

Stealing Your Heart Chapter 594

As they slipped quietly through the dimly lit corridors, Zong Jinghao asked uncertainly, "Are you sure that he's actually here?"

It was morning outside, but it was as dark as night, in the windowless rooms of the club. The only sources of light in the club were the fluorescent lights that lined the ceiling. However, it was eerily quiet.

Thankfully, the central air-conditioning was working, so they didn't feel hot at all as they made their way down the corridor.

Shen Peichuan confirmed it. "The person I'd sent to keep track of him has informed me that he is currently here."

At this moment, he paused for a bit. "I wish that he were knocked down and killed by a car the other day. Why did he have to live, throwing everything into chaos once again?"

Zong Jinghao shot him a sideways glance. This wasn't the composed Shen Peichuan that he normally knew.

Shen Peichuan laughed lightly. "I'd only said as such because I've gotten sick of him. Don't take it too seriously."

Zong Jinghao glanced away from him as he chose to remain silent.

Shen Peichuan knew that Gu Bei was here, but he didn't know which room he was in. "I'll go and ask someone if they know."

Zong Jinghao agreed. Hence, Shen Peichuan went to the front desk, inquiring about it. When he returned, he relayed forth, “He’s in Room 303 on the third floor. I’ve booked Room 302 for us— it’s right beside it.”

Seeing that this was a private club, there was a huge emphasis on ensuring the privacy of its clients. In addition to that, the club was only open to people who were close friends with the boss.

Zong Jinghao wasn’t very close to the boss, but Mr. Tang was his friend. Mr. Tang was rather close to the boss. On account of his relationship with Mr. Tang, the boss felt obligated to treat Zong Jinghao courteously as well. Upon hearing that Zong Jinghao had arrived, he ran out to greet him immediately.

“Tang informed me ahead of time that you were going to arrive. I didn’t know when you were going to arrive. Otherwise, I would have reserved a room for you.” The boss was a man named Luo. Everyone knew him as Luo the Third.

This was due to the reason that he was the third brother in his family. In actual fact, his birth name was Luo Hongde.

When Shen Peichuan headed off to inquire about Gu Bei, the staff at the front desk discreetly informed Luo the Third that Zong Jinghao had arrived. Hence, he had come out to receive them immediately.

“You’re too kind. I may have something else that I’ll need to trouble you with.” Zong Jinghao laughed softly. This was the tone that he used with his clients when he wanted to get something from them— polite enough that he didn’t offend them, but cool enough to always seem detached.

“If there’s anything else that you require, do let me know.” Luo the Third uttered, smiling. He seemed like a nice man on the outside, but his nickname gave him the air of a hooligan.

When they entered the room, Luo the Third gave them a more in-depth lesson about the club’s services. The club served all sorts of delicious food and alcohol.

It was very suitable for a gathering between friends. However, it stayed away from offering trashy services; the ones that defined many low-class clubs, such as sing-song girls.

Due to the privacy the club offered, Luo the Third's friends sometimes brought their girlfriends over for dinner here. The food served was all delicacies from different cuisines, and it was difficult to find the same dishes outside.

"What would the both of you like to order? I'll have someone send it up to you." Luo the Third offered, smiling.

Zong Jinghao swept a cool gaze around the room. "I've heard that Gu Bei is in the room beside us."

Luo the Third paused for a while before saying cheerily, "Yes, that's right."

"Are all your walls soundproof?"

"Yes, of course. The soundproofing here is quite remarkable— it works better than those at karaoke rooms." Luo the Third affirmed confidently.

Glancing at him, Shen Peichuan asked, "What if we'd like the people next door to hear our conversation?"

Luo the Third seemed a little confused. "Huh?"

This is a very strange request indeed.

Why would they want their conversations to be overheard by others?

"Are you pulling my leg?" Luo the Third asked uncertainly, wondering if Shen Peichuan was making a fool out of him.

“Do I look like someone who jokes?” Shen Peichuan asked, shooting a blank stare at Luo the Third.

Luo the Third was still left unconvinced. Hence, he turned around and looked at Zong Jinghao. “Well, I...”

Zong Jinghao cut him off. “Are we making things very difficult for you?”

Luo the Third shook his head immediately. Zong Jinghao’s words meant that they were being perfectly serious about this matter.

If they had asked him if they could eavesdrop on Gu Bei’s conversation with his guest, Luo the Third would have found it within the realms of reason. However, asking for their own conversation to be overheard was a rather odd request.

The people who visited his club regularly were usually his close friends. Naturally, he had no incentive to install eavesdropping devices within his rooms. This was unlike most other clubs, whose rooms came fitted with those so that the owners could hear of what was going on inside of them.

Sadly, this club didn’t have any of those.

Upon having pondered on this for a while, he asked, “As long as Gu Bei can hear the both of you speak, you’ll be alright with whatever method I use, won’t you?”

Zong Jinghao affirmed.

“Alright, then. I’ll handle this for you.” Luo the Third had an idea.

Shen Peichuan asked, “What’s your plan?”

“You want Gu Bei to overhear your conversation, don’t you? That won’t be too tough— I’ll just let slip to him that I heard the both of you talking in here...”

“Sure. Nevertheless, are you sure about that?” Shen Peichuan asked, smiling. “Do you have to embellish your account a little and tell him that you’d overheard us talking smack about him?”

Luo the Third had intended to do just that. Seeing how Shen Peichuan had guessed his thoughts, he laughed and uttered without a hint of embarrassment, “Well, what else can we do?”

Shen Peichuan wasn’t expressing his doubts about Luo the Third’s plan. After all, they had never gotten along with Gu Bei— he was simply curious about how Luo the Third had planned to handle him.

“Thank you for your help, then.” Shen Peichuan muttered simply.

Luo the Third gestured at the door. “Shall I go now?”

Shen Peichuan glanced at Zong Jinghao. “Now?”

Zong Jinghao had no wish to waste more time sitting idly about in the room. Thus, he nodded and told Luo the Third to proceed immediately. Luo the Third had someone deliver alcohol and a fruit platter to their room before leaving to trick Gu Bei.

The two men sat down on the sofa. Zong Jinghao changed the topic. “Have you seen the news?”

Shen Peichuan felt a little stunned, but he reacted almost immediately. “Do you mean the news about you and Xinyan?” he asked.

“That’s right.” Zong Jinghao poured a glass of wine.

“Do you mean to organize a wedding and announce that Xinyan is your wife to the public?” Shen Peichuan understood Zong Jinghao very well. *That was the implicit meaning in his words.*

Soon, he gave him his opinion on the matter. “I think that a wedding is quite necessary. Aside from the people who are close to you, the public has a very limited understanding of your private life. Recent events would have cast a larger spotlight on your family, and the public is speculating heavily on who your mysterious wife is. Some of their comments are downright horrible. While Xinyan might not mind it, the kids are still growing up. I don’t think it’s a good idea for them to read such comments.”

Zong Jinghao smiled as he chose to remain silent. Instead, he set the wine glass down in front of Shen Peichuan. It was quite amazing that Shen Peichuan had managed to figure out his intentions. *There has to be a reason for it.*

Shen Peichuan brought the glass of wine to his lips. “Do you mean that we’ll be able to attend your wedding soon?”

Zong Jinghao clinked his glass against Shen Peichuan’s as a silent admission of that fact. “Yes. What about you, then?”

Shen Peichuan was about to take a sip of wine, but Zong Jinghao’s words plunged him into confusion. “What do mean, what about me?”

“Are you going to live out the rest of your life by yourself?” Shen Peichuan was at the prime of his career, and he spent his days worrying about how his company was doing. On the other hand, he seemed to have no plans of getting married.

“Well, it just so happens that I haven’t met anyone suitable,” Shen Peichuan argued despondently. “Should I start going on blind dates? There are all sorts of online dating websites now. Maybe I’ll open an account with one of them and see if there’s anyone out there for me.”

Zong Jinghao looked at him in disbelief. *Could such websites even be trusted?*

“I think that you should just wait instead.” He didn’t think that anything good would come out of online dating.

If he met someone who had tricked him out of his money and chastity, Shen Peichuan would suffer quite a bit.

Shen Peichuan didn't reply. Instead, he changed the topic again and asked, "When are you going to hold the wedding, then? Where's the location set to be?"

Zong Jinghao had wanted to hold a destination wedding at Lin Xinyan's dream location. However, he thought of her current physical condition and their two children and decided that it would be better to hold the wedding in the country instead.

"The eighteenth of May." Zong Qifeng had gotten that date from a fortune-teller. It was an auspicious day to get married.

"Isn't that in a couple of weeks?" Shen Peichuan asked, shocked. *It is already May.*

The door of the room had been strategically left ajar. As the two of them chatted, they became increasingly aware of a quiet presence behind the door. However, they pretended not to notice it.

They knew exactly who was at the door, eavesdropping on their conversation.

Shen Peichuan spoke up first. Raising his voice slightly so that the eavesdropper could hear him, he said, "It's quite amazing, isn't it? That Number Four knows so many things about Gu Bei."

"What did you get out of him?" Zong Jinghao asked, reclining on the sofa.

Gu Bei, who was standing still by the door, listened with increasing intent.

Shen Peichuan put on a solemn expression. Putting on an extremely secretive expression, he uttered in an equally loud voice, "He said that a murder has happened in Gu Bei's nightclub before— apparently the victim was one of the bar's hostesses. When that happened, Gu Bei bribed the press to keep

everything hush-hush. Number Four has also told us where the girl's family home is located—I've already sent someone there to get her family members to testify against him in court."

Here, he paused and laughed. His voice laced with disbelief, he asked, "Number Four is one of Gu Bei's most trusted underlings. How could he have divulged everything to you at once, just because you'd given him a good beating? We sent Number Four back as our spy this time—I wonder if he'll be able to dig anything up, regarding Gu Bei's criminal past."