

Stealing Your Heart Chapter 1025

Mu Yuan'er fluttered her eyes at Zong Yanchen. "Do you not trust me? Or are you afraid that I am not able to heal your eyes?"

"Actually, I'm quite comfortable now." Zong Yanchen chuckled.

"You can't even see me. How is that nice?" Mu Yuan'er's expression was stern. "I'll definitely cure you."

Zong Yanchen beckoned her to come over.

Mu Yuan'er put down the herbs in her hand and walked to him. She instinctively sat on his lap. There was a faint yet invigorating aroma of herbs around her.

Zong Yanchen's hand slid along the length of her back before going up to her cheeks. He pinched her face endearingly, "I'm worried that your ugliness might terrify me."

Mu Yuan'er rested her head at his shoulder. "Hey, didn't you say you're not going to abandon me even if I am ugly? Are you going against your words now?"

"No, I don't regret anything I said." Zong Yanchen's voice was serious and uncompromising. "Even if you are ugly, I will still marry you."

"I'm both ugly and broke, what do you even like about me?" Mu Yuan'er's eyes were fixated on Zong Yanchen. She prodded the side of his face with her pointy nose.

Zong Yanchen could feel her warm breath on his face. He didn't hate it in the least.

What do I even like about you? Maybe it's because you have a sweet voice? Perhaps it's because you know traditional Chinese medicine. Oh, or is it because you are a kind soul?

Zong Yanchen had no answers to the questions he had for himself. He just knew he liked being around Mu Yuan'er. Even though he had never seen her face before, her honey-like voice already made him fall for her.

It was like the breeze on a summer's day, refreshing and calming.

Zong Yanchen hugged Mu Yuan'er tight. He could feel her dainty frames and the butterflies in his stomach.

Hmm, maybe it's because I feel something for her.

Something which I have not felt for other women.

"You're so skinny! How did you manage to carry me down the mountain?" Zong Yanchen found it difficult to believe that a girl as meek as a lamb like her was able to carry him down the mountain alone.

"I might be skinny, but I am not weak at all," Mu Yuan'er emphasized each of her words. "You never know you might lose to me in a fight."

Since young, Mu Yuan'er's grandmother had trained her to be strong and she had even learned martial arts from an old master. Not only was she good at it, but she was even better than the male fighters who had the advantage of strength and stamina. Although Mu Yuan'er seemed frail, her physical prowess could definitely impress.

"Is that so?" Zong Yanchen laughed in disbelief.

Mu Yuan'er flicked her eyebrow. "Let's have an arm wrestle."

"For real? Alright! I am intrigued." Zong Yanchen pursed his lips. There seemed to be a hint of slyness in his eyes.

However, Mu Yuan'er didn't notice it at all as she was busy thinking of what bet she should make.

"The loser has to unconditionally grant the winner one wish. What do you think?" Zong Yanchen proposed.

Ever since Mu Yuan'er brought Zong Yanchen back, he had been under her care. Even though he was a burly man, he seemed quite weak at the moment. Mu Yuan'er figured that she could defeat Zong Yanchen if she were able to take down two adult men before.

Unfortunately for her, she had completely forgotten the fact that he was a soldier.

"Alright! There's no going back on what you just said."

"Alrighty." Zong Yanchen reached out his hand.

Mu Yuan'er responded, "Hold up."

She went to get a bench and placed it between herself and Zong Yanchen. There was even a table in the middle. Now, it seemed like an official competition.

"Alright, I'm done." Mu Yuan'er settled down opposite Zong Yanchen. She held his hand. "We can start now."

Zong Yanchen's face was filled with nonchalance. "If you manage to tilt my hand even by one degree, you win."

Mu Yuan'er arched one of her brows. "Tsk, don't you dare look down on a woman. You shall pay the price."

Zong Yanchen only returned her a bleak smile.

When Mu Yuan'er started to push the man's hand down, she realized that even though he seemed feeble from his injury, he still had the strength of an ox. She could not make his hand budge even one bit.

Mu Yuan'er furrowed her brows. She now thought that she was being too reckless, but it was too late to back out now. Desperate to win, she stealthily added her other hand to her arsenal, as she realized Zong Yanchen couldn't see her cheating anyway.

Little did she know, Zong Yanchen could sense her other arm rising to the table. However, he continued the wrestle without saying anything.

Even though she was using both of her hands, she could still not make Zong Yanchen's arms move at all.

"I'm a lady. Please go easy on me." Mu Yuan'er pouted.

"I'm not even using half of my strength. I don't think I can go any lighter on you." Zong Yanchen smiled smugly. "Now that you lose, you have to grant me a wish."

Mu Yuan'er accepted her defeat in silence.

Only now that she realized she had been tricked.

"Ugh, I'm not playing with you anymore." Mu Yuan'er let go of Zong Yanchen's hand.

But before Mu Yuan'er's hand could leave, Zong Yanchen tugged on it with all of his strength and pulled her into his arms. The table in the center was knocked out of place, and it made a sharp screech against the floor.

"Ahh!"

Mu Yuan'er was taken aback by Zong Yanchen's sudden action. By the time she came back to her senses, she was already in Zong Yanchen's embrace. "What are you trying to do?"

"I'm getting my reward for winning the game." Zong Yanchen's arms were wrapping around Mu Yuan'er's waist. His fingertips caressing her skin.

Mu Yuan'er's heartbeat was racing. She found herself stammering, "W-what are you trying to do?"

Usually, Mu Yuan'er was quite an eloquent speaker, but now she was so bashful that even Zong Yanchen could sense it.

Zong Yanchen thought that the girl in his arms must be very adorable with her face flushing.

He smiled. "Give me a kiss."

Mu Yuan'er was speechless.

She lowered her voice. "Did you just tricked me?"

"How can I trick you? I'm blind," Zong Yanchen denied. "A loser has to admit defeat."