

Stealing Your Heart Chapter 674

Shen Peichuan's vision darkened, and he fell.

The man tossed the wooden plank aside. Fear was getting to him. He worried that his assault had killed the man. *There are so many hooligans in this time and age, and he must be a villain because he showed up in the water for no reason.* The man came up with that excuse to pacify himself. After that, he dragged Shen Peichuan to a secluded spot and abandoned him.

When the man was finally satisfied with the location he chose, he went home to pack up and leave.

He didn't want to face any charges and was worried about being sentenced to prison, so he decided to flee while he still could.

That village was secluded and was located over a hundred kilometers away from B City. Besides, the villagers weren't rich, and most able youngsters had ventured into the city to work. The only ones left in the village were the elders and the kids.

Meanwhile, Sang Yu lost her drive to succeed in life after her mother had passed away. She thought about returning to her village to lead a simple life after her mother's funeral, but the villagers still discriminated against her after all those years. Hence, she left the place once more.

Sang Yu once volunteered in the secluded village, so she knew about the poor condition of the village. She also knew that no one was willing to be a teacher there because of the low pay. Therefore, after she left her village, she went to the village located over a hundred kilometers away from B City and took a job as a teacher there.

Back then, Sang Yu used to be poor, and she knew just how difficult it was for children from poor families to get their education. Even though she lost all hope after her mother's death, hanging out with the children had renewed her faith in life.

The school had five classes and three teachers. One of the teachers was Sang Yu, another was a middle-aged man, who doubled as the principal, and the last one was a young local who was also a college student. The young local would only work temporarily during his school break, and he would leave after his break was over.

Sang Yu was responsible for teaching language classes to Year One and Year Two students. She would also teach arts and singing lessons to Year Three, Year Four, and Year Five students.

That morning, she was scheduled to teach Year Two students a language class. The kid with good grades, Wang Haonan, who was usually punctual, was late that day.

The moment he walked in, he shouted, "Ms. Sang, something bad happened..."

Sang Yu was focused on writing on the blackboard when she heard the boy. She didn't turn around, but she instructed calmly, "Take your seat and settle down. You can tell me everything afterward."

Wang Haonan stood by the door and panted instead. He ignored his teacher's words and informed, "I saw a dead man on my way to school today."

Sang Yu put the chalk down and frowned before asking, "What did you say?"

"I said I saw a dead man," repeated Wang Haonan in a clear and crisp voice.

"Where did you see it? Take me to it," said Sang Yu as she headed over.

“Okay, follow me,” replied Wang Haonan as he gripped Sang Yu’s sleeve. The other students were curious as well, and when their teacher walked towards the door, they stood up. However, Sang Yu ordered them to stay in their seats. “No one is allowed to leave the classroom.”

Sang Yu wasn’t sure what Wang Haonan saw, but if it really was a dead man, then it would not be appropriate for the kids to see it.

“Lead everyone to read page five of the textbook, vice-class prefect,” added Sang Yu.

The vice-class prefect stood up and replied, “Yes, miss.”

“Ms. Sang, hurry and follow me over,” urged Wang Haonan as he dragged Sang Yu ahead.

The path was uneven, so Sang Yu reminded, “Slow down.”

“I’m worried that the guy would suddenly disappear,” shared Wang Haonan.

Sang Yu shook her head exasperatedly. “As you said, he’s already dead, so he’s not going to get up and walk away, is he?”

Wang Haonan scratched his tiny head and agreed, “Oh, right. Good point.”

Sang Yu thought the boy was cute, so she stroked the kid’s head. She followed him all the way to the back of the school and down a narrow path before she saw a man lying on the ground.

The mere sight of it got Sang Yu nervous, and she asked, “When did you see it, Haonan?”

“I saw it when I was on my way to school. I was so scared,” replied Wang Haonan as he tapped his own chest to comfort himself.

Even then, he could still recall how the guy was bleeding a lot from his head and was lying on the ground. That memory frightened him.

The closer Sang Yu got, the more familiar she found that figure to be. However, she couldn't quite recall where she saw that man from.

"Ms. Sang, should we call the police?" asked Wang Haonan.

Sang Yu inched closer. "Yes, we should definitely..."

Sang Yu hadn't even finished speaking before she saw the man's face.