

Stealing Your Heart Chapter 392

Shen Peichuan peered at him with a mysterious look on his face. "Take a guess."

Su Zhan gazed at Shen Peichuan for a long while before replying smilingly, "Did you get a new girlfriend? Did you come here with her today?"

Shen Peichuan's face clouded over in an instant. If Su Zhan had joked about something else, he wouldn't have gotten so angry. However, Lin Xinyan was inside the room right now, and they couldn't crack a joke like this lest she overheard their conversation.

Su Zhan blinked. "If you don't want me to crack a joke like this, I won't! Why do you have to get mad at me?"

Shen Peichuan glanced at him and said huffily, "Xinyan's inside."

Su Zhan's expression instantly changed. Every time he heard Lin Xinyan's name, he couldn't help but think of Qin Ya.

Looking down at the floor sheepishly, he mumbled, "Then I'll take my leave first."

After Qin Ya left, Su Zhan had drowned himself in work in order to forget her. When he had free time, he stayed at home to accompany his elderly grandmother. After bumping into Lin Xinyan at the airport the other day, he hadn't seen her again.

Lin Xinyan and Qin Ya were bosom friends. When he saw Qin Ya, Su Zhan couldn't help but be reminded of Qin Ya too.

Shen Peichuan shot him a look. "Haven't you gotten over that woman already?"

Why does Su Zhan still look as though he's holding a horrible grudge against Lin Xinyan?

“No, I...”

“Alright, alright. Everyone's just trying to help you out. Come with me and say hello to Xinyan.” As he spoke, Shen Peichuan threw his arm around Su Zhan and practically dragged him into the room.

After being interrupted by Su Zhan, Shen Peichuan had completely forgotten about giving Zong Jinghao a call.

Lin Xinyan was the only person in the room when they went in. She was barefoot and curled up in a corner of the sofa, nursing the glass of wine in her hand.

The two men exchanged a glance. Their gaze fell on Lin Xinyan, and they scurried to sit down on the sofa.

Su Zhan spoke first. “Hello, Xinyan.”

Lin Xinyan looked up and finally noticed that two other people had entered the room. “Did Peichuan tell you to come?”

Su Zhan sat down on the sofa next to hers. “No, we bumped into each other at the front door.”

Lin Xinyan hummed in acknowledgment but didn't ask why the both of them had bumped into each other at the front door.

Shen Peichuan had told her that he was going to the toilet. If that were true, he wouldn't have passed by the front door at all. However, there was a more pressing matter on Lin Xinyan's mind, so she didn't realize that there was something fishy about the men's story.

Shen Peichuan looked at Su Zhan and stayed silent.

Su Zhan's mind was preoccupied as well. After Qin Ya left, he had been living in guilt. Because of his ineptitude, he had caused her to miscarry and lose their baby.

He picked up the wine bottle and refilled Lin Xinyan's glass. The wine trickled out, striking the sides of the glass with a soft splash that was reminiscent of quiet sobbing.

Lin Xinyan gazed at the brimming glass of wine but didn't reach out to take it from Su Zhan. Instead, she said plainly, "Qin Ya is doing very well now. Don't worry about her."

Su Zhan lowered his head. When he finally spoke, his voice sounded a little hoarse. "Knowing that she's doing well makes me feel much more at peace."

Lin Xinyan didn't say anything. *This entire experience has probably made him much more mature than he was.*

"I drink to your health." Su Zhan turned to her and raised his glass.

Lin Xinyan raised her glass as well and clinked it against Su Zhan's. The loud *clink* the glasses made resonated through the silent room.

Su Zhan downed the entire glass of wine in one shot.

Seeing this, Lin Xinyan's plans to down half the glass flew right out of the window. Enduring the burning sensation as the wine fizzled down her throat, she forced down the entire glass in one go.

She felt as though her entire gullet was on fire.

Lin Xinyan frowned in discomfort.

From her anguished expression, Su Zhan finally realized that there was something wrong with her.

Cautiously, he ventured, “Xinyan, are you okay?”

With a long face, Lin Xinyan turned her head and gazed at the flickering candlelight. Yes, he was right—she did feel horrible. She had watched as Zhuang Zijin entered prison, becoming skinnier by the day. Upon looking at her paper-thin, sickly mother, Lin Xinyan’s heart ached.

As Zhuang Zijin’s daughter, Lin Xinyan had neglected her mother. After giving birth to her two children, Lin Xinyan had been completely occupied with taking care of her kids and advancing her career. She hadn’t had time to check in on Zhuang Zijin as much.

Lin Xinyan had always thought that her mother was young enough to forget about her grudge against the past once she recovered from her illness.

However, she was wrong. Zhuang Zijin seemed fine on the outside, but Lin Guoan had caused her so much mental and emotional anguish that it would be very difficult for her to recover completely.

If Lin Xinyan had spent more time caring for her mother, she would have realized Zhuang Zijin still bore scars from her traumatic past. If she had given her mother the medical attention she required in a timely fashion, Zhuang Zijin would never have gone down this path of no return.

Lin Xinyan had failed her as a daughter.

“Is it because of Jinghao?” Su Zhan thought she had gotten into another fight with the man.

Shen Peichuan looked at him scornfully. “Do you think everyone is as hung up on the past as you?”

Su Zhan was instantly annoyed. Why did Shen Peichuan have to attack him like that?

Su Zhan lost his lover and his child. Wasn't that horrible enough?

"Hey, can you stop trying to get a rise out of me?" Su Zhan pleaded.

He couldn't stand it when people made fun of his attachment to the past.

Shen Peichuan poured himself another glass of wine. "I'll down a glass as punishment."

He emptied the entire glass in one shot.

Just as he set down his glass, Su Zhan refilled his. "Don't you know how this works? If you're punishing yourself, you need to down three glasses instead of one."

Shen Peichuan was speechless.

Can I refuse to drink?

"If you don't drink this, let's just stop being friends," Su Zhan said stubbornly.

Su Zhan yanked his top button open irritably. "Alright. Isn't it just three glasses? That won't make me drunk."

Su Zhan shifted closer to him and poured himself a glass. "As your friend, I'll take this shot with you. Is that good enough for you?"

Shen Peichuan shoved the glass towards him. "Stop talking gibberish. Drink up."

Lin Xinyan looked at them. Shen Peichuan and Su Zhan frequently butted heads, but they had a very good relationship.

Suddenly, her stomach started churning from all the wine she had drunk. Clamping a hand over her mouth, she stood up and walked briskly towards the door.

Su Zhan and Shen Peichuan stopped bantering with each other.

“Xinyan, are you alright?”

Lin Xinyan didn’t want to spoil their mood. Shaking her head, she said, “I’m going to the washroom. Have fun, boys.”

After she spoke, she quickly dashed out of the room.

She made it to the sink before emptying the contents of her stomach into the basin.

After throwing up everything, her stomach felt much better. Even her head felt a little less foggy.

She turned on the tap, reaching out for water to wash out her mouth and her face.

She looked up at her reflection in the mirror, and a smile crept onto her face. Silently, she told herself that she still had many years ahead of her. She needed to take care of herself if she wanted to take good care of Zhuang Zijin and her two children.

She wiped her face dry. When she got back, she decided to tell Su Zhan and Shen Peichuan that she had to leave.

As she walked briskly along the corridor, a man wearing a duckbill cap suddenly appeared at the other end of the corridor. As he walked towards her, he said in a low, frightening voice, “Yan...”

Lin Xinyan looked up at him. Under the dim lighting, she could barely make out the shape of a familiar-looking man walking towards her.

As he got closer to her, the temperature in the narrow corridor seemed to drop by a few degrees.

Lin Xinyan stumbled backward in panic. "Who are you?"

The man wore his cap low over his face, such that she couldn't make out his features at all.

"Who the hell are you?" Lin Xinyan's voice took on a steely tone.

"Don't you remember me?" As he spoke, the man took off his cap and revealed his face to her. His cold, calculating eyes were glittering with malice.

Lin Xinyan's eyes widened in fear. "It's you!"

She looked at him warily. *Shouldn't he be in jail right now? What's he doing outside?*

He walked slowly towards her. "Aren't you surprised at how I managed to appear here? Didn't you think I was locked up in jail?"

Lin Xinyan forced down her rising panic. "Don't come any nearer!"

Haha...

A loud guffaw resonated through the corridor, sending her hairs standing on end.