

Lucky Bride 138

Chapter 138: Farewell

After such a thing happened in the mansion, a thorough investigation would surely be carried out. At that time, the nasty things they did would sooner or later be found out.

At this moment, Zhao Fengyun was in no mood to care about this. Zhao Sheng had committed suicide. All his anger was directed at the fake son.

Zhao Fengyun gritted his teeth and instructed. "Take him away. I want to interrogate him personally."

The guards took Zhao Anhuai away.

Zhao Anhuai glanced at Liu Sanniang with a deep gaze. He smiled at Liu Sanniang as if saying that he wasn't afraid of any tortures inflicted on him.

Liu Sanniang looked at Zhao Anhuai. Everyone was afraid of something. It just needed time to find out.

Sun Yarou looked at Liu Sanniang and smiled bitterly. "Miss Liu, thank you."

Zhao Fengyun looked at Liu Sanniang. "Sorry, I was rude to you before. Please don't take it to heart."

Liu Sanniang looked at Sun Yarou and said, "Madam, I'm sorry for your loss. Your son in heaven also hopes that Madam will be well."

Tears streamed down Sun Yarou's face, and she was so choked up that she could not speak. The sorrow in her heart could not be erased. When she saw that her son was gone, her heart was torn.

If not for Liu Sanniang's help, she did not know if she could have survived.

Zhao Fengyun was deeply hurt.

When Liu Sanniang saw this, she silently retreated. Liu Sanniang thought of the fake Zhao Anhuai. He had been called Zhao Anhuai by his servants since he was young. This was a conspiracy that started more than ten years ago and was designed by someone behind the scene.

1

And Liu Sanniang had poked a hornet's nest.

Chu Yan held Liu Sanniang's hand. Liu Sanniang was shocked and her thoughts were interrupted. She wanted to break free, but Chu Yan seemed to know what she was going to do. He held her hand and interlocked his fingers with hers. "Sanniang, I'll always be there with you."

1

He would be by her side no matter what.

Liu Sanniang blushed and said in a soft voice, "Didn't people say that psychics can't get married? We..."

Would they have a good ending?

Chu Yan chuckled. "Do you know that thousands of years ago, all cultivators had Dao companions? They cultivated together and never abandoned each other."

Dual cultivation?

Liu Sanniang looked at Chu Yan in surprise. "Are you also a psychic?"

"Yeah."

Chu Yan replied.

Liu Sanniang couldn't help but ask. "Then, what is your ability?"

No wonder she couldn't read Chu Yan's mind or sense his memories. It turned out that he was a psychic too.

Chu Yan pinched Liu Sanniang's finger. "I can't tell you that."

1

Chu Yan raised his hand and looked at the slender fingers in his hand. The fingers were chubby and cute. He smiled. "I'll take the same path as you."

So, there was no need to worry about them separating.

Liu Sanniang blushed slightly. She did not dare to look into Chu Yan's eyes. The seed in her heart seemed to have grown a little and emitted a sweet fragrance.

Not long after returning to the courtyard, a servant brought over food.

Chu Yan and Liu Sanniang ate some and rested.

Before Zhao Anhuai's matter ended, she and Chu Yan would not leave for the time being.

Sun Yarou was greatly shocked. Liu Sanniang created a dream for her, hoping to comfort her.

Her eldest son died an unnatural death. Sun Yarou felt as if her heart had been torn into pieces. Every time she thought about it, she felt so much pain that she wanted to die. The maidservants were persuading her to eat some food.

Sun Yarou's eyes were red and swollen. She wanted to cry but she had shed all her tears. She waved her hand weakly and said in a hoarse voice, "I don't feel like eating."

The maidservant was worried. "Madam, think about Second Young Master and Third Young Miss. They're still young."

Apart from Sun Yarou's children, there were also a few illegitimate children in the residence. If something happened to Sun Yarou, how could the concubine not take advantage of this situation?

Sun Yarou also knew that, but she couldn't control her grief.

The maidservant sighed. "Madam, just take a bite. If you starve yourself, Eldest Young Master will be heartbroken."

At the mention of her eldest son, Sun Yarou started sobbing again.

The maidservants quickly comforted her. "Madam, take care of yourself."

Zhao Fengyun personally interrogated Zhao Anhuai and said that he wanted to avenge his eldest son.

Sun Yarou waved her hand. "All of you, leave. I want to be alone."

The maidservants sighed and left silently. Sun Yarou had to get over this grief alone. No matter how they comforted her, she would only be sadder.

After the servants left, Sun Yarou reached out to touch her chest and sobbed silently.

A warm breeze blew over. Sun Yarou felt that her eyelids were extremely heavy. She couldn't open her eyes even if she wanted to.

She tried to open her eyes. When she did, all she could see was a thick white fog. She walked in a daze and suddenly everything became clear. There was the sound of Guzheng. She smelled flowers. A gentle breeze brushed her cheeks.

Sun Yarou took two steps and looked at the figure playing the Guzheng in the distance. After a pause, she ran over crazily.

She fell down. She got up again, her body trembling. When she reached the back of the figure, she stopped and said in a trembling voice, "Anhuai, Anhuai."

The melodious music did not stop. Sun Yarou's face was covered in tears. She knew that this was her son. He had been smart and good at his studies since he was young.

The music he played was always full of confidence and pride.

The music stopped.

"Mother, I've made you worry over me. I'm the one who's unfilial."

The familiar voice made Sun Yarou burst out crying. She pounced over and hugged Zhao Anhuai. This was a dream, but even if it was a dream, it was still a beautiful one.

In the past, she would definitely be afraid of meeting the deceased. But now, she was not scared because this was her beloved son.

"Anhuai, my son."

Sun Yarou sobbed.

Zhao Anhuai turned around and gently wiped away Sun Yarou's tears. "Mother, if there's a next life, I want to be your son again. Our fate in this life has been severed. Mother, you have to take good care of your body and watch my brother and sister get married and have children. I can't see them grow up. Mother, can you help me do it?"

Sun Yarou shook her head and nodded.

Zhao Anhuai asked Sun Yarou to sit down. "Mother, I have never been good at talking. Everything is in the music I play. Let me play a piece of music for you."

'Mother, I'm sorry.'

The melodious sound of the Guzhen was filled with warmth as it soothed the wounds in Sun Yarou's heart.

At dawn, Sun Yarou woke up.

There were still tears on her face, but her eyes were filled with hope. She had to live well and fulfill her son's wish.

Before that, she had to give her son a proper funeral.

1

Sun Yarou's voice was still hoarse. "Someone... I want to eat."