

Stealing Your Heart Chapter 308

Qin Ya lowered her head. "I don't think he knows why I'm mad."

All she ever wanted was for him to tell her the truth, be it about Liu Feifei or his parents.

She valued honesty in a relationship.

He had emphasized how nothing had happened between him and Liu Feifei that night, but she was mad at him for not telling her about the meeting earlier.

He had plenty of opportunities to do so, yet he had neglected to inform her about it.

"I don't feel secure around him. I think that it's time we part ways," she announced.

Shen Peichuan was surprised by her decisiveness.

Looks like Su Zhan has to work hard to win her trust again... You're on your own now, Su Zhan!

"Alright then, I'll leave him with you. I have to go now, but if you're too busy taking care of his grandmother, I'll get someone to help you out," Shen Peichuan urged. His statement might have been a lie, but it was necessary to create some space for the both of them.

"There's no need for that. I'll find a temporary helper if it comes to that," Qin Ya affirmed.

“Alright then. Call me if you need anything,” Shen Peichuan reminded her.

Qin Ya nodded in response.

She watched as Shen Peichuan exited the hospital before returning to the room and closing the door behind her.

Su Zhan was sprawled on the bed, still in his coat.

“It hurts...everything hurts...” he muttered in his sleep.

Qin Ya walked over, as she towered above him. “Where does it hurt?”

She could not tell if Su Zhan was actually passed out drunk or if he was just pretending to be unconscious. She watched as he flipped over and continued to moan, “Everything hurts...my heart hurts...”

After a long internal battle, she finally conceded defeat and muttered, “Fine then. I’ll take care of you this once since we’d used to be so close.”

She bent over to yank his coat off his body, but he refused to cooperate.

She frowned. “Su Zhan...”

“Hmm?”

“You won’t be comfortable sleeping in your coat. Let me take it off for you,” she offered.

Su Zhan opened his eyes and stared at her face before breaking out into a grin. “Oh, it’s Qin Ya...”

Qin Ya stared back in silence.

How much did he even drink?

He grabbed Qin Ya's clothes. "Don't go...I can't live without you..."

Qin Ya pursed her lips together.

"I'll be sad if you'd left... Are you mad at me for drinking so much?" Su Zhan asked, rubbing his face against her clothes. "Qin Ya..."

Qin Ya pushed him away. "You're drunk."

"I'm not!" Su Zhan growled, as though he was troubled about something. "Why can't you just believe me?"

Qin Ya lowered her gaze. "I wanted to, but you never gave me a reason to do so."

Suddenly, Su Zhan flipped over and stared straight into her eyes. His eyes were swollen and his voice was raspy as he asked, "I'll listen to everything that you say from now on. How about that?"

Qin Ya froze. *Isn't he drunk?*

She stared at him in silence.

"A-Are you drunk?" she asked.

He closed his eyes instead of replying to her question.

"Hey, Su Zhan!" Qin Ya called out, shaking him.

He remained silent, and Qin Ya could hear soft snores coming from his throat after a short while.

Looks like he's passed out drunk again...

Qin Ya stared at him, exasperated.

She heaved a sigh of relief. *It's fortunate that he's drunk! I won't know how to tell him about it if he had been sober.*

She proceeded to take his coat off his body, now that he had flipped over like she had wanted him to.

After hanging up his coat, she took off his shoes and placed them on the floor beside the bed before pulling the blanket up over his body.

She made her way to the bathroom to get some warm water to clean his face and hands.

Su Zhan's grandmother had yet to awaken, but the doctor that came around in the evening assured her that everything was fine. She collapsed onto the sofa after cleaning Su Zhan up.

Qin Ya had not slept a wink the previous night, and she could feel the fatigue settling over her like a mist. However, just before she fell asleep, she heard Su Zhan calling out to her.

"Thirsty...I'm so thirsty..." he muttered. His stomach and throat felt as though they were on fire.

Qin Ya got up immediately to pour him a cup of water.

"Thirsty..." Su Zhan moaned without moving from his bed.

Qin Ya sighed and brought the cup of water to his lips, tilting it just slightly to moisten his lips.

Su Zhan immediately started to gulp down the water, and it cured him of his sore throat immediately.

“Do you want more?” Qin Ya asked.

Su Zhan did not answer. Sighing, Qin Ya put down the cup and pulled his blankets over his body, stealing a glance at his peaceful expression.

Meanwhile, Zong Jinghao returned to the Zong family residence after his drinking session. He was reluctant to meet Yuxiu, but with Lin Xinyan and the two kids staying over, he had to go there nonetheless.

He could hear the laughter in the house from miles away. Pushing the door open, he saw Zong Qifeng watching TV in the living room as Lin Xinyan made dumplings with the kids, who seemed to enjoy it very much.

Mr. Feng walked over and bowed. “Welcome back, Young Master.”

Zong Jinghao handed him his coat and walked into the house.

“Daddy!” Lin Ruixi squealed, running over to him with a dumpling that she had been making. “Look, Daddy! I made this! Is it pretty?”

Zong Jinghao bent down and picked her up, smiling in approval.

“Daddy, why don’t you join us? Mommy has made veggie dumplings, egg dumplings, beef dumplings... Which one do you like?” Lin Ruixi asked.

Zong Jinghao pinched her tiny nose. “I like the ones you’ve made!”

“Do you like the ones I’ve made?” she chirped, handing him the dumpling in her hand.

Zong Jinghao's eyelashes fluttered as he stared at the sad lump of dough in his daughter's hand. *I wouldn't have known that it was a dumpling if she hadn't told me...*

"Who taught you how to make dumplings?" he asked.

"Mommy did!" the little girl answered proudly.

Zong Jinghao walked over to the table. Sitting on the table were two types of dumplings; one group was made up of beautifully shaped dumplings, while the other group was made up of sad lumps, just like the one in Lin Ruixi's hand. He smirked at the sight of it. "Looks like you haven't gotten the hang of it yet."

His daughter blinked in confusion.

Lin Xinyan looked up into his eyes. "You don't like the ones I've made?"

He shook his head. "They're alright."

They're beautiful...

Lin Xichen handed Zong Jinghao a dumpling that his mother had made. "Mommy made this. How is it?"

It was not a sad lump unlike the others, and it vaguely resembled a dumpling.

Zong Jinghao glanced at his son. "Didn't you make this?"

"Mommy made it," Lin Xichen insisted.

Zong Jinghao looked at Lin Xinyan in a quizzical manner.

"I've...never made dumplings before," she confessed. Cheng Yuxiu had taught her how to make the dumplings just recently.

In fact, the pretty ones on the table were made by Cheng Yuxiu as well.

“Grandma made the pretty ones! Don’t you like them?” Lin Xichen asked.