

# Stealing Your Heart Chapter 813

Qin Ya was obviously very nervous but she still insisted, "I'm not nervous."

Su Zhan mentally sighed, lamenting Qin Ya's stubborn attitude. *If we fail again this time, it's definitely going to be a huge blow to her.*

They headed for the doctor's office and Su Zhan raised a hand to knock on the door. After the doctor called out for them to come in, they pushed open the door and entered. Upon noticing them, the doctor invited, "Please take a seat."

Su Zhan guided Qin Ya over to sit in one of the chairs before the desk.

Her lips were pursed so tightly they were white. She kept reminding herself not to be nervous but it was a futile effort.

*Think positive! Be positive and good things will happen!*

"Doctor, what's the result?" Su Zhan asked.

The doctor did not immediately reply. Instead, he turned to Qin Ya and said, "I would like to speak with your husband alone."

Qin Ya made no move to stand up. Her voice was firm as she stated, "Just tell me whatever the problem is."

The doctor glanced over at Su Zhan hesitantly.

Su Zhan squeezed Qin Ya's hand. "Maybe the doctor wants to tell me what problems I have. Wait for me outside please?"

"Does it matter whose problem it is? I can know either way, right?" she retorted.

Rendered speechless by her words, it was several seconds before Su Zhan could speak, "Go ahead, Doctor. We'll face whatever problem it is together."

The doctor nodded. "Alright then."

Gathering the results of the second attempt at IVF, he handed the papers over to the couple.

Su Zhan asked, "Was it a failure?"

If it had been a success, the doctor would have instantly told them the good news. He would not have let them read a bunch of results they could not hope to understand.

The doctor answered, "Yes, it failed."

Qin Ya's body slumped like a puppet with its strings cut as her eyes went dull.

Su Zhan wrapped an arm around her shoulders while consoling her, "It's okay. Everything's fine. You might not be with a child but you still have me."

She raised her eyes to look at the doctor. "There's something wrong with me, isn't there?"

He would not have wanted her out of the room otherwise.

The doctor nodded honestly. "Both times were failures because of the quality of your eggs." He paused before continuing, "If you were to try a third time, there's a ninety percent chance it'll still fail. Your eggs are just not suitable for IVF; the rate of success is too low. I suggest you give up. You will only suffer if you continue trying this method. Not only will you fail to get the desired results, but you'll have to endure the emotional stress as well."

The doctor's words were like a bolt of lightning, striking Qin Ya and leaving her senseless. Her vision blurred before darkening as she fell unconscious.

"Qin Ya!" Su Zhan cried out in surprise. He caught his wife before she slumped to the floor. The doctor ordered,

"Put her on the bed and I'll check her over."

Lifting Qin Ya into his arms, Su Zhan carefully set her down on the bed. The doctor examined her before telling the worried man, "Everything's fine. She's just suffered a heavy blow emotionally and was unable to cope with it. As her husband, you should spend more time comforting her."

Su Zhan looked down at his unconscious wife and murmured, "I know."

Trying to be helpful, the doctor suggested, "Adopting a child is a good option too."

Su Zhan did not bother answering the man. He was not in the mood to say anything at all right now. He knew what the doctor was suggesting, but all he could think about now was whether Qin Ya would be able to get over this hurdle.

Telling her that the quality of her eggs was the problem was like condemning the idea of having a child to death. There was no room for negotiation.

She would never be able to have her own child.

When Qin Ya woke up, she was back in their home. Su Zhan was sitting by the bed. Upon noticing that she was awake, he queried, "Are you feeling uncomfortable anywhere?"

She shook her head mutely, her eyes staring up at the ceiling lifelessly. "Su Zhan."

"Yeah?"

"Maybe we should just forget it..."

"What nonsense are you saying!" Su Zhan shouted. He could not believe what he was hearing.

She shut her eyes and her voice came out raspy, "You're only going to suffer even more from here on out, caught between me and Grandma."

"I'll be fine." He gazed down at her. "I'll never be able to accept you leaving me again. We went through so much to get to this point today. Can you please not talk about leaving anymore?"

"Could you leave me alone for now?" she whispered in a frail voice.

She wanted to be left with her thoughts in silence.

“Alright. I’ll be in the living room. Shout if you need anything.”

He had to strain his ears to hear her soft “okay.”

Understanding her need for quiet, he got up and left the room.

The moment the door clicked shut, the tears she had been holding back burst forth like a broken dam.

The news that she was practically infertile was like a cruel joke from the universe.

There were plenty of couples in the world who were able to have children, but they wanted nothing to do with kids.

Yet she, a woman who so desperately wanted a child of her own, was unable to have one. It was something unattainable, impossible for her.

She sobbed softly at the injustice of it all.

Su Zhan was crouching by the door. Despite Qin Ya’s best efforts to keep her crying down, he could still hear everything. The room was so quiet he could hear his own breathing. There was no way he would not be able to hear her muffled cries.

He slid to the floor slowly with his back to the wall. He bowed his head as his body began to tremble violently.

Eventually, the sniffing sounds stuttered before dying down. Su Zhan crawled up from his position on the floor.

Pushing open the door, he affected a relaxed air and entered the room. “Do you want me to cook something for you?”

Exhausted from her emotional breakdown, Qin Ya turned her back on him.

He walked over to kneel beside her. “We already agreed to not mind this matter so much. Why did you still cry?”

He reached out to wipe away the tears still glistening in the corner of her eyes.

She moved to look up at him, the tears clinging to her lashes stubbornly. In a hoarse voice, she muttered, "I didn't want to cry."

*But I couldn't help it. It just hurts so much.*