedding invitation, Zong Jinghao questioned, "So, are you planning to go?"

Lin Xinyan had her own concerns. Her body was not in the best condition, and her due date was approaching soon.

But she did not want to trouble the already-busy man to go either.

"I'll make a call in the morning tomorrow," was her verdict. Having removed his tie, Lin Xinyan proceeded to remove his shirt. "It's late. Wash up and sleep soon."

Zong Jinghao lingered near her for a moment, staring at her in silence. No words came out from his mouth in the end.

Lin Xinyan was resting on the bed drowsily when he emerged from the bathroom after a refreshing shower. The air conditioner had yet to cool the room, so she left her blanket crumpled at the side. Exposed prominently beneath her white nightgown was the bulging baby bump. Zong Jinghao strode over and gently stroked her belly.

His tender gesture was met with a tug at the corner of his shirt.

"Why? Am I prohibited from touching you?"

His remark elicited a laugh from her. Shaking her head, she murmured, "Of course not. It's just a little ticklish."