

Stealing Your Heart Chapter 841

"I hope you don't regret it," stated Qin Ya. She was actually concerned that Grandma Su would regain her memories and return to how she had once been.

Su Zhan wrapped his arms around her. "I won't."

I'll prove it to you.

"You can sleep in my arms for the time being." Su Zhan stroked her cheek, to which she swatted his hand away, hating his untimely sweet-talk.

Su Zhan pretended that she had hit his wound, and he grimaced. "Did I hit your wound?" The woman's expression instantly paled.

"Yes." Su Zhan nodded.

Qin Ya felt a bit guilty upon coming to that realization. He had gotten this wound because of her, after all. "Let me see," she requested, wanting to check if the wound had reopened.

"I'm fine. Just let me lean on you for a moment."

"You're only pretending, aren't you?" Qin Ya immediately caught on.

Su Zhan shook his head in response. "No. Why would I pretend to be in pain?"

"Is that so?" She pressed onto his wound, making him grunt in pain, but she did not let loose at all. "You're dead meat if you lie to me again."

Su Zhan rested his head on her shoulder. "Will you be willing to kill me, though?"

"Why wouldn't I be? I will be even happier after that." She acted haughtily.

Su Zhan laughed and whispered in her ear, "I'll be willing to die in your arms."

Qin Ya glared at him. "Why can't you be serious?"

Su Zhan blinked upon hearing that. "Can I sleep?"

I meant every word I said. Why does she think I'm not being serious? Nevermind. I've already said it. I might as well sleep if she hates it.

Qin Ya nodded. "Go ahead."

They arrived at C City after three hours. Qin Ya had called Shao Yun to inform him that she would return today, and the latter, who wore a simple outfit today, went to the airport early to wait for her.

The man froze on his spot when he saw Qin Ya exiting the gate with Su Zhan. The woman told him that she would divorce Su Zhan when she departed that time, which would be their second separation. He had expected their relationship to end for good. However, not only did that not happen, but Su Zhan had even come back with her.

If she had not said that she would divorce Su Zhan, he would not have shown his interest in her.

After all, my age is...

Shao Yun suddenly felt at a loss.

"Uncle." Qin Ya waved her hand in front of him, trying to gain his attention.

Shao Yun let out a slight cough before smiling. "You're back."

For some reason, Su Zhan could feel Shao Yun's insincerity. Perhaps it had something to do with his feelings for Qin Ya.

He had previously suspected that Shao Yun had feelings for Qin Ya, but now that he had seen how the other man behaved, Su Zhan was convinced that it was true.

"Uncle." Su Zhan stretched out a hand. "Ya told me how you've been taking care of her. Thank you."

Shao Yun accepted his gesture and shook hands with him. "It's my duty as an elder."

"Then I will also have to thank you for taking care of her for me." Su Zhan deliberately emphasized the last word.

"The car's waiting outside. Let's go." Shao Yun hurriedly changed the topic and walked ahead.

Su Zhan then grabbed Qin Ya's hand before trailing behind the elder.

"Why are you holding me so tight?" the woman complained as she tried to break free from his hold.

Su Zhan did not realize his strength around her hand. It was a subconscious act since he feared that someone would snatch Qin Ya away from him. "I didn't mean to hold it so tight." He loosened his grip.

When they arrived at the parking lot, Qin Ya went in as Su Zhan went to load their luggage at the car trunk. After he was done, he entered the car after her.

"Let's go and have a meal," suggested Shao Yun.

"Sure," Qin Ya responded. "You always pick the best places."

That was because Shao Yun had always brought her to the best restaurants.

"Uncle, why aren't you wearing your favorite floral shirt?" Qin Ya noticed his plain shirt easily, for he would always wear the floral-patterned shirt every day.

Shao Yun's hands clenched on the steering wheel. "Can't I change my style?"

Su Zhan pretended not to hear the panic in Shao Yun's voice. He then announced that he was tired and leaned his head on Qin Ya's shoulder before shutting his eyes, pretending to be asleep.

Qin Ya was fully aware of the two men's feelings, but she continued, "You've loved that shirt your whole life. It's not easy to change one's style. Besides, I've asked you to change before, but you refused. Yet you can suddenly change it that easily?"

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Shao Yun never once looked at Qin Ya. He was afraid to do so when Su Zhan was around, lest the latter figured something out. It would be embarrassing if somebody found out that an elder like him had feelings for such a young woman.

“What’s so weird about it? I know someone who hated spicy food but ended up liking them eventually. Changing tastes and styles is completely normal.”

He actually changed his style because Qin Ya had once told him that he did not look good in floral shirts. When he learned that Qin Ya was about to divorce Su Zhan, he made his appearance better just for her. Unfortunately, things did not go as he hoped for. Remorse now coursed through his veins.

“Want me to drive you home?” he asked.

“Didn’t you say you’ll treat us to a meal?” replied Qin Ya.

Shao Yun paused as the air turned awkward. “I suddenly remembered that I have something else to do. If you’re hungry, go eat something with Su Zhan.”

Now that Su Zhan is here, taking care of her is no longer my duty.

“Su Zhan isn’t familiar with this place. How about you recommend us some nice restaurants?” asked Qin Ya with a smile.

Hearing that, Shao Yun uttered a few restaurant names. “These restaurants are good.

“Okay. Thank you, Uncle.”

Shao Yun did not respond to her as he drove them home.

Meanwhile, at the Zong's family residence in B City, the whole family had moved from the villa to the old mansion. All the rooms had been occupied, but the house was fortunately still in good condition.

Zong Qifeng refused to stay at the hospital; he was persistent about it. So, the doctor ended up having to go to his house every day to check on him.

Zong Jinghao had not gone to the company for two days straight, and Lin Xinyan did not question him, knowing that the man was probably in no mood to handle any of the company's affairs.

After the doctor finished examining Zong Qifeng, Zong Jinghao personally escorted the doctor out. "He's getting worse. Even if he were to request surgery, he can't do craniotomy anymore. All that's left to do is maintain his hormone therapy to prolong his life span."

Zong Jinghao's face darkened at that. "Sorry to trouble you then, but he's stubborn. He won't ever agree to go to the hospital."

"I want him to be happy. If he's not happy even after he's granted a few months more, what's the meaning of it?"

The doctor had seen all joys and sorrows in his life. For him, happiness was the only thing that mattered, and he would put in every effort to keep his patients alive.

"Don't worry. I'll try my best." Though the doctor looked indifferent, he actually wanted the elder to live longer since he was also a family member.

"I'll come back tomorrow." With that, the doctor entered his car and left, leaving Zong Jinghao standing at the roadside for a moment before walking back into the house.

On the other end, Lin Xinyan was holding their baby in the living room, trying to get him to sleep.

Zong Jinghao approached her and reached out his hands to hold the baby before saying, "Come with me. I have something to tell you."

After that, he went upstairs with the baby in his hands, with Lin Xinyan following closely behind. The latter closed the door when they were inside their bedroom. "What is it?"

Zong Jinghao tugged her hand to make her sit on the edge of the bed.

“Our son looks a lot like you,” he stated.

He’s acting weird today. Despite that thought, Lin Xinyan remained silent, knowing that he would continue talking.

However, she was wrong; she did not hear his voice after some time.

Lin Xinyan held his hand. “Hey, we’re married. You can talk to me about anything.”

Zong Jinghao lifted his head and stared at her deeply with a hint of reluctance. “Su Zhan came to me yesterday. He told me that he’s moving to C City with Qin Ya.”

Lin Xinyan clenched her hands. She could probably read her husband’s mind as she leaned her head on his shoulder. “I’ve always wanted to talk to you about this, but I didn’t get the chance to. Qin Ya can’t get pregnant, and if she were to take care of our baby, she would surely give her best.”

She knew it would be hard for Zong Jinghao to say what he wished. But after considering all aspects, giving the baby to Qin Ya and Su Zhan was the best option. Of course, they would definitely not overcome the hurdle in their hearts.

Lin Xinyan knew her husband well; she understood his thoughts.

“The child’s surname is Zhuang. My uncle gave me all his shares, and I intended to pass ownership to the child in the future as well. If he can live in C City... That’ll be great. Su Zhan and Qin Ya have been through a lot, and it’s a pity that they couldn’t have a child. If they had a son, they would surely be able to have a proper family.” Lin Xinyan looked up slowly and continued, “I can’t possibly take care of the child forever. If we let Su Zhan adopt him, I’m sure he’ll treat him like his own.”

Zong Jinghao clasped her hand tightly. Lin Xinyan was saying this on his behalf. The woman was especially observant and could easily tell what he was thinking.

“I can’t close down the textile factory since that’s the Cheng family business. Now that Uncle wants to spend time with my father, there needs to be someone managing the affairs there. Having Su Zhan move there is the best-case scenario. It’s alright; we will still have Yanxi and Yanchen.”

Lin Xinyan concluded, "Let's let Su Zhan and Qin Ya adopt the baby."

Zong Jinghao glanced at his son in his arms. He was fast asleep, and his face was a carbon copy of Lin Xinyan's.

"People often say that sons who take after their mothers are blessed. He truly is blessed to have so many people loving and caring for him," Lin Xinyan said as she stroked her child's face.

Even though she could not bear to part with her child, she did not refuse as she understood that this was for the best. His surname is different from Yanxi's and Yanchen's. He will inevitably have a different future from them and shoulder different responsibilities.

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When the kids arrived home, Zong Yanxi lay on Zong Qifeng's bed and began folding paper cranes with colored paper. She told her grandfather, "Our art teacher taught us this."

"Is that so?" Zong Qifeng chuckled as he patted his granddaughter's head gently. Have you managed to learn how to do it properly?"

"I haven't gotten much practice yet, so it doesn't look as good as my teacher's," Zong Yanxi replied as she continued folding her cranes.

"I believe Ruixi will be able to make beautiful cranes."

Zong Yanxi looked at her grandfather and said, "Grandpa, I want to fold many paper cranes."

"Why?" Zong Qifeng queried.

Zong Qifeng was leaning against the bed; he had a frail disposition.

"There's an ancient rumor that if you fold a thousand paper cranes sincerely, you'll be able to bring good luck and blessings to someone you love. I want to fold you a thousand paper cranes so that you can get better soon," Zong Yanxi explained earnestly.

Zong Qifeng felt touched by this gesture. *This lass is getting more and more understanding by the day.* "Where did you hear this from? You should be studying hard instead of learning all of this useless nonsense!"

"My art teacher taught us this. Is my teacher teaching nonsense then? If so, I won't listen to my teachers or do my homework anymore," Zong Yanxi retorted sharply. Zong Qifeng replied tenderly, "Sorry, that's not what I meant at all. I was wrong. It's very useful knowledge."

Zong Yanxi stared at Zong Qifeng with a solemn expression in her clear eyes. "Grandpa, I'll pray for your recovery earnestly."

Zong Qifeng did not have any regrets left in this world. The only thing he lamented was not being able to watch the three kids grow up. Cheng Yuxiu wanted to watch her grandchildren grow up and go to school, but she had been unable to do so.

"I'll hang them up," Zong Yanxi quipped as she hung her folded paper cranes on the windowsill with a bit of string.

Lin Xinyan entered the room with the baby in her arms. She hurriedly supported her daughter, who was attempting to reach the window on a stool. "Slow down. Be careful."

"It's fine; I've grown up now," Zong Yanxi assured her as she got off the stool. "Mommy, did you bring little brother here to see grandpa?"

Lin Xinyan nodded. "That's right. Your little brother misses grandpa."

"Hehe," Zong Yanxi smiled as she pinched her brother's cheeks. "His cheeks are so soft!"

Lin Xinyan slapped her hand aside and chided, "Don't pinch his cheeks. He'll drool."

Zong Yanxi pouted and left the room.

Just as she was about to close the door, she met Zong Jinghao outside and called out, "Daddy!"

Zong Jinghao returned the greeting and instructed, "Go play with Yanchen in the living room for a while."

"I don't want to play with him; he's so boring!" Zong Yanxi headed back to her own room while complaining.

Zong Yanchen, her brother, was wise beyond his years. Everyone other than Zong Yanxi and the baby knew about Zong Qifeng's current situation. Zong Yanxi was heartbroken, and the boy of few words became even quieter.

Zong Yanxi remarked that her brother was just trying to act cool and ignored them.

Zong Jinghao closed the door and headed over to the bedside. He pulled a chair over and sat next to Lin Xinyan.

Ever since Zong Qifeng was ill, the man did not get to carry the baby much. Although the illness was not contagious, he was worried that it would affect the baby anyway.

The child was still young, and his immune system was weak.

“Why did you bring him in? Keep him away from me!” Zong Qifeng hurriedly waved them away.

Lin Xinyan began, “Jinghao and I have something to tell you.”

“What’s the matter?” Zong Qifeng asked Zong Jinghao.

“Jinghao and I have talked this through, and we want to let Su Zhan and Qin Ya adopt the baby,” Lin Xinyan replied.

Zong Qifeng’s gaze turned to baby and said, “He’s your child. If you’ve already thought this through, then I have no reason to object.”

He clasped the baby’s small hands, and the baby burst into laughter.

“This works, I guess.”

Zong Qifeng was ill, but his mind was still sharp. He could easily tell what the couple was thinking.

“Your parents only had one child, so you should let this baby take after your father’s surname. The child will then be able to take over your family business. Everything has worked out well. They won’t be able to see it for themselves, but I’ll be sure to pass on the message when I meet them on the other side.”

Zong Qifeng’s voice trailed off towards the end. His physical condition was clearly weakening.

The atmosphere turned grim, especially after what Zong Qifeng said about passing on the message. After a short chat, Zong Qifeng grew tired. Lin Xinyan and Zong Jinghao left the room so that he could get some rest.

Late at night, Lin Xinyan tossed and turned in bed, only to find out that there was no one beside her. She opened her eyes groggily and saw a dark figure on the balcony. She put on her slippers and brought a coat over, pinning it on Zong Jinghao's back. "Why aren't you sleeping?"

Under the dim moonlight, Lin Xinyan could see a pained and conflicted expression on his refined features.

Zong Jinghao took off the coat and placed it over her shoulders. He took her hand and said, "I can't fall asleep. Keep me company for a while."

Lin Xinyan agreed, and the two of them stood under the moonlight silently.

"Can you bear to give the baby away? If you want, I can bear you another child," Lin Xinyan offered.

Zong Jinghao took her hand and replied, "Your body can't take it. It's already enough for me to have Xichen and Ruixi. They're our first children, and I have no regrets."

He was content to have a son and a daughter.

"I know that you did all of this for my sake. You let the baby take the Zhuang surname and inherit JK in order to let my family name and business continue to thrive. That way, his legacy will live on in our child." She placed her hand on the back of his hand gently and continued, "Allowing Qin Ya and Su Zhan to adopt our baby will only mean that there are two more people in the world who love him as deeply as we do. This isn't a bad thing."

Both of them understood the logic behind this, but they just could not bear giving their child away.

"Let's go to bed." Zong Jinghao headed back into the room while holding Lin Xinyan's hand.

The two of them simply could not fall asleep. Thoughts of both Zong Qifeng and the baby weighed heavily on their hearts.

They were not the only ones who did not rest well that night.

Sang Yu had often felt nauseous of late. Although she had not eaten much for dinner that night, she still felt like vomiting, but nothing would come out. Nausea kept tormenting her and robbing her of rest.

The following morning, the woman headed to a clinic. There was a long queue at the hospital, and she was working as an intern, so she could not be late. She would be penalized for being late and leave a bad impression.

The clinic was a lot less crowded than usual.

Sang Yu described her symptoms to the doctor, "I've been feeling nauseous lately, but I can't seem to vomit anything out. My appetite has gotten a lot worse as well."

The doctor probed, "Has anything like this happened in the past?"

Sang Yu shook her head. "My body has always been doing okay."

"Have you been staying up late recently?" the doctor continued.

"No."

"It might be gastric," the doctor concluded, "I'll prescribe you some medicine."

"Okay."

The doctor prescribed her some medicine which she took on the way to the office.

Sang Yu managed to reach the office on time.

Since Sang Yu was a new intern, she handled simple tasks such as photocopying documents or pinning messages on the noticeboard. However, her symptoms had not eased even after taking the medicine.

Maybe it hasn't taken effect yet. I'll take it again in the afternoon.

However, her situation had not improved even after she knocked off in the evening. Wang Tingxue asked her out for dinner.

She was quite tired after work and wanted to refuse, but Wang Tingxue threatened her, "If you don't show up, then the two of us are through!"

Sang Yu sighed. Knowing Wang Tingxue's temper, she would have to go, or Wang Tingxue would give her the cold shoulder for a long time.

"The noodles here are really good!" Wang Tingxue exclaimed as she dragged Sang Yu to a restaurant that was selling beef noodles.

"I haven't eaten here in forever," Wang Tingxue remarked as she dragged her inside. She quickly ordered, "Two bowls of noodles and a side order of pancakes!"

"Sure, please wait a moment."

Shortly after, the waiter brought two bowls of noodles over. The thin noodles, finely sliced beef, shredded tofu skin, and onions, drenched in soup, made a fine combination.

Wang Tingxue was already drooling from the fragrant aroma. "It smells so good!"

In the past, Sang Yu had loved it as well. The beef noodles and pancakes were a perfect combination, but she currently had no appetite at all.

Wang Tingxue took a bite of the food and was immediately filled with bliss.

"Sang Yu, why aren't you eating?" Wang Tingxue asked as she took a bite of the pancake.

"I haven't been feeling well lately. I don't have much of an appetite."

Wang Tingxue queried, "What are your symptoms?"

"I feel nauseous all the time, and the medication prescribed isn't helping." She suddenly clutched her chest as she felt nauseous again.

Wang Tingxue's eyes widened. "Sang Yu, you're feeling nauseous? Are you pregnant?"

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Sang Yu was stunned. I haven't thought of such a possibility.

Now that Wang Tingxue had suggested it, Sang Yu felt herself grow excited. Wait, that can't be right. I visited a doctor, and he didn't ask me anything related to pregnancy. I even took the meds.

When she thought of this, she suddenly panicked. Oh no... What if I'm really pregnant? I already took the medicine... Will there be any side effects?

At that thought, she lost her appetite completely.

Wang Tingxue decided that she should not let the food go to waste since Sang Yu was not eating. Wang Tingxue happily finished Sang Yu's portion on the latter's behalf.

After their meal, the two left the restaurant. Sang Yu was somewhat lost in thought the entire time. Wang Tingxue returned to the dormitory while Sang Yu took a cab home.

The cab she had gotten in soon pulled over at the neighborhood, but Sang Yu showed no intention of getting off. So, the driver reminded her, "Miss, we're here."

Only then did she come to her senses, pay the driver, and get off.

As Sang Yu took the elevator up, she retrieved her key to open the door. However, she soon realized that it was not locked. Wait, I clearly remember locking the door before leaving. Why is it unlocked?

Once she opened the door, she saw Shen Peichuan's luggage. He's back?

She strode inside to see Shen Peichuan answering a call on the balcony. "Alright, I've got it. I'll report on time tomorrow."

The other party on the phone talked for a while longer, and Shen Peichuan acknowledged the message before hanging up and placing the phone on a nearby table. He then continued hanging up the rest of his laundry.

"You're back?" Sang Yu asked in a hoarse tone.

Shen Peichuan turned around to see her standing not too far behind her with swollen eyes. He nodded and inquired, "What's wrong?"

Sang Yu hugged him tightly. "Why did you come back so early?"

His return was too sudden; he had not told her about this earlier.

"I was done with work there, so I came back early," Shen Peichuan explained.

"Will you be leaving again?" Sang Yu asked.

"Nope." Shen Peichuan patted her on the back and followed up, "What's wrong? You seem unhappy."

"It... It's nothing. I just came back from my internship and I'm still not used to it." Sang Yu did not dare to tell him her suspicions as she had not yet confirmed it at the hospital.

She decided to tell him after she had a proper checkup at the hospital.

"It'll get better," Shen Peichuan consoled her. However, Sang Yu did not feel reassured in the least.

She let go of him and said, "I'm tired. I'll gonna get some sleep."

"Have you eaten? I'll bring you out for dinner."

"I've already had dinner," Sang Yu answered as she headed to the bedroom.

Shen Peichuan could tell that something was off with Sang Yu, but he did not think too much about it. The woman had already said that it was because of the internship.

After a moment, he came into the room with a glass of water. Sang Yu was already lying down on the bed. He approached her, placed the cup on the bedside table, and suggested, "If you feel tired, you can just quit. I'll gladly provide for you."

Sang Yu turned around to look at him, and Shen Peichuan caressed her face gently. "You look unwell."

"You told me that I can only help others if I succeed. I won't give up. I'm not tired. I'm just... feeling down."

She then held Shen Peichuan's hand. "Not bad; you've improved enough to be able to tell that something's troubling me."

Is that supposed to be a compliment?

"What's wrong?" Shen Peichuan queried.

"Don't even ask. I'm tired and want to sleep." Sang Yu let go of his hand, covered the sheets over her face, and mumbled, "Don't talk to me. I really want to sleep."

At that, Shen Peichuan nodded and kept quiet.

Though Sang Yu said she was tired, she could not sleep at all. When Shen Peichuan joined her in bed, she was still wide awake.

She only managed to drift to sleep at around midnight.

She woke up early in the morning to make Shen Peichuan breakfast, but she did not have any food herself. She simply told him that she was in a rush to go to work and hurriedly left.

However, she took a day off and headed to the hospital.

There was a two-hour queue to visit the doctor. She explained her symptoms to the doctor in the consultation room.

The doctor scribbled down her symptoms and queried, "Are you attached?"

Sang Yu replied, "I'm married."

The doctor glanced at her and said, "Let's do an ultrasound then."

Sang Yu nodded.

She did her ultrasound at around noon and soon got her medical report.

She was pregnant with a single child.

Sang Yu was excited and worried at the same time. She passed the report to the doctor and queried, "I took some medicine. Will it affect the fetus?"

The doctor then asked, "What medicine did you take?"

Sang Yu had expected this question and brought her medicine along. One of the anti-inflammatory medicines was extremely harmful to the fetus.

The doctor asked, "How long have you been taking it?"

Sang Yu said that she had been eating it for a day.

"It's not a long time, but this medicine can't be taken by expecting women..."

"Does this mean that I can't keep the child?" Sang Yu asked dejectedly.

She felt as if she was a fool.

She had not thought about such a thing at all. After all, she had only spent two nights with Shen Peichuan. Since she was showing signs of pregnancy now, it meant that she had conceived on their first try. She did not expect it to come so suddenly.

"I can't be sure either. If you want to keep the child, you will have to go for regular checkups in case the fetus doesn't develop properly. If the fetus turns out to be deformed, you can decide to abort it. Of course, if you're worried about the risk, you can choose to abort it now."

Sang Yu understood what the doctor said, but this was not a decision she could make alone. She had to tell Shen Peichuan about this matter someday.

After she left the hospital, she quickly dialed Shen Peichuan's number.

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The call went through, but no one answered.

Sang Yu did not end the call. Instead, she just kept listening to the ringing until a robotic voice traveled into her ears. "The number you have dialed is unavailable. Please try again later..."

She pulled the phone away from her ears as she sat on the steps in a daze. Guilt was chewing on her heart, and she felt it was her ignorance that had led to things turning out this way.

Her throat tightened as her eyes reddened.

She did not know how long she had been sitting there when her phone suddenly rang. Lowering her head, she looked and saw it was Shen Peichuan's number. She once had many things to say to him, but now, she did not know what to say anymore.

Sniffing, she collected herself. When she accepted the call, Shen Peichuan's voice immediately traveled out of the speaker. "Why did you take so long to pick up the call?"

Sang Yu kept quiet.

This time, Shen Peichuan was quick to realize what was wrong. He asked, "Are you angry because I didn't accept your call? I left my phone in my office earlier before I went for a meeting. When I saw the missed calls, I immediately called back."

"I'm not angry with you. I'm angry with myself." Sang Yu lowered her eyes. "When are you coming home tonight?"

"I may be late tonight and won't be going home for dinner. I have a dinner appointment with my colleagues." His promotion had been announced, so his colleagues wanted him to treat them to a meal.

He could not reject them.

"I'll wait for you anyway." Sang Yu pursed her lips. "I have something to tell you tonight."

Shen Peichuan replied, "Okay."

"Go ahead with your work. I'll be ending the call now." At that, she ended the call.

After collecting herself again, she stood up and left the hospital.

At home, she waited from six in the evening until eleven at night before the door finally creaked open. Shen Peichuan was in his dress shirt, and his uniform was on his arm as he entered.

Sang Yu was curled on the couch. She turned in the sound's direction. In the dim lights, she could see Shen Peichuan's slightly red face. Turning around, she put on her house slippers before walking to him. Once she was close to him, she could smell the faint scent of alcohol.

She frowned. "Have you been drinking?"

"A little. My colleague insisted. It's not right for me to keep rejecting," Shen Peichuan replied.

Sang Yu took the clothes from his arm and hung them. She then helped him to the couch. "I drank little. Don't you have something to say to me?"

Instead of answering him immediately, Sang Yu handed him a glass of water.

Shen Peichuan took a sip from the glass before he placed it on the table. He continued, "What did you want to tell me?"

Quietly, she stared at him.

Holding her hands, he divulged, "Sang Yu, I've been promoted at work."

On another day, Sang Yu would have hugged him and exclaimed, "Congratulations!"

However, she could not form the words this time.

“What’s wrong?” She had a lively character, and it was unusual for her to be this quiet. Her silence made anxiety creep into Shen Peichuan’s heart. “Are you upset because I’m home late?”

Nowadays, the moment Sang Yu felt upset, he would start wondering if he was the one at fault.

The only thing he could think of was that he had come home late.

Sang Yu shook her head. “No.”

“Was it because I drank? My colleague...”

“Peichuan,” Sang Yu interrupted. “I... I...”

It was meant to be joyous news, but she had made it seem terrible now.

“What’s wrong?” Shen Peichuan reached out to hug her.

In his lap, Sang Yu hoarsely asked, “Will you forgive me if I did something wrong?”

“Of course.” Shen Peichuan pecked a kiss on her forehead.

Sang Yu mustered her courage and announced, “I-I’m expecting.”

“Okay.” Belatedly, Shen Peichuan continued, “What are you expecting?”

Sang Yu grabbed the edge of his shirt and bit her lip. “Y-Your baby.”

Shen Peichuan instantly stiffened. It was as though he could not process her words, yet it also seemed as if he could not describe what he felt to be joy.

His Adam’s apple bobbed before he asked, “When was this?”

In the next second, he crushed Sang Yu in a hug and exclaimed, “Y-You’re pregnant? I’m going to be a father?”

The news came too sudden, and he could not contain the excitement in him. "Sang Yu, I'm so happy!"

He was so delighted that he was at a loss for words.

Abruptly, Sang Yu sobbed in his embrace.

Stunned by her action, Shen Peichuan questioned, "Why are you crying?"

As he spoke, he reached out to wipe her tears away.

Sang Yu's sobbed even louder as she choked out, "I took meds."

Confused, Shen Peichuan inquired, "What meds did you take?"

She looked at him with watery eyes. "I-I didn't know I was pregnant. I didn't feel well, so I went to a clinic for a checkup. The doctor said it was gastroenteritis, so they prescribed me some meds, and I took them. I still felt discomfort after taking them for a day, so I went to a hospital instead. There I found out I'm pregnant, but because I took the meds..."

Shen Peichuan had to inhale two deep breaths before he could speak in a tone as calm as he could muster. "Why didn't you go to the hospital if you weren't feeling well?"

"I thought it was too bothersome as the hospital's too far away..."

All of a sudden, Shen Peichuan jumped to his feet. The best news and the worst news had come hand-in-hand, and his emotions could barely catch up with his comprehension. He, who was usually calm and collected, was now pacing in agitation in front of the couch. Thinking that he was angry, more tears fell from Sang Yu's eyes.

At the same time, she started to tremble as she sobbed. "T-This is all my fault."

Shen Peichuan turned to look at her tear-stricken face and went back to the sofa. Holding her in his arms, he consoled, "It's okay, it's okay. I don't blame you for this. It's not your fault."

She was young, and she had not meant to do this.

"This is my fault," Sang Yu repeated.

“We’ll go to the hospital again. Let’s hear what the doctor says.” Shen Peichuan wiped her tears. “Don’t cry.”